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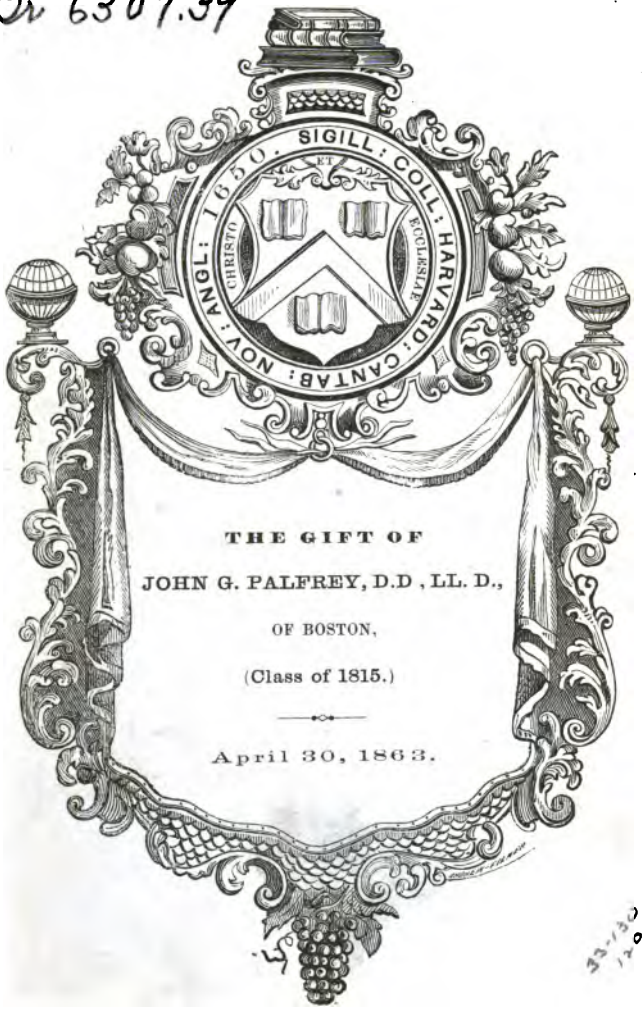

THE GIFT OF

JOHN G. PALFREY, D.D., LL. D.,

OF BOSTON,

(Class of 1815.)

April 30, 1863.

33-130
120

M. G. Calfee
from Chas. Keene
Aug. 14th 1862

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. BENJAMIN GOODIER.

By Jane E. Roscoe.

"He being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time: for his soul pleased the Lord; therefore hasted He to take him away from among the wicked."

Wisdom of Solomon. iv. 13, 14.

Liverpool:

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1825.

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1863, April 30.
Gift of
Hon. John G. Palfrey.
(Class of 1815.)

SONNET,

TO THE MEMORY OF BENJAMIN GOODIER.

I saw thee once—but knew not then that frame
Enshrined a heart so pure and beautiful,
Though every light of thought which o'er thee came,
Spoke of that truth with which thy soul was full.
I saw thee once—and thou wert journeying then
In Christian calmness to thy blest abode,
And when I asked tidings of thee again,
O! thou wert slumbering in the rest of God,
Thine early virtues taken—here no more
Their mortal bloom shall shed a sweetness round,
I tread fair paths which thou hast trod before,
And haunt the shades once echoing to the sound
Of thy mild tones—O! hallowed every scene,
Where goodness such as thine hath ever been!

J. E. R.

Wrentnall.

PREFACE.

It is the will of a Wise Providence, that frequently the brightest and the best should be the earliest removed from this world of probation and sorrow; but it is impossible to think that they have lived in vain, while their example is still left to us—while their virtues yet survive to excite the love of excellence and usefulness in the bosoms of others, and seem to call to us, even from their graves, to press onward unwearied in well doing, in the course they have themselves run, to glory, honor, and immortality. In this respect, they are still with us, encouraging us by their past labours, giving us wisdom by their former trials, and bequeathing the rich legacy of their noble designs and benevolent hopes, for their successors to follow up and bring to perfection. Though they are gone from us, the kind deeds which they planned, the works which they

accomplished, the institutions they founded, still exist, and bear testimony to the memory of the departed good. It is in this way that a double value is conferred on their virtues, and every relic of those who have with hope and patience endured their trial to the end, who with unshaken trust have borne the changes and sufferings of life, becomes of inestimable value as a confirmation of our own hope, and a seal of the efficacy of our faith. In proportion as we appreciate such characters we shall become anxious to improve and to elevate our own; to increase our opportunities of usefulness, to enlarge our benevolence and charity, to enter into their labours, and finally to become also partakers of their joy. We shall become more sensible of the great importance of those religious privileges, and that Christian knowledge, which produce such results in the heart and the life, and our admiration of the excellence we venerate and love will lead us to the only living fountain, which can create similar excellence in ourselves. It is thus we shall best shew a real affection for the memory of the departed—best fulfil their own disinterested and Christian wishes for the progress of the great cause in which they were engaged—the promotion of goodness and happiness upon earth. It is with the conviction that such feelings are the consequence of beholding youthful examples of early piety and

superiority, it is with the certainty that they are calculated to excite a warm and generous emulation, that the following pages are submitted to the eye of the public.

The views with which this memoir has been written, will be best described in the following passage, from the preface to the Life of the Rev. Matthew Henry.

"I will ask no one's pardon for transcribing so much of Mr. Henry's own papers.—It was my resolution, when at your desire I had undertaken the task, to make it as much his own, and as little mine, as possible. I have been careful, from materials of his own collecting and treasuring up, to give the world a plain and undisguised view of this worthy Man in every relation and passage of life; to represent him faithfully to all, in his childhood and in his youth, in his improvements and in his labors; in the midst of his comforts, and of his trials and afflictions; in his family, and in the church of God; and I have even followed him into his secret retirements, and having discovered there the most vital and beautiful actings of the power of Godliness, I thought it my duty to draw aside the veil, and shew the world the interior part of This living Temple, that was truly sacred to God in Jesus Christ."

MEMOIR

OF

THE REV. BENJAMIN GOODIER.

THE subject of the present Memoir, Benjamin Goodier, was born April 25th, 1793, at Failsworth, near Manchester. His father, John Goodier, was brought up to the occupation of weaving, which he followed exclusively during the early part of his life. In the year 1790, he married Sarah Taylor, a young woman whose parents were also weavers. They had four children, Elizabeth, Benjamin, Joseph, and Samuel. These children, as soon as they were able to work, were instructed in their father's employment. In a short time after his marriage he commenced a day school, only applying to the loom in the intervals of leisure which it afforded him; but he was not able to continue this occupation long, on account of the delicate health of his wife, who was unable to bear the noise of the children. She was a severe sufferer from sickness for many years, and this circumstance appears to have made a deep impression on the mind of young Goodier. It was often with difficulty and pain that she pursued her daily task, and on these occasions, though he was then very young, not being more than

seven or eight years of age, he would beg her to leave off and let him weave for her. Soon after this period he was taught to weave, and for some time followed it as his regular business. One day, having performed his task very badly, his mother was provoked to strike him, on which, after she had left the room, the only remark he made was, that "he was very glad to find his poor mother had strength enough left to thump so hard." He was at this time about nine years old. His affectionate disposition and excellent abilities very early developed themselves, and while he was still a child, he gave indications of those tastes and pursuits which contributed so much to the happiness of his future life. He early shewed a great fondness for reading, and when only five years old, became a member of a library for children, which belonged to the Dob-lane Chapel, where his father attended. He continued the use of it for a long time; and at the age of twelve was chosen the librarian. During this period of childhood he neglected no opportunity that offered for his improvement; when about ten years old, his father encouraged him in writing letters to his little companions on different subjects, and he found food for his remarks in the books which the library afforded him. At this early age he shewed marks of an uncommon memory; and as an instance of it, it may be mentioned, that he learnt the multiplication table in one hour, to the great surprise of his father.

Although scarcely past the period of his infancy, he already shewed an evident disposition to attend to the welfare and happiness of those around him, and a desire to be useful, which strengthened with his

years, and gradually ripened into the mature benevolence which distinguished his future character. He was in the habit of asking his play-fellows for pence, which he gave to the poor whom he met with; and not satisfied with this, would often seek them out and visit them in their wretched abodes. As soon as he was old enough to receive wages, he became very exact in the account of his expenses, and from a book he has left, it appears that he laid aside part of his little fund for charitable purposes. He took particular pleasure in making small presents, as far as his very scanty means permitted, to his poor neighbours, and as he grew older did every thing in his power to comfort them, under the sufferings which they frequently endured from the immediate pressure of the times. His prudence and economy secured him the best enjoyment of his exertions, and he was remarkably conscientious in the proper use of money, and averse to waste. His father says, that "when he became a weaver he was very industrious, and that he soon paid him for his board ten shillings a week. (Wages were then much higher than at present.) With what he earned besides, he was allowed to purchase what he pleased, and accordingly took, in numbers, Barclay's Quarto Dictionary, the Family Physician, Meyrick's Family Herbal, &c. and in this manner he spent his time and money till he was about fifteen or sixteen years of age." Besides the remarkable anxiety which he early shewed for the acquisition of knowledge, he also evinced a very amiable and gentle temper, and much religious sensibility. He accustomed himself to keep a journal, and from the papers he has left, it appears

that self-examination, formed a part of his private exercises. The following extracts from his memorandum book, dated August the 4th, 1810, shew the care with which he examined his dispositions, and his continual anxiety to improve; they also shew how much the comfort of others formed a part of his own, and the pleasure he had in practising a rigid self-denial, to enable him to add his mite to the relief of their necessities. His father mentions that he was in the habit of scrutinizing his conduct once a month.

"The design of the following pages is to shew, at one view, how much I earn by labour, and how much I spend in clothes, liquor, sweetmeats, &c. and how much I give in presents, charity, &c.; I shall thus be able to see whether I am industrious or idle, careful or wasteful, generous or selfish; and by comparing one month's account with another, to see whether I improve or not. I have often thought that if we were to write down every penny we spend, and what we spend it in, or for, it might be a means of helping us to be careful. Spending penny after penny, and taking no account of it, is the way to be poor. I intend to write down every halfpenny I earn, spend, or give, and do thou, O Lord, grant, that by means of this book, I may improve in industry, carefulness, and charity. Amen."

"In this month there are some things which might have been better managed; clothes, presents, sweetmeats, and liquor not amiss; charity, considering the hardness of the times and sickness in the neighbourhood, considerably too little. But do thou, O Lord, grant, that avarice may never be my feeling, but may charity, in every sense of the word, be found and

remain in my heart to the ages of eternity. In this month presents look frightful indeed; I will tell the reason; times are so very bad for weavers, that they really can hardly get food, and clothes they cannot get. I therefore made a present—I hope this will make amends for charity.

"Excepting charity, this month's account is not very faulty; perhaps I judge partially, but I will strive to remember, that talents are given me, for which I must one day give an account. May the thought rouse me to action; may I be diligent to make my calling and election sure, to work out my salvation, while the day of life lasteth, remembering that the night of death approacheth, in which I cannot work."

At the conclusion of the book are these words; "I could desire to be truly thankful for the mercies I have enjoyed during the period contained in this book. O! may my mind be warmed with gratitude to God in the highest, and peace, love, and good will to all mankind! Amen."

The strong devotional feeling which Mr. Goodier exhibited in his childhood, probably had its origin in, or at least was increased by, the contemplation of his mother's sufferings, which were a severe distress to him, and turned his thoughts to religion for comfort. A paper which he has left, called "A brief account of the sickness and death of my mother," evinces how tenderly he felt for her, and how anxiously he endeavoured to mitigate her pain; it also shews how deep an impression was made on him by her patience, and continual attempts to exert herself, in the midst of her infirmities, for the immediate support of

her children. The year preceding her death, he met with an accident which probably laid the foundation of the permanent illness of his future life, though he recovered from the temporary effects of it; he was taking a horse to water at a mill-pond, the sides of which were very steep; the horse slipped, and plunged him overhead in the water, and though he was so fortunate as to escape with his life, the consequence was a severe rheumatic fever, which left him in a state of weakness and delicacy, from which he never afterwards entirely recovered. "The disease I was afflicted with," says he, "was a rheumatic fever, which almost entirely deprived me of the use of my limbs; I was for some time incapable of walking, or even of lifting up my feet or hands, so that I could neither move from place to place, nor feed myself without assistance; though I did not remain in this state long, yet, when I did recover some little, I had so much pain, and was so weak, that for near seven weeks I was almost as helpless and troublesome as a child." At the same time that he was seized with this severe fever, his sister was also taken ill; and he speaks feelingly of the increased anxiety and exertion which these trials occasioned his mother, whose health, however, fortunately improved in some degree, about this period. "At the beginning of this year (1811) my sister and I were both sick for a long time, during which, my mother enjoyed a state of health, which, compared with what she usually had, was remarkably good; my sister's complaint was a slow fever, attended with a bad cough, a pain at the breast, and several other consumptive symptoms, which caused such a weakness of body, and

such a dejected state of mind, as rendered her almost incapable of doing any thing to assist herself." Having then given the account already mentioned of his own sufferings, he adds, "as we were both sick at the same time, and the two eldest of the family, the trouble and distress which necessarily fell upon my mother may be more easily conceived than described; it was too much for her feeble frame to bear, and I cannot but think that it brought on her sickness sooner than otherwise would have happened, and probably shortened her days. Owing, however, to her comparatively good state of health, she was enabled to bear up against her troubles and distresses with cheerfulness, and discharge the numerous and increased duties which devolved upon her, with a tolerable degree of ease and activity, until the time of our recovery, for which she was very thankful; for in her, (as in many others) was fulfilled that comfortable promise 'as thy day is, so shall thy strength be.'" He then gives a detailed description of his mother's sufferings, which arose from a complication of disorders that made her days a change of pain, and life itself one long disease. After having enumerated her complaints, he continues; "It is evident from this faint sketch, that her sufferings were great, and not easy to bear; that she had need of patience and resignation to render her life in any degree comfortable; and that if she had not been endowed with these virtues, in some degree at least, her mind must inevitably have sunk under the weight of afflictions which were laid upon her. Without some confidence in the goodness of the Almighty, joined to a full assurance that all his dispensations are directed by infinite love

and unerring wisdom, and that at last they will invariably end in the good and advantage of his creatures, it would be almost impossible for the human mind to bear up against such a weight of affliction as my mother had to contend with; glad am I to say it, although her body was thus racked with pain, yet her mind still maintained its accustomed vigour; she was always wishing to do something, and at night, after passing a day of pain and sorrow, generally wished and hoped to be better on the morrow. She was continually striving to employ herself with either the wheel or the needle; but, about three weeks before her death, she became unable either to wind or sew for above a few moments together; her breathing was so difficult, and her strength was so completely exhausted, that after turning the wheel, or moving the needle a few times, her arms refused their task, and she was forced to rest herself. As her disorder, or rather her disorders, gradually went worse, and rendered her weaker and weaker, she could not but look forward to death as the most probable termination of her sufferings, and, I thank God, she was not afraid of dying. When she felt herself easier, however, a natural desire of life made her sometimes think she should recover, and had it been the will of God, this was her desire." He then proceeds to give an account of the distresses of the times, which were severely felt by the poorer classes about this period, in the lowness of wages and the scarcity of provisions, which occasioned many riots and disturbances in the country. — "Whichever way we turned our eyes, nothing appeared but distress and anxiety; every thing seemed gloomy and desponding; the prospect before

us seemed dismal and dismaying, and the political horizon was darkened by such a number of thick heavy clouds, that it seemed to portend such a violent storm as would distract and ruin the country. My mother felt the weight of these afflictive circumstances, and at times they wrung her heart with anguish. Though by the goodness of the Almighty, we were in no danger of being in want of provisions, or any other essential necessary of life, yet she felt for those who were. Distress, which she had not the means of alleviating, was continually presenting itself before her eyes, and she could not but 'weep with those who weep.' She had many relations and friends who were in great distress, but what engaged her attention the most, and caused her to desire life, was her children. Though we were all in some measure grown up, and on that account she had less to fear than most mothers in the same situation have; yet when she considered the distressing state of the country, and the prospect there was of disturbances taking place at no very distant period, she could not but be anxious to know what would become of us; she could not leave us without feeling the pangs of parental affection, and wishing, had it been the Divine will, to have stayed and assisted us a little longer."

Such is the last account which appears of his mother, who expired in his arms on the 1st of August, 1812. This loss was one of the first trials he experienced of the strength and support of those principles which bore him up with so much fortitude under all his own future afflictions; it long dwelt upon his mind, not as a source of vain and fruitless regret, but

as an exercise of that love of God, and confidence in the kindness and wisdom of all his appointments, which sanctified his grief to him, and always connected it with ideas of hope and consolation. To the long discipline of sorrow, and the early calls upon his sympathy and tenderness may, perhaps, be attributed that quick sensibility to the happiness or misery of others, which so particularly marked his future life. This disposition, which, whilst it increased his anxieties, enlarged also the sphere of his enjoyments, enabled him to continue his activity and usefulness in the midst of his own pain and weakness; and, under apparently the most adverse circumstances, he found, or delighted to make, opportunities of doing good.

It was not destined by Providence that a mind so desirous of improvement, and a heart so benevolent, should continue long in obscurity. The period was now approaching when he was to be called to a wider scene of action, and to enter upon new claims and duties, when he was to partake of the pleasures of cultivated life, and drink deeper of that fountain of knowledge which he had already tasted so eagerly. In the years 1811 and 1812, he attended meetings for the discussion of religious subjects, which were held once a fortnight at different houses, (his father's among the rest) where he was accustomed to read his compositions, and at times to deliver the substance of them extempore. On one of these occasions he composed his first piece, on "What reason have we to believe that there is a God?" which was followed by a series of Discourses which from the excellence of the reasonings, and the clear and simple

manner in which they are expressed, might be found useful to those, who are engaged in the improvement of the labouring classes of society. In these writings, his religious opinions are fully explained; and, besides the devotional spirit which breathes throughout, they are forcibly written, and shew how carefully he studied the grounds of his belief, and how impartially he investigated the evidences of Christianity. At one of these discussions, several Methodists attended, and though he was then in a weak state of health he met their arguments with lively interest, and defended his own opinions with spirit and ability. Some gentlemen of the Unitarian persuasion, who were present on one of these occasions, were struck with his discourse, and his evident superiority to the society with which he was surrounded; it occurred to them from all they heard, that he would be particularly suited to the profession of the ministry, and they accordingly entered into a subscription, in order to furnish him with the means of pursuing the preparatory studies. This prospect inspired him with new and delightful hopes, and he gave the whole ardour of his mind to unremitting study, from this period, to the time when he was placed at the Unitarian academy at Hackney, in April 1813. Under the instruction of Mr. Jones, the minister at Dob-lane, he commenced the study of the Latin tongue, and made considerable progress in it. Though he continued his customary occupation of weaving, he seized with avidity every moment of leisure, and neglected no opportunity of rendering himself more fit for the arduous duties in which he was so soon to be engaged. His sense of the responsibility of the office

into which he was entering, and the gratitude he felt for the increasing opportunities of improvement thus held out to him, may be seen by an extract from his Journal, written immediately after his removal to Mr. Aspland's academy, April 25, 1813. "On this day, I shall complete my twentieth year. It becomes me to consider the many blessings I have enjoyed in the course of my life, and also the improvements I have, or might have, made of them. In this period, the goodness of God towards me has been great indeed; the mercies I have received have been greater than I can value, and more than I can number. Who is it that caused me to be born in a country where the glad tidings of the Gospel are heard? Who is it that has given me parents who have educated me to consider the Gospel as the best gift of God to man? Who is it that, amidst the many corruptions of Christianity, has so appointed things, that I have been brought up in the knowledge of 'the only true God and of Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent;' knowledge which is invaluable; which tends to comfort the heart and disperse those clouds of darkness, those mists of superstition, which attend the popular systems of theology? But, besides my spiritual advantages, I enjoy many temporal ones; the capacity of being, in some degree, useful to my friends and neighbours, has produced many advantages of a worldly nature, which are likely to render my situation in life comfortable and pleasant; my health is good, my mind is easy, and I am placed in a situation where I possess many means of improvement. I have lately arrived at this place for the purpose of entering upon the studies preparatory to

the Christian ministry: this object is one of the most important which can engage the attention of any man. By entering here, I become placed under many obligations and duties to which I have hitherto been a stranger, and am, indeed, exposed to an awful responsibility. Whether I consider the expectations of my friends and relations, the obligations I am under to the supporters of this Academy, the necessity of doing credit to my worthy Instructor, or the importance of the office I am preparing to fulfil, the great variety of the knowledge I ought to possess, connected with the shortness of the time allowed for the preparation, I feel my mind forcibly impressed with the absolute necessity of redeeming the time. May God assist me in this arduous undertaking, and whatsoever I do, may it prosper!" If I seek in reality for the blessing of God, I shall, without doubt, find it; but it is in vain to expect his favour and approbation unless I strive, by all the means of grace in my power, to increase in knowledge and virtue." These enlarged views of the extent of his duties, and his anxious hopes to gratify the expectations of his friends, were not unavailing. He pursued his studies with the greatest assiduity, and the progress he made in his various occupations, gave the highest satisfaction to his Tutors. In consequence of his constant application, his improvement was rapid in science and languages, and he carefully seized every opportunity of adding to his general store of information. The great object of all his exertions was ever before him, and he continued to cultivate that amiable temper and those benevolent dispositions, which peculiarly fitted him for that sphere

of usefulness, to which, at this time, he looked forwards with so much hope. He attended at religious conferences, which were carried on in the lecture room of the Gravel Pit meeting, where he distinguished himself equally by his talents and his candour, his knowledge of the Scriptures, and his pleasing manner of conveying information. *"His conversation in private society was not less interesting and instructive; he seemed to think every moment lost that was not employed on some useful subject, yet he had none of the harshness or pedantry which sometimes belongs to the hard student; he was constantly amusing as well as intellectual. He was equally admirable as a learner or a teacher. In company with persons whose judgment he revered, he would easily and unobtrusively lead to topics on which he hoped to gain information; when conversing with young children, of whom he was particularly fond, and who eagerly sought his society, he divested instruction of dullness, and even when listening to the silly arguments of a weak-minded disputant, he failed not to treat him with the patience and consideration due to every fellow creature; for if the ludicrous absurdity of some remark forced a smile into his countenance, that smile was so full of candour and benignity, that it could scarcely hurt the feelings of him who had caused it." With such qualities as these, it is not surprising that he won the affections of all who knew him, and was so universally beloved; and the numbers he had benefited and attached to his welfare, in the humble circle he had left, prove how sincerely

* See a Memoir in the Monthly Repository, for February, 1819, No. CLVIII. Vol. XIV.

and successfully he interested himself in the goodness and happiness of all within his reach. Though suddenly and unexpectedly raised to a higher condition of life, he not only retained all his former attachment to his friends, but also the same kind concern in all their circumstances and changes, and the same affectionate anxiety to assist and improve them. His letters were frequent, and filled with urgent entreaties to hear often from them, with regular accounts of their proceedings; they contain the detail of every little incident which he thought would contribute to their amusement, mixed with much serious instruction and excellent advice, particularly suited to their condition in life. His own mind is visible in all, in the spirit of love and piety in which they are written, and the vivacity with which he describes the new scenes that surrounded him. In his first letter to his father, he says, "So far as I can judge, from what I have already seen, I shall spend my time both instructively and agreeably. If the advantages I shall enjoy here could be connected with the friends I have enjoyed at Dob-lane, I should be happy indeed; but I should recollect I am not yet in Heaven." One of the first letters which Mr. Goodier sent to his friends, is remarkable for its feeling and simplicity, and a few extracts are presented.

"*Durham House, May 8th, 1815.*

"DEAR FRIENDS,

"Something whispers in my mind that I ought to give some reason for not writing sooner to you, with whom I have long been so intimate, and in whose love and friendship and estimation I shall always be happy to share; the chief reason I can produce is this.

[After explaining at some length the cause of his silence, he thus proceeds :]

"I trust this reason will completely destroy every suspicion and every doubt which may have arisen in your minds, of my warmest attachment to all of my former friends, and more especially to you; you will perhaps think it strange, that I should imagine that any of you ever entertained such suspicions; but I can assure you, that when I sent off my letter to Mr. W., I could not but think you would be surprised, and perhaps rather hurt, that I should write to him before you; I was the more inclined to think thus, and be troubled by the thought of reflecting on what was often said before I left Dob-lane, viz. that by coming here I should be made high-minded, proud, and conceited, and should think myself almost above speaking to my old friends; I believe and hope I shall never; and I wish you to banish from your minds every idea of this sort, if you ever seriously thought so; and I know, or at least I believe, that one of you has entertained this idea. But what most of all troubled me, was what was said to me when I left, which seemed to doubt whether I should ever forget you, and has often hung heavy on my mind; I was indeed stung most severely by the words at the time—Forget you! it is impossible; friends to whom (next to my own family) I am under greater obligations than any other of my fellow creatures—friends from whom I have always received the greatest kindness, who have always treated me as one of their own family; if I could forget such friends as these, I should indeed deserve to be considered as one of the most ungrate-

ful of human beings. I am confident I shall never act such an unworthy part as that: but I will leave the unpleasant subject. From what I have said, you may be sure that I find my situation as comfortable as I could expect. I have indeed a goodly heritage, but not so comfortable as home; politeness and civility reign in this family, but these are not so sweet to me as the openness and unceremonious friendship I have enjoyed at home. The chapel is a new and elegant building, with seats for about seven hundred persons. Last Sunday I received the Lord's Supper there; about a hundred persons stayed, which I am told is fewer than usual. I am pleased with Mr. A.'s preaching. I never pass a week now without seeing authors, some of them persons of the greatest abilities. Let me know how matters go on at Dob-lane; how the school and the meetings, &c. are; give my blessing to the scholars, and all the supporters of the school and meetings. I shall come to every meeting, though the distance be so great; and though when I am there I shall not be seen, yet I hope I shall be thought of. Tell my father to write as soon as he can; I am very anxious to hear something both from him and all of you. How are they at Dukenfield? Have they a minister? Tell me every thing that you think will interest me. I shall write once a month at least. May you all live in peace, and may the God of peace be with you!"

About this period Mr. Goodier began to exercise the duties of his intended profession by occasionally preaching for others; and the following letter gives a very natural and interesting account of his feelings and anxieties on first entering the pulpit.

"*Durham House, June 11, 1813.*

"BROTHERS AND SISTERS,

"Although I address you by this endearing title, (for brothers and sisters you have been to me) yet I feel disposed to begin my letter by finding fault with you, for having, so soon, either entirely forgotten me, or else so far alienated me from your affections, as to consider me unworthy of troubling yourselves so much about me as to write me a letter; but as I have, in my letter to my father, dwelt perhaps too largely on this topic, I shall not say any thing more upon it, but endeavour to write something that will be a little more interesting to you. In the last month's Repository you will find some account of the opening of the new Unitarian meeting-house at Philadelphia.—I happened to be in the parlour when the gentleman who brought the information called at Durham House. After some conversation, I asked him if he knew Mr. A. of New York? "Yes," said he, "very well; he was one of the last persons I spoke to before I set sail!" After asking a few questions about his wife and family, all which he answered in a satisfactory manner, I said, "Is he a zealous Unitarian?" He hesitated a little, and then said, "No; I think he is not a very *zealous* Unitarian, but I think he is a very *good* one." I hope the next letter you write to him you will tell him this, and say that it is good to be zealously affected *always* in a good thing.

"Before I came here, I sometimes heard the academy called "a hot bed." As a proof that this name is very applicable, I need only tell you, that on Sunday the 30th of May, I preached '*for the great man*', (as he

stiles himself) Mr. V., who was at that time making the greatest efforts to disseminate Unitarianism at Chatham. His chapel is in Parliament Court, Bishopsgate Street; the same in which the annual meetings of the fund are held: it is a neat building, with galleries on three sides, capable of holding five hundred persons; on the opposite side to the pulpit is a small organ. The congregation was raised by Elhanan Winchester, the great universalist preacher. Think what were my sensations when I stood up in that pulpit! For a raw inexperienced country lad, who had scarcely been six weeks from home, to enter a London pulpit, and address a congregation in which some powdered heads were assembled, was rather a bold undertaking. To stand in a pulpit which is regularly *filled* by such a man as Mr. V., and which has been filled by such men as Aspland, Grundy, Wright, Winchester, &c. was an arduous undertaking: it made me tremble. My text was, "What must I do to be saved.?" Mr. A. sent my fellow-students with me to criticise a little, or rather, I should say, to see how I acquitted myself, and report to him accordingly. Their report was very favourable to me; I was not, however, contented with it; I wished to know what faults I had committed, or what blunders I had made, and was urgent with Mr. C. to tell me. He accordingly mentioned these three things; first, that I ran up the pulpit stairs; he said I walked a few steps and then began to run, but I really cannot remember that I did; second, that when I got into the pulpit, I hung down my head as if I was ashamed; and I may say, no wonder that I did; thirdly, that I pronounced the *h* three times, where I ought not to

have done; this you will not understand I dare say, but I must explain it. It is the custom in Lancashire, generally, to pronounce a word which begins with a vowel as though it begun with a *h*, and a word which begins with a *h* as though it begun with a vowel; this habit has cost me more since I came here than any bad habit I had acquired; but I am almost cured of it. I shall strive to remember these three things: I am glad that I committed no greater faults. You will perceive that I have written Mr. C. above, but if I had been speaking to him I should have said Thomas C. Soon after we came here, we agreed to address one another by our christened names: I could not bear to hear "*Mr.* Goodier" "*Mr.* Goodier" continually repeated, and my fellow-students were in the same humour. In the house, however, I am compelled to endure it; I trust I shall receive no harm by it, but if I should, when I come home I hope you will assist my brother J. in reforming me.

"How is it that you do not write to me? How do you all do? Does Mr. J. give you sound Unitarianism as often as he used to do? Are you all comfortable and happy? Be sure, if you wish him to be content where he is, to write often to your friend and brother," &c.

To the modest account Mr. Goodier has himself given, of his first appearance in the pulpit in the preceding letter, it is pleasing to be able to add the testimony of one of his friends to the excellence of his compositions, as well as the proofs he at this time gave of the astonishing powers of his memory.

"In returning from the Gravel Pit Unitarian

Church, Hackney, he went through, as appeared to me, the whole of a sermon which we had just before heard, taken from the epistle to the Hebrews, 'Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith,' &c. verbatim! (delivered by the late truly venerable Rev. E. Butcher, of Sidmouth); and when in his study at Durham House, wrote the sermon down the same afternoon! The other was in regard to the *first* sermon which he delivered (when at the academy) in Parliament Court Chapel, Artillery Lane. Two or three days previous, he was informed by our worthy tutor, that it was proposed for him to preach there the following Sunday: Saturday, the day before, he sat down to prepare himself for the work. The text he made choice of, was from the book of the Acts of the Apostles, 'What must I do to be saved?' and he soon penned what I considered a very edifying discourse; and by half-past nine o'clock on the Sunday morning he finished suitable prayers to the sermon, for the whole of the service; which, together with the sermon, he put into my hands, and repeated verbatim. In the sermon, he copied a large quotation on grace, from a work of the late Rev. Dr. Cogan, which, along with the sermon, he repeated correctly! Finding that he was competent for delivering the whole without having it before him, he left the sermon and prayers in his study, and went and delivered the whole of what he had written, I confidently believe, word by word."

The gentleman who wrote the above was only a few months a fellow-student with Mr. Goodier, it is therefore particularly pleasing to record his concluding lines. "I feel myself very happy in stating, that his friendship

towards me was most faithful and endearing, and have no doubt that had it pleased the Divine Providence to have lengthened his years considerably, he would have become one of the brightest ornaments, and most active and zealous in supporting and strengthening the Unitarian cause."

In the midst of Mr. Goodier's literary efforts and unceasing application, his thoughts and affections often turned towards home; and while he extracted from the present scenes in which he was placed, all that they afforded either for improvement or amusement, he never forgot the kindnesses of former years, or ceased to look back with gratitude to the friends of his youth. He determined to fulfil their fondest expectations, and he made proportionate exertions, uniting to his natural ardour of mind an indefatigable industry and perseverance; he was deeply impressed with the necessity of improving the short time allotted him for his preparatory studies, and unfortunately it was destined to be yet shorter than he or any of his friends anticipated. Soon after the above letter was written, he wrote again to his friends, and these letters, though full of simplicity, to those who like to remark the development of mind and character, may, perhaps, not be found wholly uninteresting. The first was written to a young friend and fellow-student of his, during his own absence from the academy.

"High Street, Boston, July 28th, 1813.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"Almost the last time you and I had any conversation together, we engaged to write once a week to each other; though I have neglected to do this

at the time appointed, yet, trusting to your good nature for my pardon, I seize with pleasure the opportunity of doing it now. You will naturally expect that I shall give you some account of what I have *seen*, what I have *done*, and what I intend *to do*. It would, however, be impossible for me to give you a particular account of these things, and you must therefore be content with a very brief one. You know that I left Durham House on Saturday week, and had a very pleasant ride to Newmarket, where I arrived about four. I looked around rather eagerly for Mr. C—l, but saw nothing of him: at length a poor man pressed forward, and asked if there was a gentleman there going to Soham: I answered that there was, and he and I soon after set off together; and on the way he told me that Mr. C. had received a letter last week, informing him that his mother was at the point of death, and that he was of course gone to see her, and was not expected back for some weeks. He also told me, after I had asked several questions respecting the congregation and preaching, that Mr. W. had given notice, that a young man from London, of good abilities, would be there on the morrow, and that consequently he expected the chapel would be well filled. I was surprised to hear this, and rather hurt, because I thought that it would raise expectations which I should not be able to answer. We arrived at Soham about half-past six, and soon after went to see the meeting-house, and also that which they left when the division took place. I could not but think it strange, when I looked back to the time when I read the account of these disputes and this division, that I should be

standing on the spot where they took place. The Meeting-house is a very good one, holds three hundred people. In the morning on Sunday, the congregation carried on the service among themselves, as I did not like preaching three times. In the afternoon I preached to a very good and attentive congregation, chiefly poor people. I had the pleasure of giving satisfaction to the whole of the meeting, but especially the poor; they seemed very well pleased indeed. After the sermon many of them remained in the chapel wishing to speak, and yet afraid to do it; I however spoke to them, shook hands with them, gave them Mr. A's respects, asked how they did, and made myself as free with them as possible, which pleased them still more. At night I went to Wicken, and as we entered the village, the people came out to see us, apparently curious to see the *Young Preacher*; for a notice, much of the same nature as that at Soham, had been given here. You see I am not entirely out of the way of temptation. I was soon seated in that house in which Mr. A. first drew breath. Think what I felt! I preached in the barn, or rather meeting-house, to a very crowded congregation; poor, serious, and attentive. Several could not get in—it was a hot evening, so that you may think what work it was to preach—I exerted myself as much as possible—text, 'By this shall all men know,'—people well pleased—one old woman in particular, could scarcely help shedding tears of joy when she shook hands with me: she said to Mr. A. 'God bless the child.' On Monday evening I preached in a barn at Isleham, about six miles from Wicken. At this village

disputes on doctrinal subjects run high, so that I was forced to preach a *Doctrinal Subject*—text, 'Ye men of Israel, hear,' &c.—object to prove that the Apostles were Unitarian Preachers; congregation good, poor, and attentive. I almost despaired, at first, of making them either be attentive, or understand what was said to them; I, however, talked to them, and the consequence was, that they were very attentive; several Calvinists were present. On Wednesday night I preached again at Soham, to a good congregation, not so large as that on Sunday—text, 'Acquaint thyself with God,' &c. We had afterwards a meeting of the young people in the vestry, for the purpose of establishing, if possible, a Sunday School, for which I had been pleading hard in the close of my sermon. Several set their names down as teachers and subscribers—a little was subscribed to begin with—several scholars' names were taken down, and I have no doubt but a school will be formed, if Mr. C. comes back soon and pushes them on a little: they want pushing—they are few and dispersed. I experienced as much pleasure among the Soham people as I ever experienced in my life; they are indeed a free, open, honest, sensible, and affectionate people, especially the poor. I did my best among them, and endeavoured to inspire them with zeal for the good cause. On Friday went or rather came to Wisbeach,—tired when I arrived, but was soon refreshed by the care and kindness of Mrs. W., a good old lady, truly affectionate; she has uniformly treated me as her own son, and I have scarcely been able sometimes to refrain from calling her mother: she resembles my grandmother very much

On Saturday saw Mr. W. and spent the day with him very agreeably. Sunday, preached for them in the morning—he acted as clerk for me. I can assure you I felt very much agitated when I entered the pulpit, chiefly on his account. To preach before such a man as Mr. W. was no easy task; I however got over it tolerably well. On Monday came to Boston—a fine country—expect to see Mr. A. to-day and Mr. H. from Lincoln—association to-morrow—we are all in great spirits—how do you all do?—how is the family?—wishing you every blessing, I remain your sincere friend."

After his return to the Academy, he addressed the following letter to his friends in Lancashire.

"*Durham House, September 1st, 1813.*

"DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS,

"I have threatened in two of my last letters, not to write to you till you had written to me; but as I have a few minutes to spare, and see by my father's letter that three of you, H., M., and S. have each got a part of a letter for me, in hopes of making them into whole ones, I now venture to write a few lines more, though I have not much to say, except what I have said. I dare say, however, it will give you some pleasure to hear, that after a journey through one of the richest and flattest parts of England, I am again at Hackney. I felt a foretaste of the pleasures I shall feel when I come home, when I arrived here and was welcomed by the family. In my journey, I have seen a great deal of the country, which has been all along, with the exception of the fens, very beautiful. I have also made several acquaintances at Soham,

Wisbeach, and Boston. I found a woman at Soham, who very much resembles my mother; this I have perhaps told you before. I promised to drink tea with her whenever I visit Soham. *Drink tea!* yes, I am *almost* a tea drinker, I have had it twice a day for six weeks, and must have the next four; but when I settle again, I shall soon get cured. I have preached in my journey fifteen times; nine of them at Wisbeach. I endeavour to preach to the *poor*—speak as plain as I can—I speak terribly too fast—I generally preach about forty minutes, which is ten too long. I cannot yet avoid trembling a little—on a Sunday I often send my thoughts home, and picture to myself the pleasure I have enjoyed at the chapel—I however feel more now when the day is over. I have often felt the want of Mr. A. the last six weeks, but shall be well supplied by Mr. W. the next. I am going to set out to-morrow, and anticipate a great deal of pleasure in his company—I often think, how we shall look, plodding together. When we get all of us together again we shall have many things to talk about, respecting these journies. You will, I doubt not, feel the loss of Mr. B. very severely. I can assure you, I felt for you very much, when I heard and reflected also that Mr. G. was still so bad—all of you in Lancashire must be greatly the sufferers.—You must see Mr. A. and get him to preach, if possible, on Monday night—make yourselves free with him—I should like you, when you write, to give me a very particular account of the progress John A. has made in learning—I sometimes look at his little drawing—you must tell me how they all are at Dukenfield—what you thought of

Mr. W., the young preacher—you must tell me as much news of a domestic nature as possible. Whatever good advice you think I stand in need of, you must give me. I suppose the young men will some of them tell me, what sort of a meeting 'the meeting of the young persons of the different congregations,' to be held at Cockey Moor was. I wish some of you to tell me what you really think of the Oldham cause. I hope you are still the good families you formerly were; does *pride* make no inroads amongst you?—Is L. as good tempered as usual?—how does E. do at Dukenfield?—do you live with him in turns?—I hope you will all keep close to Dob-lane; never think of leaving—how have you managed the farm?—it is dark—I must go to tea—I have to pack up my things for to-morrow. Fare you well."

Though Mr. Goodier does not complain much of his health, yet a letter containing some advice to a young friend who had been out of health, conveys the impression of his writing from his own experience. Though he does not appear to consider himself a decided invalid, yet from his anxiety and the earnestness of his cautions on this subject, it evidently appears that he spoke from his own previous knowledge. The vacation of this summer had been part of it spent in excursions, for the purpose of preaching in different country places; which had afforded him an opportunity of trying his powers for the pulpit, while it increased the sphere of his general usefulness. His own words will best describe the feelings and views with which he made his earliest trials in the office of a Christian Minister.

"*Durham House, September 1st, 1813.*

"DEAR FRIEND,

"It is with sincere pleasure I now sit down to fulfil my promise of writing to you. I have heard by C— that you are much better than you were when we parted, at which I rejoice. I should be happy if you could perfectly recover your health and strength, and be enabled to resume and pursue your studies without inconvenience. I have often doubted whether you would be able to go on without seriously endangering your life; and to have these doubts removed, and be assured that your health was such as to bear you through the intricate and difficult paths of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, with pleasure to yourself and friends, would give me great satisfaction. You know I have been accustomed to speak *plainly* on this, as well as on all other subjects, and I can give it as my decided opinion, that unless your health has been indeed greatly altered for the better, you will not be able to do this. If you are in the same, or nearly the same *general* state of health as when you left, *study* will be *death*. This expression may appear strong, but I am afraid it is not more *strong* than *true*. I would advise you to consider the subject well *yourself*. You know your constitution better than any of your friends can tell you. You know that though you may be in good spirits *to-day*, owing to exercise in the open air, *to-morrow* you may be oppressed with a weight on your breast, accompanied with a complete depression of spirits, which will render you totally unable to profit by your studies. Weigh all these things *well* in your own mind, and may you be guided

in your determinations by that wisdom which will cause all things to work together for good.

"I returned from my first journey yesterday morning, and am going to set out on my second to-morrow. I have seen in this journey many beautiful prospects of the country, which at this season, when all nature is teeming with the bounties of the Great Giver of good, is delightful. In most of the places, land seems to be very productive. I have also seen many different people, and become acquainted with several, whose friendship and esteem will be gratifying in future life. There are indeed many good characters amongst the Unitarians at Soham, Wisbeach, Boston, and Dutton. Their kindness to me has brightened the last six weeks to a great degree. I can assure you I have been very happy. The more I know of the Unitarians, the more I love them—the more I lament that they should experience such a scarcity of ministers—many congregations are without. I wish there was about fifty or a hundred young men, *all* of promising talents, at our Academy; then would it be an *Alma Mater* to all our churches, and cause them to sing for joy. You wish to know how I have felt in preaching, I dare say. I have *upon the whole* felt much pleasure; but to have the whole care of a congregation on my mind, has often made me uneasy. I have trembled in the pulpit almost every time, have found it difficult to bring forward new matter, have composed sermons with much difficulty, and sometimes have been unable to please myself. Sometimes I have been ready to cry out, 'I am not fit to enter a pulpit; I ought not to preach.' I have however been forced

to go on, and after the Sunday's work has been over, commonly looked back upon it with much pleasure. I am conscious that I am unfit to *preach much*, but I must, and am willing to do all I can to forward the good cause of Unitarianism. Mr. C. and I will be glad to hear from you. Whether you come or not, we hope you will think on these things :—first, *sometimes* on us; second, *always* on the improvement of your mind; third, on the necessity of living the life, that you may die the death of a righteous man; fourth, on preaching occasionally. May you be restored to health, if it be the will of God; if not, may you bear sickness with firmness and patience; and may it prove a means of preparing you for the enjoyment of an exceeding and eternal weight of glory, is the prayer of your friend," &c.

The following is a letter of advice to his sister, (who had lately married) and her husband, on the duties and responsibility of their new situation.

"*Durham House, December 31st, 1813.*

"DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,

"I feel it to be my duty to address a few lines to you on the subject of your late marriage, by which you have both entered into duties of the most important nature. I need not assure you that I feel very much interested for your welfare, and shall always be ready and happy to promote it by every means in my power. I cannot at present do this in any other way, than by striving to shew each of you in what an important situation you stand, and pointing out a few of the most necessary duties incumbent

upon you; and I have no doubt you will believe me when I say, that in these remarks I have no other object in view than to advance the happiness of both. In your marriage you have united yourselves together by a solemn engagement made in the presence of the Almighty Searcher of Hearts, till you are separated by death. You have made the most solemn promises of loving and assisting one another. I know this engagement and these promises are often made without reflection, and forgotten almost as soon as made; but surely this will not be the case with either of you. Think of these promises and determine to keep them. You have married for life. Your interests are now become inseparably connected. On your conduct towards yourselves and one another depends your happiness for life. You may, if you will, live happily. Determine to be happy and you are so; but this determination will require you to keep inviolate your marriage promises. You have, I am persuaded, been brought together by love—you married from love, and you still love—strive to keep alive this feeling, it will make all your difficulties easy, lessen all your sorrows, and sweeten all your joys. In order to keep up your love towards one another, you must fix it on something more substantial than beauty of countenance, person, &c.; these will soon vanish, and if this be all the love you feel, it will be of little value and of little assistance in a few years. Dear friends, let your love be a love of mind, and affection for the qualities of the heart; this is alone the love which will survive the loss of beauty, of health, and strength, and will still continue to flourish even in old age.

"It is too common for young people to think, that as soon as they are married they may leave off those little attentions towards one another they have been before accustomed to use. The bride thinks there is no necessity for the neatness of dress, or the propriety in behaviour, she has before practised. The bridegroom thinks he may use greater liberties in conversation, more authority in manner than formerly. This is a most dangerous mistake; beware of falling into it. Take John Wesley's plan; he says, 'Let young people treat one another for two or three years after marriage as much as possible in the same way they did while courting, and they will have so far got a habit of it, that they will never afterwards leave it off.'

"I need not say a word to either of you on the necessity of industry and prudence; you are well aware that without the one nothing can be gained; without the other nothing can be kept. Industry and prudence will keep house at all times, and in almost any circumstances.

"Before I conclude, let me remind you that all your virtues will be weak and often broken, your love will be languid and cold, every thing in short will go wrong, unless you are *religious*. It is religion only that can make our journey through life pleasant; 'Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.' It is particularly necessary for married persons to be religious. You are likely soon to become parents; you should consider that you will soon have to undertake the important duties of education. No child can be well educated—no child can be

to sum up all, it is made to *live for ever*; you may give birth to, but you can never destroy a child; and let it be considered, that the present and future happiness of all children, in all circumstances, must depend almost entirely upon their conduct; this conduct depends on their education and early habits, and this education depends on parents. Thus you see, the Great Parent of all, to whom we must give an account, by making you parents, has called you to the discharge of a most serious duty; he has given you the power of making your child happy in herself, and a comfort to you, or the reverse. She is now innocent—her tender mind, like a sheet of writing paper, is pure and white—on that sheet you are appointed to write.—It is for you to determine whether you will write fair and beautiful characters, or disfigure it with foul blots. Consider her situation, and discharge your duty. Make her good, and you make her happy: make her bad, and you make her miserable. And remember that your happiness or misery depends in a great measure upon her's. The wise Father of all has so clearly connected parents to children, and children to parents, that if one suffers, they both suffer;—if one rejoices, they both rejoice. As then you value your child's happiness and your own, in this world and in the next, determine to train her up in the way she should go; and may you receive from the source of strength and wisdom, a sufficient degree of assistance to carry this determination into effect. You will excuse my earnestness on this subject, when you consider how nearly I am connected with you, and how anxious I am to see you live comfortably.

It was in the beginning of the year 1814, that Mr. Goodier felt the first serious symptoms of that complaint, the foundation of which had probably been earlier laid, though he now, for the first time, became sensible of its progress; he suffered from a cough and pain in the side, and frequent exhaustion, but his eagerness in his pursuits still continued, and it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to relax at all in his usual occupations. In the summer of this year he paid a long visit to his friends in Lancashire; a few weeks before he left London, he wrote to them, but he had then no idea of seeing them so soon, and he mentions his illness merely as an accidental cold.

"*Durham House, May* 13, 1814.

"Dear Brothers and Sisters,

"Though you are now separated in some degree by the distance of your dwellings, yet as I know you are still the same, one in mind, I address you collectively, and shall, by writing to one family, consider myself as writing to the other. I received a note a few days since from sister L., inclosed in a letter from my brother, for which I wish to thank her, though at the same time I cannot but complain of its brevity; if she had felt half as much affection towards me as I feel towards all and each of you, she would have kept thinking what would be pleasing to me, and would have written on till her paper had forced her to lay down her pen. When have I written to you without giving you a full sheet, even though that sheet should have been a folio? I found by the note that your mothers had been unwell, and indeed this is not sur-

prising; so severe a winter must, to all, and especially to the old, have been peculiarly trying. I could not help trembling when I thought of Alice, so feeble as she was, she must have been unusually supported, both by divine and human help, or she would not still continue to weather the storm. For my own part, though the weather was so severe, yet I was never more healthy in my life. I last week went to hear a very popular minister preach the annual sermon, in behalf of the society for promoting the conversion of the Jews, and to see six Jews baptized; though I was there half an hour before the time, I was too late to get a seat, and, wedged in the midst of a crammed congregation, I was forced to stand three hours; this gave me a severe cold, which has been accompanied with a pain in my breast; however, I am much better, and if my preaching on Sunday does not make me worse, I expect to be quite well in the course of the next week. With this exception, I have suffered nothing, either from coldness of weather or any thing else—but I am going on too fast and too long about *self*—pardon me for this.

"I ought to congratulate L. on having at length gained the possession of a farm; but whilst I do this, I fear it will also be necessary to lament this acquisition—have you taken the farm at the old rents? If you have, your farm will be dependant on the earnings of the loom. Peace is now all but signed, and it will be impossible for provisions to maintain their present prices, consequently, the present rents of farms cannot be paid, and it must rest with the landlord, whether the tenant shall be ruined or the rent be reduced. I

wish you would write and inform me how the case stands with you in this respect. I have mentioned peace—how should we rejoice that this blessing, so long and so anxiously desired, has at length visited our native country! Though it will ruin many of the farmers, unless Parliament interfere to prevent it, yet it will bring such an accession of happiness to the great majority, that were we amongst those ruined by it, we ought to rejoice. In the midst of my rejoicings, I have still had one or two thorns, which have greatly lessened what I should otherwise have felt, I mean the war of America, &c. Soon after the abdication of Buonaparte, I read in the Morning Chronicle, that 'ten thousand stand of arms were ordered for America,' and that 'every preparation was making to chastise her insolence.' There were some hot headed bigots who began to entertain thoughts of reducing her again to a province. I could not but tremble for the poor Americans, and especially for your brother, who I know is determined, if necessary, to die in defence of his country.

"Mrs. S. gave me a pretty good account of as many of our congregation as she knew; I still wish to know a few more particulars, especially respecting the meetings and the school.—Does every thing go on pleasantly?—are the meetings lively?—does J. B. support them as zealously as ever?—are the scholars regular in their attendance?—are the congregations as good as usual?—how is my good friend A.?—I wish you to remind him that he owes me a supper and a night's lodging, which I hope soon to receive from him."

A few weeks after the above was written, Mr. Goodier was taken extremely unwell, and he wrote to his father to inform him of his illness, and to prepare him for his immediate arrival at home. In this letter, it appears evident that he was now, for the first time, aware of the dangerous tendency of his complaint, and it is remarkable, that he seems to feel it principally as occasioning a suspension of his usefulness.

"*Durham House, June* 17, 1814.

"DEAR FATHER,

"I sit down to write to you with peculiar emotions of pleasure and pain; emotions which I know you also will shortly feel—how will you be surprised and pleased, to be informed that in one week from this time, if nothing unforeseen takes place, I shall be at *home!*—and how will you be alarmed and grieved, to be told that this early arrival is caused by my precarious state of health, which renders country air, if not absolutely necessary, at least highly desirable. Since the meeting of the Unitarian fund, I have been an invalid, and have done nothing with Mr. A. in the way of study, nor have I preached for a month. I have purposely avoided writing to you, that I might not give you too much alarm, and that when I did write, I might be able to give you a favourable account. I can assure you that I am almost afraid to write now, for I know you will imagine my illness to be much worse than it really is; however I shall proceed to give you a true and full statement of its nature and progress, and I trust when you have read it, you will banish all undue anxiety, and wait patiently for our meeting.

"You have before heard that I caught a severe cold at the Jews' chapel in the beginning of May. This was accompanied with a cough, and a pain in my left side, which affected my breathing: the latter I had quite got rid of, though the former was still troublesome, when the meeting of the fund took place. About half-past six o'clock when the interest of the meeting was at its height, I was troubled by a fit of bleeding at the nose: this had happened a time or two before, and as the bleedings were very copious, I have no doubt but I was much relieved by them. At the close of the meeting, about ten o'clock, Mr. A. came to Mr. C. and I, and desired us to make haste home, and tell the family that he was bringing Mr. K. to supper. I did not pay sufficient attention to my state of health, but very imprudently, warm as I was, got my hat and came off, hoping that by walking fast I should avoid all dangerous consequences. In this however I was mistaken; before I got half the way home, I was seized with a violent pain in my side. Still I apprehended nothing serious, and expected it would soon be better. I put on a face of cheerfulness at supper, and all the time I was in the parlour, and even went so far as to guide Mr. K. to his lodgings after supper. In the morning I was, as you may suppose, no better, but rather worse. Mr. A. gave me an introduction to Dr. Pett, an excellent Physician of Hackney; he was not at home, and I was forced to wait till the next morning. I then found him at home, and he treated me with great kindness; he inquired very minutely into the state of my health, and by his

questions I could plainly perceive he thought me consumptive. I was ordered by the doctor to live low, to keep myself quiet, to avoid all exposure to the weather, to beware of exertion, and especially exertion of the lungs, not to read nor speak aloud, and not to *think* of preaching for some time. I am still under this regimen. I go out in fine weather, and walk a good deal in the garden; by following these directions I have got much better. I still feel a degree of weakness, and a good deal of languor, both in body and mind. I have been forced to spend some days almost entirely in bed, and now I lie almost twelve hours out of twenty-four; this perhaps causes the languor. However, I doubt not that the pure air of the country, feeding on the unadulterated provision of nature, and enjoying the comforts of a paternal roof, will in a few weeks restore me to my former state of health and spirits. To enable me to do this, Mr. A., with the advice of Dr. P., has antedated the vacation one month, so that it will commence to-morrow. This measure also appeared eligible, as it will put us in possession of Mr. B.'s assistance a month sooner; our next session commencing on the first Monday in September, instead of the first in October. The plan which was laid for my preaching six weeks on the way home, at Palgrave in Norfolk, and at Wisbeach, from which I know I should have derived so much pleasure, and which would have been so economical, must of course be laid aside. Nothing mortifies me so much as my not being able to preach with safety. Silence is imperiously imposed upon me for a considerable time. Surely there cannot be a heavier affliction to a Minister of the

Gospel. If, however, he be a true Minister, he will have learnt in whatsoever state he is, whether in a state of active usefulness, or of helpless inability, therewith to be content. The lesson is difficult, but by every Christian minister must be learnt. As it will be too much for me to undertake the journey home at once, I have determined to adopt the following plan ;—The Mrs. H. are returning home on Tuesday, and with the advice of friends I have thought it best to come part of the way with them. The way will be rather circuitous, but their company, conversation, and care, together with the opportunity of seeing two or three fresh counties, and an entirely new part of the country, will make ample compensation. We shall set out on Tuesday, and proceed that day to Oxford: on Wednesday to Birmingham. On Thursday the Mrs. H. will go on to Shrewsbury, and I shall take coach to Manchester, where I expect to arrive about seven o'clock: I cannot be exact either in time or place, but intend to go to Mrs. J.'s, when I should rejoice to meet a friend from home; perhaps two or three friends will meet me, and with their assistance, if I am not very much fatigued, I shall be able once more to arrive at home. I received last week the letters of J. and W. S., and one from my brother, which I will answer face to face. London, as you have heard, is in a state of fermentation, in consequence of the peace, and the Royal visitors. We had illuminations for three nights successively last week, which will be again repeated on the proclamation of peace: to-day there is a grand meeting of the friends to the abolition of the slave trade, to which Mr. A.

and my fellow students are gone; it is a great privation to be deprived of all these fine scenes and glorious opportunities of improvement, especialiy to be kept away from a meeting at which some of the best speakers in the kingdom will attend. But, however, I anticipate a meeting which will give me still more pleasure than even this; till then, with best respects and wishes to all relations and friends, believe me to be your affectionate son."

From a journal which Mr. Goodier kept at this period, we find him soon after at home, endeavouring by country air and exercise to recover from his precarious state of health. Though unable to devote himself as formerly to the acquisition of knowledge, he resumed with alacrity those benevolent pursuits so congenial to his natural disposition, and his hours were again devoted to the instruction of the iguorant, and the improvement of those around him. He has left an account in his diary of his journey from London, which shows the liveliness of his observation on the scenes he passed through, and his desire to take advantage of every opportunity of gaining information. He travelled as far as Birmingham with the Mrs. Hughes's; ladies to whom he was now first introduced, and from whose kindness and friendship he derived much future benefit and pleasure. With one of them, who has distinguished herself by many valuable and useful publications, he commenced a correspondence which continued to the time of his death. In his journey he passed through Oxford, where he was extremely interested and delighted with the examination

of the colleges and the principal public buildings. At Birmingham he remained a day or two with his friends, to rest and to examine the town. They went to see the public library instituted by Dr. Priestly, and were much gratified to find it in a flourishing condition. "I was happy" says he "to hear that it is conducted with much more liberality than formerly, and that Dissenters are allowed to take their share in the management." They then went to view the Unitarian meeting, which felt the effects of the riots in 1791, and was afterwards re-built by government. Mr. G. says, "It is large and convenient; in the vestry there is a bust of Dr. Priestly, and in the meeting there is another at the foot of a marble tablet, erected at the expense of the congregation in memory of their former pastor. The inscription was drawn up by Dr. Parr." On the way they passed a house which had been burnt in the time of the disturbances. Mr. G. remarks "Part of it is still standing, a sad monument of religious bigotry, blended with political animosity, and its owner is determined it shall stand as a monitory warning to the inhabitants. On beholding such ruins, many ideas, both pleasant and unpleasant, naturally arose, and I could not but rejoice, that *now* we need not bear witness to what we believe to be truth, at the expense of houses and lands, home and country; but that liberty, civil and religious, is almost proverbial." On the evening of this day, Mr. G. had the pleasure of being introduced to Dr. Toulmin, whose talents and character are so well known to the religious world: he has recorded this interview in his diary.—"His age is about seventy-five, but notwith-

standing this, his spirits are animated, and his activity almost undiminished: his heart beats high for the interests of mankind, and his exertions are never wanting for the promotion of pure and undefiled Christianity: with such a character, old age is honorable, and grey hairs are a crown of glory. May the sight of such men warm me with a holy zeal to imitate their conduct and emulate their exertions."—After another walk through the town, in the evening, Mr. G. and his friends returned to the house of Mr. K. a gentleman from whom they received every friendly attention. After supper he prayed with the family, and he adds, "After wishing a kind and affectionate farewell to my dear companions (the Mrs. H.'s) I retired to rest, looking forward with eager anxiety to the meeting with my friends the following evening."

Mr. Goodier's journey to Manchester was an agreeable one, and he observed the face of the country he passed through, now adorned with the rich livery of summer, with his usual vivacity and interest. After mentioning several towns, and the general appearance of the surrounding country, he adds, "The seat of the Marquis of Stafford is exceedingly beautiful, surrounded by oak woods, which are planted upon rising ground, and being clothed with the most luxurious foliage, are truly delightful."

After all his observations, however, and the pleasure he had received, he very naturally concludes, "But I was most engaged with thoughts about home, and meeting with friends on my arrival." In this hope Mr. Goodier experienced a temporary disappointment; he had appointed a house in Manchester for his friends

from the country to meet him at, and when he arrived there, with eager expectation of a cordial greeting, he found that no one had been to inquire for him. Perhaps there are few things more painful or disheartening, than after a long journey to miss our friends, at the very moment when we anticipate with delight the pleasure of meeting them. Mr. Goodier says, "My disappointment was great; however, after resting myself, I set out with my portmanteau in my hand and my top-coat on, towards Newton Heath, I was fatigued with my ride, and much afraid of the night air, and consequently was anxious to meet somebody whom I knew; but my anxiety was to no purpose, and I came the whole way from Manchester without seeing a single face that I was sure I had ever seen before; I walked slowly on, scarcely able to drag myself forward; my fatigue increased, my spirits fluttered, when, as the clock struck ten, I approached the door of B. A.— I involuntarily uttered a prayer for support in the scene which was about to take place, and with a trembling hand I knocked; I heard a person spring up and hastily approach, as if expecting my arrival, and immediately the door was opened by W. S.; he uttered an expression of joyous surprise, which brought out the family; the sight of them all at once brought such a multiplicity of ideas into my mind, and agitated me so much, that I was unable to speak; I dropped my umbrella and portmanteau, held out my hand, and then sunk down on the seat in the porch, and relieved myself by bursting into tears of joy." When we remember that Mr. Goodier was returning home after being separated from his friends for the first time in his life;

that his feelings, always lively and affectionate, were rendered more susceptible at present by the weak state of his health, and by his previous disappointment, this agitation will not seem any proof of morbid sensibility. His friends surrounded him and led him into the house, and, tired as he was, he sat up conversing with them until three o'clock in the morning, having "To hear and ask a variety of questions." After devoting a short time to calling on his different relations and acquaintances, Mr. Goodier determined to resume his studies, but he found the weakness and pain of his chest so much increased by sitting long together, that he was obliged to submit to frequent interruptions, and sometimes to abstain from them entirely.

A letter to one of his fellow students, written about this time, gives an account of his journey home, and his proceedings afterwards.

"*Hollinwood, June 30, 1814.*

"DEAR FRIEND,

"It is now almost six days since I arrived in Lancashire, so that I have violated my engagement at least a day; believe me when I say, that since I came home I have had so many questions to ask and to answer, that I have scarcely had time to do any thing. In sitting down to write to you, after an absence of a fortnight, after a journey of two hundred miles, and a meeting with friends whom I had not seen for fourteen months, I scarcely know where to begin or what to say, and I feel in its full extent the disadvantage of writing compared with oral communication; however, I shall endeavour to give you a slight

sketch of what has hitherto been most interesting to me, in what I have seen, heard, or done; believing that what has been pleasing to me will not altogether be uninteresting to you. We took leave of each other, as you know, early on Saturday morning, and you will excuse me for saying, that when I considered in what health and spirits, and with what prospects of usefulness you were departing, and reflected on my own weakness and inability to do good, so much different to what I had previously anticipated, sorrow entered my breast, and tears of regret flowed from my eyes. Such is the weakness of our faith, and such our distrust of the providence of God, that if clouds intercept our prospect, or thorns arise in our path, we make ourselves unhappy, and murmur against the dispensations of Infinite Wisdom. On Sunday I ventured to meeting, and stayed till evening; I was anxious to do this, because it was the last opportunity I could have for some months."

Mr. Goodier here gives a repetition of the account of his journey, nearly as before related,—and thus continues—"Saturday was spent in seeing friends and going home—Sunday being lecture day, I had a whole and busy day at the meeting—taught the Sunday scholars morning and afternoon, and heard Mr. Jones preach three times. Monday morning the conference for young people was held at our house, at which I presided: our question was, 'Do the Scriptures represent Jesus Christ as an object of Divine worship?" I was very much pleased, as you may suppose, to meet all the young people of our congregation once more, and especially by hearing how much the speakers were

improved. J. S. I was delighted with, he spoke extempore twice, with great deliberation and force; he is altogether very much improved; I have been teaching him Latin to-day, and he has read the Gospel of John, began Eutropius, gone through the Syntax of Valpy's Grammar, and advanced as far as the twenty-fifth in Phædrus's Fables; he seems to understand the grammatical construction of the language very well, and is indefatigable in acquiring the knowledge of words. We intend to return together, *Deo volente*, at the end of the vacation, and I can assure you J. will be a great acquisition to our society. I find Unitarianism in a prosperous state in our neighbourhood. Our conference was crowded; and besides this, the young people of the several congregations around Manchester have a quarterly conference, for the discussion of doctrinal questions, which is very well attended. The Oldham Unitarians continue to increase both in number and zeal; their congregation on Sunday afternoon was overflowing. On Monday evening I ventured to speak about twelve or fourteen minutes, and on Tuesday went to Manchester: by this exertion I have rather injured myself; but on the whole, am much better than when we parted. Still I cannot flatter myself with preaching for many weeks, and my friends will not permit me to study much, so that I am likely to have a great deal of leisure. Tell me how you spend your time. With kind wishes for your improvement and happiness, I remain your faithful friend," &c.

That Mr. Goodier might suffer as little as possible from the exertion of teaching Latin to the friend whom

he mentions in this letter, they often went through the lessons in the open air, occasionally walking about. He attended again at the religious conferences, formerly mentioned, where he spoke as usual, and he performed private prayer for the family, but for some time he did not venture to preach. As he found himself incapacitated for serious application, he took advantage of the leisure he was compelled to give himself, to make some short excursions to his friends in the neighbourhood. He likewise took daily exercise in walking, and says in his dairy, that "by the enjoyment of fresh air, variety and beauty of scenery, and the conversation and company of friends, he was much improved in health." On a second visit which he made to an Unitarian meeting in the neighbourhood, he heard Mr. Brettall preach, which gave him great pleasure, and he says he scarcely ever spent a Sunday more agreeably. A short time after this, he went on August the 17th to a conversation-meeting at Bolton, which was very well attended, and where the question "Do the Scriptures represent Jesus Christ as an object of Divine worship?" was again discussed: the arguments on the Unitarian side were principally supported by Mr. Goodier and two of his friends; and he adds, they had no opponents capable of doing justice to their argument, which made it less interesting than he expected. Some time after this meeting, he was persuaded to attend a larger one, composed chiefly of Methodists, where he was unfortunately placed in a very hot and crowded room; "I knew not what to do, to go in was dangerous in the highest degree to health; to retreat would have been injurious to the cause of

truth, which was likely to have no advocates but J. S. and myself. After a consultation with friends, I at length agreed to go in, with a determination to come out as soon as I became uncomfortably hot. Thus I was completely entrapped; when I got in, I was forced to stay, and the press was so great, that it would have been almost impracticable to have retreated.—A very spirited debate was accordingly kept up until late in the evening." Mr. Goodier adds, "It was highly interesting to us; and in it, according to the admission of our opponents themselves, we had much the advantage in temper."

At this period he commenced his correspondence with the Mrs. H.'s, the ladies who had accompanied him from London, and to this intercourse he was afterwards indebted for a friendship which sincerely sympathized in his welfare, and endeavoured to alleviate his sufferings. The following letter will shew the nature of his occupations at home, and the deep interest he continued to feel in the promotion of religious knowledge, notwithstanding the precarious state of his health.

"*Hollinwood, July* 25, 1814.

"Dear Ladies,

"Ever since I took leave of you at Birmingham, I have felt a desire to write to you, which has lately been ripened into a determination by a letter from my respected tutor, informing me of your safe arrival at your rural and happy abode, your own present good health, and kind anxiety about mine. To relieve this anxiety, and also to do myself

the pleasure of renewing an intercourse by pen, which was so pleasing and instructive to me 'face to face', is the object of my present address to you.

"I am happy in being able to say, that since I saw you I am much improved in health, and I believe am daily improving. Before I came home, I could scarcely imagine that my indisposition was so serious as the doctor seemed to think, but in the first week after my arrival, I was convinced that my symptoms were alarming, and that the greatest care was absolutely necessary. At Durham House, I had little or no occasion to try my strength, having, as you know, for some of the last weeks done nothing that required much exertion, but when I arrived at home, I frequently took rather long walks in the fields—went to see friends, had to ask and answer many questions, and endeavoured besides to study daily; the consequence was, that I soon became tired and almost exhausted, and I found it necessary to relax. During the last fortnight I have refrained from study, and almost from reading; I take three or four hours exercise daily, in the open air, and am often out much longer—now and then ride on horseback—make short excursions in the country, and, in short, do every thing in my power to recover my wonted vigour. By the blessing of a kind and indulgent Providence, on the use of these means, my bodily strength is much increased, but although my breast does, I think, improve, yet it is still very far from being well; my voice is still hoarse, and in this sultry weather I feel considerable oppression; however, I trust in the next six weeks I shall be so far improved as to be prepared (in the words of Mr. A.) for an

active scholar's campaign. I mentioned that on my return I expected to take with me one of my companions, as a fellow student. The forms of admittance are now gone through, and he is actively engaged in preparing himself for his removal to Hackney. In addition to him, I have now the hope of taking two others, one on the foundation of the academy, the other on his own. If I succeed, and recover my health, we shall all go together; four students from Lancashire, together with a Lancashire tutor, (Mr. B.) will, I think, be pretty well. I find the interests of Unitarianism here to be in a very flourishing state. During my absence, the spirit of rational inquiry and of zealous exertion, which had been excited principally by the missionary labours of Mr. W. and the lectures of Mr. G., have been much more generally diffused than ever, and I think I may safely venture to say, that now, in the different Unitarian congregations in and about Manchester, there are but few, even amongst the young, who are unable to give a reason for the hope that is in them. One of the most pleasing effects of this spirit is, the establishment of a quarterly conversation meeting amongst the young people of several congregations around Manchester, to be held in rotation at their different chapels, for the discussion of subjects connected with Theology. This meeting has already been carried on a year; it has excited the attention and provoked the opposition of the orthodox sects, and in consequence has drawn our young friends into discussion. If it be steadily conducted, I anticipate great advantages from it, not only in exciting and keeping up the spirit of free inquiry, but also in bringing the

members of the congregations connected with it into a more intimate acquaintance with each other; notwithstanding the good already done, there is still much to do—the moral state of the villages around me is very deplorable, much worse, I think, than before peace—drunkenness and swearing fill our streets, and I shall never think the triumphs of Unitarianism complete, till it has not only corrected the *sentiments* of the religious world, but also impressed the hearts and reformed the *practice* of those who never felt the influence of religion. The harvest therefore is truly plenteous, and I may add, the labourers are few; indeed, when I compare the number of labourers with the extent of the work, and reflect on the satisfaction which must be felt by every diligent labourer, I must acknowledge, that were the message of Hezekiah sent to me, 'Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live.' Though I should have no doubt but such a message would be intended by the all-wise Disposer of events, to remove me from the present to some other state of enjoyment and usefulness, yet I should feel reluctant and unhappy. I ought not to conclude without making my most grateful acknowledgments for the kindness I experienced at your hands, during the whole of your visit, and especially during my journey to Birmingham. I hope you will oblige me with a letter as soon as you can conveniently. With best wishes for your health and happiness, I remain your's," &c.

Mr. Goodier continued a few weeks longer in these occupations, enjoying the society of his family, assisting in the improvement of his friends, and attending

the different religious meetings, and then returned to Hackney with the young man who had been his Latin pupil. Soon after his return to the academy, in writing home Mr. Goodier says, "With respect to myself, I am daily improving in health, and am consequently in good spirits. I take every possible precaution; read little, speak little, and go out as much as possible. I am still feeble, and almost unable to do the work which unavoidably falls upon me, in consequence of having our new tutor. Mr. Broadbent is a most agreeable teacher, and were I in health, I should have almost every advantage for mental improvement. I cannot complain in the least; I am already much better than I was, and with the Divine blessing shall, in due time, completely recover. Our conferences began last night, and I was not a little mortified to be forced to absent myself." In the same month in which the above letter was written, we find him continuing his correspondence with Mrs. H., and fully sensible of the advantage to be derived from an intercourse with intelligent and cultivated minds; and, above all, enjoying that friendly communion on religious subjects, which formed one of the greatest pleasures of his life. His piety was an affectionate and social feeling, not only exalting his own devotion to the great Giver of all good, but expanding in the most benevolent interest for the moral welfare of all his fellow creatures. To witness their virtues, to admire their talents, or venerate their worth, was to him a source of pure unmingled pleasure, and this absence of selfishness contributed greatly to his improvement of all the circumstances in which he was placed. He seized with gladness every

opportunity opened to him, by a kind Providence, of contributing to the labours of others; and in the following letter he gives an account of the children's library at Dob-lane, to his friend Mrs. H., inclosing her the rules of the institution at the same time.

"*Durham House, October 26th, 1814.*

"My Dear Mrs. H.

"I was exceedingly gratified with the receipt of your kind note, and have to thank you for pressing me to write to you as often as possible. To correspond with such persons as yourself I shall ever esteem an honour, as well as one of the greatest pleasures of my life. I have just been informed by Mr. A., that a parcel will be sent from London for you, probably in the course of the day, and I gladly snatch a few moments from study, that I may if possible inclose a letter." [Mr. Goodier then expresses his gratitude for some directions he had received from her relative to his health, and declares his intention of conforming to them as much as his circumstances would admit: he adds, that notwithsanding his cough and the weakness of his voice, he looks forward to being completely restored.] "By the Divine blessing upon my unremitting endeavours, I trust that this so much wished for event, will shortly take place. Whether the winter now fast approaching, will not disappoint my hopes, time alone can shew. The perusal of these rules will I hope give you pleasure. I know not whether I am not blinded by partiality; but to myself, our library and rules are by far the best

for children I have yet heard of; indeed, I now know of no similar institution. When the obvious advantages resulting from a children's library, well selected, are considered, I cannot but think it surprising that they have not become general, or at least numerous. Our collection is now much more extensive than it was when our catalogues were printed; we have from fifty to sixty members, many of them poor children, who are thus, at the expense of one penny per month, furnished with a great variety of entertaining and instructive reading. I have no doubt but by this means many an infant mind has been rescued from bad impressions, and bad habits, and inspired with a love of reading good books. I shall never forget the many pleasant hours I have spent in reading these books, and shall always be thankful to that good Providence which, by so agreeable a means, kept me from the snares of evil company, and guided my infant steps in the paths of virtue. Could not you in some future tracts (may they be numerous!) recommend something of this nature to the attention and adoption of your readers? I merely give the hint. You are right in your conclusion, that with our additional students we have an additional tutor. The labours of Mr. A. are in some degree lessened, but are still too great, though he himself would be the last person to say or to think so. His happiness consists in his useful exertions. My paper is almost finished, and my studies are pressing; so that with every sentiment of respect towards yourself and sister, I must hasten to subscribe myself your's faithfully."

At this period, and for some time previous, Mr. Goodier had been exceedingly interested in a design which had been formed to erect a chapel for Unitarian worship at Oldham, in Lancashire; he received a letter from one of his friends, requesting him to insert an account of their intention in the Monthly Repository, and from the statement he received of the probable expense, he found they had estimated the sum at £400, instead of £250, as they had at first intended, and thus had increased the difficulties of obtaining the subscription. At the present time they had only raised £150, and Mr. G., in a letter, dated April, 1815, requests an explanation of their intentions; he advises them by all means to adhere to their original plan, and especially as they had made their first design public, and already requested subscriptions; he evidently considered the alteration an imprudent experiment, and he disliked the idea of appearing to encroach on the favour of the public. "Does it not in some measure, lead" says he "to the idea that you rise in your expectations in proportion as your applications prove successful?" Mr. G. had informed Mr. A. of the first design, and adds, "I must own that it rather mortified me to inform him of the vast advance you have made in your plan. He seems decidedly of opinion that you will never get the money raised, and certainly it seems very improbable you ever can." He then strongly advises them to adhere to their original intention, and trust to future opportunities and contributions for enlarging the building. With the consideration not to wound the feelings of others, which peculiarly characterized him, in concluding, he

says, "You will receive what I have written in the spirit in which it is sent. I need not inform you, that I have nothing in view but your best interest." From a letter to his friends, dated about this time, we find him still suffering from a very uncertain state of health, and though not deprived of the power of pursuing his studies, yet obliged to watch over himself, and fully aware of the tendency of his complaints. His friend Mrs. H. appears to have been interesting herself in his recovery, and his gratitude for her kindness and attention is warmly expressed. In the commencement of one of his letters to his friends, is a very pleasing description of a venerable old age.

"*Durham House, March* 1, 1815.

"DEAR FRIENDS,

"As I am anxious again to enjoy the pleasure of receiving one of your letters, I am under the necessity of giving you first a few lines in order to place you in my debt. I wish you may be duly sensible of the disgrace of living long in debt, and determine to pay me as soon as possible.

"I have to congratulate Father A. on his having attained the age of man. On his head, grey hairs are indeed a crown of glory, and if it please God to carry me through all the difficulties and dangers, that lie between me and seventy years, I should prefer such a crown to all the glittering ornaments of rank and splendour, which often shine only to make the darkness of their possessor more visible. Many serious thoughts must have filled his breast on this occasion. Considering himself as having reached the point, at

which the journey of life commonly terminates, he would naturally pause and look back on the way he has travelled, and forward on what may yet be before him; and I doubt not that gratitude for the past, and hope, strong and firm, for the future, would sweeten his reflections and cheer his heart. I trust that though the years of man are but threescore years and ten, yet by reason of strength his will be fourscore years, and that at length, in a good old age, like a full shock of corn he will be gathered to his fathers, and sink to rest in peace. I have also to congratulate you and your mother on the approach of spring, which I am happy to hear has already begun to restore your mother to comparative health: at her age, and with her tender constitution, it is a serious thing to endure the rigours of winter. Thank God! that her frame, already shattered by sickness and bowed down by years, is still preserved safe, and likely to be strengthened by the mild influence of the returning spring. I was surprised to hear that the winter has been rather severe with you, with us it has scarcely deserved the name, the ground has scarcely been covered with snow, and the frost has only endured for two or three days together. The sun now begins to shine with cheerful warmth; the peas in our garden are raising their tender shoots above the ground; the leaves of the Gooseberry trees are almost expanded, and to-day I observed a bee collecting his sweet food from a blooming bunch of crocus flowers.

"Ought I to congratulate John W. and his amiable partner on the birth of another child? In these hard times is it a subject of congratulation that an addition

has been made to his family, which was before almost too large? Yes! I do believe that the birth of a child ought even in these circumstances to be considered a joyous event; it may bring an increase of cares, but I do think that he who permits his children to come into being will support them, and by the various dispensations of Providence, will open his hand and fill them with good. Let B. and J. then take courage—let them consider an increase of life, as an increase of happiness, and, under all their labours, let them look forward to the time when their children will be the prop of their declining years.

"M. T. it seems has had a narrow escape from robbery; the frequency of robbery and murder is now most alarming, and will stamp the English character in the eyes of foreigners with infamy. I am glad to inform you that Miss M. has another tract ready for the press, entitled 'The Widow.' She is indefatigable in labours of usefulness and love. In the number of the Christian Reformer for February (No. 2) you will find the first of a course of lectures on the reformation, which I would recommend to your attention, and that of all our young people. I think I have not yet told you that we have another divinity student from Sheffield, his name is H., he is an excellent young man; we are now five divinity, three lay students, and are going on very regularly, and very happily: with regard to my own health, I am yet far from well, my voice is very bad, and my breast now and then troublesome. I take great care of myself, seldom go out at night, and as much as possible during the day. I have now no medical adviser except Mrs. H.; by her direction

I am almost daily or rather nightly drinking the juice of figs, which to say the least is very pleasant. Mrs. H. is exceedingly kind, and takes great interest in my recovery. What a debt of gratitude do I owe to that great and good Being, who has thus raised for me such kind and generous friends; and how happy am I in thus being blessed with the friendship of the wise and good! Give my love to all the children in J.'s family, and also to my dear friends at Dean Lane, especially to your aunt. Tell M. and L. that we are anxiously expecting their *notes* to grow into *letters* of considerable length, and let me remind you again that you are now in my debt, and that a letter from you will give the greatest pleasure to your's," &c.

In a letter to his friends, dated soon after the preceding one in April, 1815, Mr. Goodier expresses the warm anxiety with which he looked forward to entering upon the wide field of his Christian labours, the eagerness which he felt to devote all the powers of his heart and mind to the service of religion, and the best welfare of his fellow creatures. His benevolence and tenderness extended to all of human kind, and in comforting the distressed, instructing the ignorant, or reclaiming the erring, his feeling heart and affectionate temper were exercised in their native element. "You have no doubt heard," he says, "of the prolongation of my stay at the academy. It will be a great increase to my happiness, both at present and in future, though I am disposed to lament that cause which made it necessary. I look forward with ardent feelings to the time when I shall go forth into the

world, and I long to be actively engaged in the great business of turning the wicked from the error of their ways. It is quite a privation to me, to be kept for so long a period within the walls of the study, and to go so seldom into the pulpit; half my life will be spent before I begin to *live*. My happiest moments," he afterwards continues, "have been spent in the pulpit, and I wish to repeat and to multiply them; however the state of my health renders a further stay necessary, and I ought to rejoice that I can stay. I trust that when I have finished my studies, I shall be able to preach with boldness, with acceptance, and with usefulness." Mr. Goodier then mentions his health, which he says is tolerable, but complains that his voice is almost gone: he looked forward to the vacation as likely to restore him, but it seems that he doubted whether he should be strong enough to resume his usual country engagements, and he adds, "If I have to spend another summer in inactivity, you will have to exert all your powers, in order to keep me from being melancholy." About this time Mr. Goodier's father married again, and he expresses the pleasure he felt in this event, in a letter to the sisters of his new relative. "Your mother will perhaps think that I am interested when I speak in this manner, and I must acknowledge that I am; for I cannot but rejoice in the increase of my father's happiness, who certainly wanted a partner; in the advantage my brothers will enjoy, and particularly my brother S. from M's care and advice; and besides this, I am glad that by this marriage I am more closely connected with a family for whom I always have felt and hope ever to feel an

affection almost fraternal." Alluding to the loss they would feel in their sisters leaving them, and the pain experienced in the separation of families, he says "I am well aware that families who have been kept together as long as you have, cannot, even in prospect, regard their dispersion without pain. Parents especially, who have grown old in rearing their children, and who in the society of their sons and their daughters have begun to feel every domestic comfort, and to find the burthen of increasing years lightened, will naturally be anxious to continue at rest in the bosom of their families; though they may not, like Job, be robbed of their children by death, yet when they are left alone in consequence of marriages, and removals, they will feel something of that regret, and even anguish, which led him, in fond recollection of former days, to exclaim, "Oh! that I were as in months past, when my children were about me." We have heard that you are about to re-establish, at least in part, your conversation meetings. I wish you could carry them on with spirit, without which they will be useless. You are about also to begin to teach writing, and I should suppose arithmetic. This is a great improvement, and I should like to know the authors of it. Give the children the ability and the love of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and you furnish their minds with employment, and prepare them for being useful members of society."

In the following month was held 'The Anniversary of the Unitarian Fund Society,' and Mr. Goodier was much gratified by his attendance at the meeting.—

Immediately afterwards he drew up a short account of it, which was inserted in the Christian Reformer for the same month. As it is a proof of the deep interest he took in the progress of Unitarian truth, which was then making, and the pleasure with which he witnessed the efforts and success of others, the principal part of it is here reprinted.

"*May 20th*, 1815.

"The tenth anniversary of this fund was held pursuant to notice on the 17th inst., a day which will be long remembered by all who were present. As we doubt not that all our readers are much interested in the proceedings of this meeting, we shall, for their gratification, give as particular an account of it as our limits will admit.

"The service was introduced by the Rev. T. B. Broadbent, of London, who prayed and read the Scriptures. The Rev. W. Turner, of Newcastle, offered the general prayer; and the Rev. T. Madge, of Norwich, preached from Luke, vii. 22, '*To the poor the Gospel is preached.*' The sermon was distinguished by strength of argument and elegance of language, and was delivered in such a manner as to fix the attention and rouse the feelings of every hearer. Almost every eye was upon the preacher, and every heart seemed to beat in unison with his own. The sermon furnished a practical proof of an observation contained in it, that 'The best way *to* the heart is *from* the heart.' We rejoice to add, that it will soon be laid before the public, accompanied by the devotional compositions used on the occasion. Afterwards the

chair was taken for business, and the secretary read the report of the committee, including an account of the various exertions of the society, and of the progress of Unitarianism during the past year. This report was highly encouraging, and shewed that *the truth as it is in Jesus* has been advancing, if not rapidly, yet regularly and surely. The audience seemed particularly interested with an account which it contained of the introduction and establishment of Unitarianism at Rosendale, an extensive district in the north of Lancashire. Here is a congregation formerly in connexion with the Wesleyan Methodists, who have become Unitarians without reading any Unitarian book but the Bible, and even without knowing that there existed any persons of their own sentiments in the Christian world. They are almost entirely composed of mechanics, who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, and in consequence of having built a chapel, are forced to solicit the assistance of their more opulent brethren. We expect that their case will shortly be submitted to the Unitarian public. We are glad to find that these people, with their additional information and more enlarged views, retain their former zeal, and act upon their former plans. They have united themselves with a congregation in Rochdale, a neighbouring town, who have become Unitarians under circumstances almost similar to their own; and from this town, as a centre, they have established an extensive circuit for local or itinerary preaching, and for class and prayer meetings. From a preacher's and prayer-leader's plan for 1814, which now lies before us, we find that their circuit includes

no fewer than twelve places of meeting, which are supplied by three preachers, assisted by eight prayer-leaders. The preachers address their hearers without notes, and endeavour in all things, to adopt a popular manner, and to pursue popular plans. Whilst facts of this nature exist, let it not be said that Unitarianism cannot become the religion of the poor. The exertions of Mr. W. furnished a considerable part of the report: it was stated that this indefatigable servant of Christ has travelled above eighteen hundred miles in the cause of the society, since the last report of his labours. After the conclusion of the business, the friends adjourned to the London Tavern, where a frugal but comfortable dinner had been prepared for them.—About two hundred and eighty partook of it. James Young, Esq., of Hackney, was in the chair. Several appropriate toasts were given, which called forth a number of excellent speeches, all breathing the greatest anxiety for the promotion of liberty, civil and religious, and especially for the spread of Christian Truth. We were particularly pleased with the great satisfaction expressed by the company when the chairman gave 'Peace.' If all the public meetings of men, calling themselves disciples of the Prince of Peace, would make a similar expression of their sentiments, and support it by pouring petitions into the houses of Parliament, war, with all its horrible consequences, might perhaps be still prevented. The secretary (Mr. Aspland) communicated some information which gave peculiar pleasure to the company: he stated that he was in possession of documents which proved that in Poland and Transylvania, Unitarians are numerous;

and that most of the learned on the continent, and the Protestant ministers of Paris, are Unitarians. He said that he had lately received a catechism printed at Geneva in 1814, and now publicly taught in all the churches of the Genevese, and to his great astonishment he had found that this Calvinistic catechism was without Calvinism! That from the very place where John Calvin burnt Servetus for Unitarianism, was now put forth, by authority, a catechism wherein not a word of the Trinity is mentioned; which says nothing of election and reprobation, and which contains nothing, with the exception of a few vague expressions, capable of any interpretation, that a Unitarian parent would not wish to teach his children. If the all-powerful hand of truth has already wrought such a change, even in the place where Calvin laboured most, have we not the greatest encouragement to be zealous in its support? and have we not the strongest assurance that in the end it must prevail?

"The company were much struck with the strong sense and unaffected simplicity which marked the speech of Mr. Winder, one of the missionaries, who, as our readers perhaps know, was for many years a common soldier. He said that the last five years in which he had been a Unitarian, had been the happiest of his life: that during this time, he had learnt that it was his duty to think as freely as he breathed, and to speak as freely as he thought. Alluding to the objection that Unitarianism cannot be the religion of the poor, he said that it needed but little ingenuity to understand the doctrines of the New Testament.—After a few other remarks he concluded by saying that

he had rather die a Unitarian missionary than live a Monarch.

"The treasurer (Mr. Christie) gave a statement of the finances of the society, which shewed that they have been improving during the last year. He also read a list of donations, and of the names of new subscribers, which had been received since the last anniversary. Among these were a donation of two pounds from 'a Sailor' of Portsmouth, and of one pound from 'an anonymous friend,' who stated in his letter to the treasurer, that he lamented that, through hard necessity, he could be no more than a silent supporter of Unitarianism. In the course of the day above £170 was collected in donations and new subscriptions in behalf of the fund, and of the Unitarian academy.

"At an early hour the company separated, and we doubt not they will each return to their respective homes, with increased zeal in the cause of Christian truth, and more steadfast and abounding in the work of the Lord, from the conviction produced by this meeting, that their labour is not in vain in the Lord. Let those who read this account go and do likewise."

Mr. Goodier continued from this time, to the vacation in the summer of this year, still pursuing his studies and cultivating his literary talents with his usual assiduity. He paid constant attention also to the care of his health, which he would have considered it criminal to sacrifice even to the brightest expectations; but notwithstanding all his watchfulness, his complaint gained ground. He could make no particular exertion with-

out being painfully reminded of his weakness; and the kind advice of his friends, and his own precautions seemed equally unavailing in producing any permanent benefit. His hopes however were still vivid, and the ardour of his mind continued undiminished by the languor of disease. He still looked forward to the profession of the ministry with eager expectation, and endeavoured by every means in his power to render himself worthy of the discharge of its duties. His zeal in the cause of Christian truth increased with every added year of his life, and he continued to seize with avidity every opportunity which offered, either in public or private, for promoting the interests of knowledge and virtue. His wishes were still doomed to disappointment; and a letter which he sent to his parents to prepare them for his return, written in the beginning of June, gives a melancholy account of his health. Speaking of his return, "This" he says, "will undoubtedly surprise you very much, but my health is in such a state, as to make it absolutely necessary to give up all ideas of preaching in the vacation; I have for six or seven weeks been gradually declining and am now frequently troubled with pain." He then gives a description of his symptoms, but afterwards adds, "Let not this account alarm you; I am far from being as bad as I was last vacation, and the physician assures me that in about two years I shall thoroughly recover." Mr. G. in addition to his own conviction of the great imprudence, if not impracticability, of preaching in his present state of health, was visited the evening before he wrote this letter by a sub-committee of gentlemen, who endeavoured by every means

in their power to deter him from the idea of public speaking, and almost forced him to promise he would not attempt it. After informing his father of the necessity of his return, he continues, "My plan of coming home is the following:—I intend, if possible, to set out June 20th, and ride to Boston, and there spend the night, and perhaps the succeeding day; on Thursday morning I hope to proceed to Lincoln, where will be held a meeting of the Lincolnshire Unitarian society, at which I expect to be present; perhaps I shall spend the following day in Lincoln, and come on to Manchester on Saturday; if this plan be altered I will inform you." How much Mr. G. enjoyed the correspondence of his family, may be seen from a sentence in this letter. "I have this morning received your's, and I could not satisfy myself till I had read it over three times, so overjoyed was I at receiving what I had so long anxiously desired." Mr. Goodier wrote again to his parents, when he arrived at Lincoln, on the 23rd of June. "I have had a charming journey from London hitherto; J. S. and myself set off together on Monday evening, and arrived in Boston about four the next day. The following morning I came forward by packet to Lincoln, and in this ancient and venerable city, whose Minster is one of the finest specimens of Saxon and Gothic architecture now remaining, was yesterday held the first Unitarian association. We had a most happy day indeed; Mr. W. preached on Wednesday evening, Mr. K. yesterday morning, and Mr. W. last night." After the preaching they dined together, and Mr. G. says; "Really it was gratifying indeed, to see a number of persons, almost all strangers

to me, inspired with one heart, and one soul, in support of that cause, which is so dear to us all." Mr. G. experienced some little change for the better by his journey to Lincoln, and his hopes revived with the elasticity natural to his temper, and his period of life. "Be under no anxiety;" he continues to his father, "I am in excellent hands, and in a very improving state of health; I am like a child of a year or two old, subject to the greatest changes. When I last wrote, I was so unwell that for several days I could do scarcely any thing: now I am so well, that if I did not feel the want of a voice, I should think myself quite hearty."

At the close of this session, before he left Hackney, he thought it advisable to take the advice of some eminent medical men on his complaints, and they decidedly recommended to him not to resume his place in the academy after the approaching vacation. He did not, as may be easily imagined, readily acquiesce in this decision; it disappointed his best wishes, and clouded his opening prospects; he left London in a state of uncertainty, which was very depressing, and still cherishing some hope of return, as appears from an expression in one of his subsequent letters. Soon after he came home, Mr. Goodier visited Rossendale, and, in a letter to Mrs. H., dated Aug. 1st, we find some further account of the Rossendale Unitarians: during his stay with them he appears to have been much pleased with the impression he received of their religious progress, and their evident desire of improvement. "Last week I spent three days in a visit to Rochdale and Rossendale Unitarians. The simplicity, good sense, seriousness, and piety, of these

people, gratified me very much, and taught me a lesson which I hope never to forget. I before knew two of their ministers, James T. and John A., with them I had a good deal of conversation; the former is the young man who is mentioned in Dr. T.'s letter, as having, from conscientious motives, refused to receive any thing for his preaching: he is in pretty good circumstances. His father keeps a farm, and conducts a woollen dye-house; at one or other of these J. constantly works. The first time I went to see him, I found him working in the dyehouse, which is so hot that the workmen are obliged to throw off their shirts. J. T. lives near Rochdale; John A. at Rossendale. In your letter to Mrs. A. you speak of Rossendale as being situated in the *flat* of Lancashire; I found it very much the reverse, it is an extensive and populous district surrounded by large and lofty hills, interspersed with numerous and tolerably fruitful vallies, and broken at times by crags and rocks. The hills themselves have few inhabitants but sheep; the valleys are some of them populous. The inhabitants of Rossendale are simple, and unlettered in general, but seem to possess considerable information on religious subjects. The Unitarian chapel is a small but very neat building, and the congregation is in a good state. J. A. is much beloved amongst them, and ministers and people live on terms of cordiality and friendship which ought to put many of our congregations to the blush. I slept at J.'s house one night; about nine o'clock when the sun had set, and the people could not see to work, six or seven of them came to see and converse with their preacher; most of them were without hats and coats, with their

aprons and clogs (a sort of shoes with wooden soles) on, and one of them was 'smoking his pipe.' They were all serious, and engaged in religious conversation with great readiness. Religion with them is an affair of the heart and life, not merely as with many, a speculative inquiry. I wish some of our cold and refined Presbyterians (as they are erroneously called) had been with me that night. I wish also to have had the company of those who have doubted, or affected to doubt, whether Unitarianism could be brought to dwell in the humble cottages of industrious poverty." Mr. G. then expresses his wish that Mrs. H. had been with them, and amongst them, and informs her that he told them of her liberality towards them, for which they desired their hearty thanks, and were fully sensible of her kindness. He continues—"The Reformer is read and admired by them, as it is also in the district round about our own home. I encouraged J. to write for it, and I hope he will, though at present he is very busy with his trade, his preaching, and his writing. He has begun to prepare an account of the rise and progress of Unitarianism amongst the society at Rossendale and Rochdale." Mr. Goodier's account of the state of his health at this time, was by no means encouraging, though he did not himself appear to consider it as decidedly dangerous. On his return to Lancashire he gave himself for a short time complete relaxation; and says to Mrs. H.—"Since I arrived at home, I have been busily engaged in doing almost nothing: I preach none, I study and write scarcely any; I have made the pursuit of health my principal, and I may say, my only object, but I have met with

little success ; perhaps I have used wrong means. At present I do not feel much of actual pain, but I labour under a general weakness of body, which unfits me for much exertion ; I am troubled with a cough sometimes, which rather alarms me. My indisposition of body brings on a heaviness and dullness of mind, which is very irksome, and an inclination to lowness of spirits, which requires all my Christianity, and all the kindness of my companions and friends to counteract." Mr. Goodier however expresses his conviction that he was not so bad as he had been the preceding year ; his Physician recommended him to take a sea voyage, which he told Mr. G. he thought would completely restore him, but he had himself no hope of a speedy restoration to health. Alluding to his Physician's advice, he says,—"If my expectations were as sanguine as his, I should strive to carry his recommendation into practice; but if I ever recover at all, I do not think it will be for some years." The following passage exhibits the quick sensibility with which he felt the privation of the exercise of his accustomed powers of usefulness, chastened by that spirit of resignation and piety which taught him to extract good, even from the darkest dispensations of Providence, and made affliction itself a source of increasing virtues and trust. "I had hoped that the country would have been highly beneficial, but I cannot say that I am much better than when I left London. I feel the deprivation of health more keenly here, perhaps, than I did at Durham-house, because there is so large a field of usefulness, and such a prospect of success around me. If I were able I could be fully engaged in preaching and conversation-

meetings in the neighbouring villages. We want preachers for the poor, and I flatter myself that I could be useful amongst them. I am aware, however, that we are apt to entertain too high an idea of our own labours, and to attach too much importance to them; and if there was need of me in the vineyard of the Lord, I should be fitted for the work. Some of the happiest moments of my life have been spent in the labours connected with the Christian ministry, and I am anxious to resume and continue these labours. But if the all-wise Disposer of events, in whose hands our breath is, and 'whose are all our ways,' ordains otherwise, I shall strive to resign myself. I am fully persuaded that *His* appointments are wisest, and justest, and best; and that under *His* fatherly government we are all safe. As a Christian, and especially as an Unitarian Christian, I trust I shall never be long unhappy. Could I attain to that firm conviction of the Divine goodness in all his dealings with men, which animates your breast, and breathes in all your writings and conversation, I should rejoice and be happy indeed."

When Mr. Goodier returned home, he found the building of the Unitarian chapel at Oldham already commenced, though their funds were very inadequate; and in the course of the autumn he visited Liverpool, and endeavoured to raise a subscription for the purpose. This visit, and the object for which he made it, were the means of introducing him to the kind notice of Mr. and Mrs. F., a family distinguished for their benevolence and hospitality, as well as for their warm interest in the cause of Christian truth. On a further acquaintance with his character, they formed for him

a friendship and affection which continued through all the scenes of his future life, and contributed materially to the support and comfort of its latest hours. A letter which he wrote during his stay to his friend Mrs. H., will best unfold his plans, and the great interest he took in the object of his visit.

"*Gateacre, near Liverpool, September*, 4, 1815.

"DEAR MRS. H.

"Since I received your kind letter of the 5th ultimo, I have been so busily employed, and so uncertain when my employment would cease and give me leisure to visit you, that I have been forced unwillingly to defer writing to you till the present. I am sure that you will forgive this seeming inattention, when I tell you that I have been busy soliciting subscriptions for our new Unitarian chapel, at Oldham. The building of the chapel had commenced when I came home, and had advanced as far as the subscriptions would allow of, when I begun the trade of begging. The urgency of the case, the building being almost stopped, and the importance of the object in view, both conspired in inducing me to undertake the ungracious office in which I have been since engaged; notwithstanding the labour and fatigue which was necessarily attached to it, and for which my state of health rendered me almost unfit. Thanks to the good Providence of my gracious Father, I have hitherto been supported, and through the instrumentality of kind friends have been kept in tolerable health; while at the same time my heart has been gladdened by the success with which my feeble exertions have been crowned. In the course

of the last month I have collected upwards of £100, near £70 of which has been subscribed by friends in Liverpool and the neighbourhood. Upwards of £100 is still wanting, which I doubt not will be raised in a few weeks. Already I begin to anticipate the pleasure of accomplishing an object, which, for some months has been nearest my heart, when a convenient place of worship will be erected at Oldham, sacred to pure and undefiled religion; and when a population of near seventeen thousand souls will have an opportunity of hearing the uncorrupted Word of Life. It is scarcely three years since I had the honour of preaching the first sermon to the society at Oldham, which was also the first sermon I ever preached. Knowing this, you will be able to enter into my feelings in the prospect of soon finishing our chapel. The opening of it will be a great day, and I doubt not a very joyful one. I wish you could be present and partake of our joy.—This morning about eleven o'clock I hope to set sail for Dublin, in conformity to the advice of my Physician, who strongly recommends a voyage, and seems to expect great benefit from it. Mr. S., Minister of this place, has kindly recommended me to the care of an Irish gentleman who is also sailing this morning; and I hope to get a letter of introduction to the ministers, at Eustace Street, Dublin. A new scene is about to open upon me, and I shall soon see the wonders of the Creator upon the mighty waters. I feel no fear; for by sea or by land there is the same Almighty Governor to direct, and the same all-gracious Providence to preserve.

"Since I wrote last, I have received two letters

from Mr. A.; one of these was on the subject of my return to Hackney. I had previously informed him that the state of my health rendered my return at least very doubtful, and that it was the advice of my Physician, and most of my friends, to stay at home. His kind answer to this I will shew you when I come to Shrewsbury; at present it is sufficient to inform you, that I shall, at all events, stay in the country till the winter sets in. On my return from Dublin I shall stay a few days at Liverpool; I shall then proceed to Warrington, &c., then home, and afterwards I hope to visit you at Hanwood. Perhaps three weeks or a month will intervene before I have the pleasure of seeing you.

"Accept my thanks for your letter, and especially for the former part of it, which is worthy of yourself, and worthy of that Evangelical religion which you profess. I wish I could imbibe the spirit of it, and act accordingly; death would then be completely stripped of all his terrors. Allow me to hope for a continuance of your kind and edifying epistles, and believe me to be, with the best wishes for the welfare of yourself and every member of your family, your's," &c.

On his return from Ireland, Mr. Goodier pursued his former plans, and soon after paid a visit to his friends the Mrs. H. at Hanwood. In the kindness he there received, the rural quiet of the scenery, and above all, the amiable and intelligent society of the ladies, he enjoyed himself very much. The warm gratitude he felt for the affectionate interest they took in his welfare, is expressed in a letter written to them

when he had reached his home. Perhaps no one ever received with more pleasure the attentions and sympathies of friendship, or was more formed to improve its benefits, and certainly no one ever opened their heart more unreservedly to all its best influences.

His correspondence with his friend Mr. C. who was destined for the same profession, and a fellow-labourer in the same great cause as himself, is extremely interesting, and shows a disinterestedness and benevolence of spirit, a sympathy with the joys and happier prospects of others, which is truly amiable.

"*Shrewsbury, December* 4, 1815.

"My Dear Friend,

"It is now near six months since I took leave of you, and though you have witnessed a variety of scenes, and been engaged in a variety of business during this time, that would have furnished matter for many interesting letters, you have not thought it worth while to write me a single line. When I reflect on the many happy hours we have spent together, mutually assisting each other in the acquirement of knowledge, and as I then thought uniting ourselves by the closest ties of friendship, I am a little surprised that the privation of so long a separation should not have been lessened by an interchange of friendly epistles. Say not that this is as much my fault as your's. Consider that I knew not where you were, whilst you were well aware that I was confined at or near home, principally by sickness.

"Whilst I have been thus laid aside from public duty, and been forced to *bear*, rather than to *do*, the

will of my heavenly Father, you, my dear friend, have been actively and therefore pleasantly engaged in your master's business. I have often followed you with my wishes and prayers; and by the arrival of the last Repository I find that my wishes have in some measure been realised, and my prayers answered in and by your success. What an exquisite gratification must it have been to your benevolent and ardent mind, to have accompanied the apostolic W., to have witnessed and shared in his labours, and especially to have heard him, with primitive simplicity and zeal, explaining to the rude fishermen of Cornwall the doctrine of salvation; vindicating that doctrine from the corruptions of men, and ascribing righteousness, and mercy, and love, to the Maker and Father of all! Will you excuse me, when I say that I envied you when I read in the Repository 'A journal of Messrs. C. and W's missionary tour in Cornwall?' To have your name presented to the Unitarian public, coupled with that of Mr. W. is indeed a high honour. By this time you are an experienced preacher, and no doubt find yourself at ease in the pulpit. Is it so? When you and I parted, I expected to enjoy the benefits of Hackney for at least two years longer. In the last letter I received from Mr. A. I am advised 'quietly to dismiss all thoughts of Hackney from my bosom.' To do this 'quietly' is impossible, and it is hard to believe that these things are not against me; still I have many blessings remaining, and trust I shall yet be useful and happy. My indisposition has convinced me of one thing, viz. '*that I have many friends.*' Their kind labours of love have frequently relieved me from a

load of low spirits and desponding thoughts. When I brood over my losses, and contemplate the dark sides of things, they are ready to divert my thoughts and present the fair prospects of hope. The cup of affliction, if mingled with the sweets of friendship, loses almost all that is bitter. Though I have generally been unable to preach, yet I have not been deprived of the means of usefulness; nay, fresh means of usefulness have been put into my hands. I found my Oldham friends almost despairing of being able to finish their arduous undertaking. I engaged to solicit the assistance of their Unitarian brethren in Lancashire and Cheshire. I visited many congregations on their behalf, and for nine or ten weeks together, collected about £20 a-week. By this means the chapel has been finished much sooner than was expected; and on the 7th of January I hope to be present at the solemn scene of dedicating another temple to the worship of the One God, and Father of all, who is above all, and in all. To be made the humble instrument of so much good to my poor friends at Oldham, and through them to the neighbourhood at large, gave me great pleasure, which was much enhanced by the conviction, that at the same time I was increasing the number of my friends and acquaintance, promoting the recovery of my health, and receiving satisfactory proof, that the charge of coldness and want of zeal amongst the Lancashire Unitarians was in a great degree groundless. It is not a want of zeal so much as a want of union, that weakens the exertions of Unitarians.

"My spirit was refreshed (to use father W.'s ex-

pression) by preaching three times at a neighbouring village, in a farm-house kitchen, to congregations serious and attentive, but very ignorant. I hope some good was done amongst them. The clergyman was almost frightened out of his wits, and it would amuse you much to hear the conversations we have had; but my paper is filled, I wish I had taken folio. May the blessing of God attend you, and give an increase to your labours. Write to me at Hanwood soon; if you cannot in a week from this date, direct to me at home, Hollinwood."

At this time, and indeed previously, Mr. Goodier had given up entirely any idea of returning to the academy, and he was now looking forward to the completion of the Unitarian chapel at Oldham, as the scene of his future ministry, and the object of his fondest hopes. The kindness he had met with in his late visit to Liverpool does not pass unrecorded. It was to him the commencement of a friendship, which added materially to the happiness of his life.

"*Hollinwood, December* 29, 1815.

"DEAR MADAM,

"'Home is home be it ever so homely;' and at this quiet obscure retreat, where comfort and independence are almost constant residents, I am at length seated in our family arm chair, disposed to turn back my thoughts to the scenes that are just flitted before my eyes; and by the creative power of reflection, to give a new existence to the pleasures of the last nine weeks. My mind fixes itself at Hanwood,

where it is determined for some time to remain, conscious of having already found there peace and happiness. The remembrance of your kindness, and that of your family, raises in me feelings of gratitude; but at the same time pains me with the reflection, that my obligations to you are greater than I can probably ever discharge, and such as to render me unable to thank you as I ought. I was never eloquent in thanks, and probably never shall be; for, although I have visited Ireland, where the meanest beggar pours forth a volley of blessings on receiving the most trifling gift of charity, I still labour under as much inability in this respect as ever. You, however, have lived long enough to learn, that the number of words is no standard of the sincerity of the thoughts, and that those who say most often feel least. Believe me, your goodness has made a lasting impression on my heart—I trust my conduct will best declare my gratitude. The eloquence of the life is far preferable to that of the lips. I am led, by looking back on the last nine weeks, to extend my view, and to take in the last three years. During that period what a change has been made in my situation and prospects! My acquaintance was then very limited, my friends few, my means of improvement very contracted, and my time chiefly occupied in labouring for the necessaries of life. Now, it is my business to improve myself and others. I have become acquainted with hundreds who were before strangers to me, and not a few, who are distinguished both by moral worth and the gifts of fortune, have condescended to honour me with their friendship. Amongst

these, I rejoice to include yourself and family. Your friendship has given me new motives to virtuous exertion, and raised within me a fresh barrier to the encroachments of vice. The hope of your approbation will be a strong incentive to activity in the good cause of religion and truth; the fear of your displeasure will deter me from giving way to evil thoughts and inclinations. Happy is it for us when our friendships are the allies of our virtue—when the love and fear of man co-operates with the love and fear of God, in the improvement of our dispositions, and in the increase of our usefulness.

"When I left your friendly roof, I proceeded to Mr. W.'s, where I spent a most agreeable evening: every thing I saw and heard, confirmed me in the good opinion I had previously formed of this family. If you remove to Shrewsbury, you will find them a valuable addition to your society. I am persuaded that the more you know, the more you will admire Mrs. W. The following day I proceeded to Chester, and took up my abode with Mr. L. Mr. B. the minister, and M. J. S. drank tea with us in the afternoon, and we spent the evening in useful conversation.—Mr. B. is an amiable young man, who loves his people and is beloved by them. As a preacher, he has the faults of almost all the York students; too confined in his manner—too abstruse in his matter. I preached for him in the morning, met him and a party to dinner, heard him in the afternoon, and met him again at supper. * * * I came on to Liverpool the following morning, and was induced by the pressing

solicitations of Mr. and Mrs. F., to stay and preach for Mr. Lewin on the following Sunday. I was afraid to address such a congregation; however, I ventured, and had reason to be satisfied with my conduct. The friendship of Mr. and Mrs. F. seemed to increase every time they heard me preach; they did every thing possible to render me happy in their house; repeatedly requested me to prolong my stay; at parting made me a handsome present, and invited me to spend a month with them after 'the great day' is over at Oldham. Would that I were worthy of such friends!

"We are all looking forward with considerable anxiety to next Thursday. Mr. Grundy has engaged to preach on the occasion. Dr. Thomson has promised to be there, and if the day be favourable we shall have an interesting meeting. I know you will give us your prayers; I wish you could present them personally. I shall feel gratified by a letter from you as soon as convenient. To hear from you gives me comfort when ill and dispirited, and encourages me when I am well. I wish in your next letter you would tell me every thing any of you saw amiss in me; whether in manners, disposition, or any thing else. That would indeed be friendship."

Shortly after the above letter was written, on the 4th of January, 1816, the Unitarian place of worship at Oldham was opened; a joyful day for Mr. Goodier. Many of his friends from Liverpool and other places attended, and sympathized in the warm interest excited by the event. He published an account of it in the 'Monthly Repository', which, as it best describes his own feelings on the occasion, is here inserted.

Account of the opening of the New Unitarian Chapel, at Oldham, Lancashire.

"On Thursday, January 4th, the new Unitarian Chapel at Oldham was opened, and solemnly dedicated to the public worship of Almighty God. At an early hour of the day, it was filled by a serious and attentive audience, many of whom, regardless of the inclemencies of the season, had come fifteen or twenty miles, and some further. Every individual seemed to participate in the joy of the Oldham society, at the accomplishment of their arduous undertaking. And at the commencement of the religious services, when a hymn, suitable to the occasion, was read from the pulpit, the whole assembly joined to sing it with such earnestness and spirit, as evidently to shew that the heart was engaged. The Rev. W. Johns conducted the devotional exercises, and the Rev. J. Grundy preached from Joshua, xxiv. 15. 'Choose you this day whom ye will serve,' &c. The deep and fixed attention with which this discourse was heard, was an involuntary tribute to the force of its arguments, and to the manly eloquence which characterized almost every part of it, as well as to the ability with which it was delivered.

"After the conclusion of the service, the ministers present and their friends adjourned to a neighbouring inn, and a large party, composed of sixty-three gentlemen and twelve ladies, partook of a cheap and economical dinner. The union of ladies with gentlemen at our religious associations, we have twice witnessed with great pleasure in the midland counties, but this was the first instance of it in the north. Here the cold formalities of fashion have forbidden it, and

it has hitherto been thought inconsistent with decorum. Those, however, who have been in the habit of attending these associations, will need few arguments to convince them, not merely of the strict propriety, but also of the great utility of such an union. On these occasions, a rich mental feast is generally furnished by the speeches of the ministers and gentlemen present: Why should females be deprived of it? These addresses are exceedingly useful in stirring up the company to zealous exertions in support of religious truth: will the zeal of females do nothing in the good cause? Let their influence upon society in general, and especially upon the infant and youthful mind, be considered, and every thing will be hailed as an auxiliary to human improvement and happiness, which tends to engage them in the cause of religion.

"Mr. Grundy was called upon to take the chair, and by his able manner of discharging its duties, he effectually kept up the interest of the meeting. He proposed a succession of appropriate sentiments and toasts, which gave rise to several spirited addresses: amongst these, we recollect the following:—'Our Unitarian friends at Oldham; may their future conduct be consistent with their present professions.' 'Our friend Dr. Thomson, who, though he has laid aside the robe of a minister, still retains the spirit of the profession.' 'Our persecuted brethren in the south of France.' 'York college; together with its worthy treasurer, G. W. Wood, and the students present, who have been educated within its walls.' 'Mr. Aspland, and the other tutor of the Unitarian academy; may their labours in the education of ministers be crowned

with success.' In the course of the afternoon the following gentlemen addressed the company: Messrs. Allard, Browne, Donoghue, Freme, Goodier, E. Grundy, Harrison, Johns, Parker, J. Smethurst, Thomson, Wood, and Wright, (of Stannington).—Several of the speakers insisted upon the establishment of an Unitarian congregation at Oldham, and the liberality which has been shewn in enabling them to build their chapel, as affording a demonstration of the fitness of Unitarianism for the poor, and of the increasing zeal of the Unitarian body.

"Dr. Thomson, in adverting to a plan for uniting the Unitarian congregations of the northern countries, which is now preparing by the Rev. C. Wellbeloved, the Rev. W. Turner, of Newcastle upon Tyne, and himself, observed, that he could not expect much good to result from the intended measure, unless the members of individual congregations were more closely connected: each congregation must move around its own axis, before it can revolve around a common centre. He went on to remark, that the necessity of such an union, is every day becoming more and more apparent, and is clearly shewn by the increasing calls that are now made on the liberality of the Unitarian public, from Oldham, Rossendale, Greenock, Thorne, and Neath. Without something like a general co-operation it is impossible that these calls should be properly answered. Individuals may, and do subscribe liberally, but insulated and unsupported exertions, can never furnish an adequate supply to the repeated demands now made. He therefore proposed that in every congregation, there should be formed what he would call

a *fellowship society*, for the purpose of raising a fund, to which the poorer members should be weekly or monthly contributors, and which should be intended to assist infant societies (now happily becoming numerous) in erecting chapels and carrying on public worship. It remains to be seen, whether the company will content themselves with merely receiving this proposal with marks of approbation. At half-past six o'clock, the chapel was again filled with a respectable audience, and an evening service was conducted by the Rev. W. Harrison, and the Rev. R. Parker: from the words 'Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?' the preacher delivered a spirited defence, of the use of reason in matters of religion. Thus closed the services of the day, which will be long remembered by the society at Oldham, and which were peculiarly gratifying to all present. In connexion with the speeches delivered after dinner, these services kindled a zeal, an enthusiasm in some breasts, which will not soon be extinguished.

"Before we close this account, we are requested by our friends at Oldham, to express their grateful acknowledgments to those ministers, who so kindly undertook, and so ably performed, the religious services of this day. They wish also publicly to thank the ministers, who have interested themselves in their welfare, since the formation of their society, and who, for upwards of two years, have gratuitously supplied them almost regularly with preaching. Their acknowledgments are also due to those congregations who, by subscriptions, have afforded them the most effectual assistance, in time of need. The Christian

affection, and Christian zeal, with which their wants have been supplied, have made a lasting impression upon their minds. They are desirous also, of solemnly expressing their gratitude to Almighty God, the author of all good, who has granted his blessing to their labours, and has put it into the hearts of their Christian brethren, to assist them in the accomplishment of an object, which has long called forth their ardent wishes and fervent prayers. They rejoice in the thought, that in a town containing, with the neighbourhood, sixteen or seventeen thousand souls, they have been enabled to erect a temple, sacred to the worship of the one God and Father of all. They exult in the prospect thus opened of dispensing the word of life, uncorrupted by human additions; and of exposing the weakness of those doctrines which take away almost all gladness from the tidings of the Gospel, and, to the greater part of mankind, render them tidings of misery and death. They trust that by this means, many sinners will be converted from the evil of their ways, and directed Heaven-ward; and that hundreds will be delivered from a system, which prevents many of the finest feeling of devotion and love towards God, by robbing him of his most glorious attributes; which destroys many of the kindly charities and benevolent sympathies of the heart, by libelling the human character, and which cramps the faculties of the mind, by setting reason and revelation at variance, as well as by presenting to the humble enquirer after truth, the most glaring contradictions, clothed in the awful garb of divinity. May these hopes never be disappointed! May peace and love dwell within the walls

of the house they have built! May the ministers who shall there officiate be clothed with salvation!

"And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey;
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory there."

In a letter to Mrs. F., dated January the 29th, Mr. Goodier informs her, that the attendance at the chapel exceeded his expectations, and that the society had greatly increased. "I preached there for the first time yesterday. The congregation was nearly, if not altogether as large as on the day of opening. I addressed them on the reasons for Unitarian dissent, and was highly gratified by the fixed and unchanging attention with which I was heard. Many Methodists, and some Calvinists were present; and I trust that they will read their bibles with different eyes. After service, seven or eight sittings were let, and in the evening seven more. Near one hundred sittings are taken, and they are increasing every week, so that our prospects of success are promising. I need not say that this is very gratifying to me." It is impossible to contemplate the bright hopes and cheering prospect of usefulness which Mr. Goodier at this period enjoyed, without deep feelings of regret, which are increased by the consideration of the sacrifice he unconsciously made of the only chance of his eventual recovery, by resuming the public duties of the ministry. From all his papers it is evident that he seldom preached without effort and pain, and that public speaking was decidedly injurious to him.—

Subject as he was to weakness of voice, and other consumptive symptoms, there could be no exertion more decidedly dangerous to his health; and the ardour of hope with which he entered on his duties, unhappily only added to the risk he encountered. Had he been himself completely aware of it, even his dearest wishes would have been given up to the sense of duty, and however severe the trial might have been, he would certainly have relinquished the profession. Unfortunately he was led by the flattering feeling of his recovering strength, and the delusive nature of his complaint, to consider himself competent to the exertion; and his friends fondly trusted that his anticipations would be realized. It is too well known how mournfully these expectations were disappointed; and it was, alas! but too natural that it should be so. The public duties of a Christian minister, are certainly amongst the most arduous and fatiguing of any; for in addition to the effort of public speaking, to any one who is not strong, they are equally exhausting by the continual excitement of mind, the enthusiasm and deep interest felt on the subject, and the anxiety for the moral and spiritual welfare of others. Mr. Goodier had a tenderness of heart and conscience, which peculiarly exposed him to suffering from these latter causes, had it not been counteracted by the remarkable cheerfulness of his temper, and the natural elasticity of his spirits. At this time, Mr. Goodier considered his health tolerably good, but in almost every account he sends of it to his friends, it is apparent that it was liable to great variations. To Mrs. F. he says, "I have had one painful week since I saw you: I went

to Huddersfield the Sunday after the opening, and caught cold. The Sunday following, I preached a charity sermon for our Sunday-school at Dob-lane, which brought on an acute pain in my breast, and a great difficulty of breathing. I then began to follow Dr. Thomson's directions, which are nearly the same as your's, and I soon recovered." In the month of March, in this year, Mr. Goodier wrote to his friend Mrs. H., with an account of all the proceedings at Oldham; this letter contains so much information, and is so interesting throughout, that, with the exception of one or two unimportant passages, it is presented entire.

"*Hollinwood, March* 7, 1816.

"DEAR MADAM,

"After resolving and re-resolving, accusing and excusing myself, I at length sit down in good earnest to write to you. It is often said that a letter should be written with all the freedom of familiar conversation. If this rule must be followed in my conversation with you, I must always do as I have now done, provide a folio sheet; for the longer my conversation is with you, the more pleasant will it be to me. Often do I reflect with feelings of pleasure and regret, upon the conversations I enjoyed with you at your delightful home. The fancies of poets concerning the happiness of a family circle, collected around a cheerful fire, on a cold winter's eve, were then realized; which, by the way, reminds me that I ought not to call them fancies. These pleasures are gone; and, like many other pleasures and advantages, their ab-

sence most forcibly convinces me of their value. Your friendship however will not leave me long, without some proof of your kindness; and notwithstanding what you say about thanks, I must present you my grateful acknowledgments, for the long and delightful letter you have sent me. I allow that 'the debt of friendship is mutual,' but unless the ability to discharge that debt were mutual also, I cannot allow the justness of the conclusion, that thanks are not requirable on either part. I devoured, rather than perused, the contents of your letter. I read it repeatedly, and could not be satisfied, till I had read the greater part of it to our family. I know not whether pride at having such a correspondent, or real friendship towards you, furnished the strongest motives to this conduct. Be this as it may, I had been uneasy for some time at not hearing from you, and this uneasiness will ever be produced by a similar cause; for after the many valuable letters I have received from you, and the late intimate knowledge I have acquired of you, I cannot but consider any long interruption of our correspondence a serious misfortune. I do not think it at all strange that you should feel inclined to write to me on the 4th of January. No skill in the doctrine of association of ideas is required, to see that a lady whose mind is ardently engaged in the cause of pure Christianity, would naturally direct her thoughts to a building which exhibits one of its triumphs, at a time when that building was dedicated to its support. May I not also flatter myself with the thought that your friendship for me would be some inducement to direct your attention to Oldham, in a moment to me so

interesting and so joyous. You are right in supposing that at that time I was as happy as ever I was in my life: for several days preceding I could think and talk of nothing else, and for three nights together I dreamt about it. You will have seen an account of the opening in the Repository; and from seeing Mr. F. mentioned as a speaker, you will naturally suppose that our dear friend Mrs. F. was present; she was labouring under a severe cold, which she caught in coming; but she was exceedingly pleased with all she heard and saw; and in a letter I have since received, she expresses the highest satisfaction in the proceedings of the day. I am rather inclined to boast of being in some degree the cause of her, and several other ladies, receiving so great a treat. They had like to have dined in a separate room, where a cloth was laying for them, but I prevailed upon them to alter their intention. One of my female friends who was present was so overjoyed when she looked around upon the company and listened to the speeches, that she could not refrain from tears, and she has since told me, that if ever she had a foretaste of the happiness of Heaven, it was on that day. She regarded the company (she said) as a selection of the best Unitarians from the surrounding country, possessed of one heart and one soul. Now I have introduced this good woman to your notice, I must mention a late instance of her spirit and zeal, in support of Unitarianism, which leaves in the shade many of the exertions of our self-complacent sex. A young friend of her's is lately returned from the University of Glasgow, where he has been studying for the Ministry. He has found some pecuniary difficulties,

and rather than be burdensome to his friends, he has resigned his situation, and for some months has been at home, preaching occasionally, and assisting a neighbouring minister in his school. Mrs. H. (my female friend) thought this a favourable opportunity for establishing a Sunday evening-lecture in the town, which is very populous, and which contains no Unitarian chapel. A few young men, chiefly spinners, fell in with her proposal, and determined to do their best to support the plan. With this encouragement she fell to work, and in one week's time she hired a room, got a bricklayer to repair it, and to set up a stove, and a carpenter to make forms for it, and on the Sunday night following, it was filled by near three hundred attentive hearers! The lecture is preached once a fortnight; the attendance still keeps up, and I expect to have the pleasure of being the preacher on Sunday next. This I know will give you the most heartfelt pleasure, but I must now mix it with a little alloy. The neighbouring Unitarian minister, of whose congregation Mrs. H. and the young men have always been active and useful members, instead of encouraging and assisting these laudable exertions, regards them as done in opposition to himself; and though he has been respectfully and earnestly solicited to preach in turn, he has given a peremptory refusal. This preacher is a young man. To return to Oldham. Our infant society continues to gain strength, and if it be well nursed, I have no doubt of its future prosperity. Since the opening, the attendance has been very encouraging, and still keeps up. * * * I am delighted every time I preach there, with the fixed and serious

attention of the congregation. Most of those who join us are poor people, but we have one or two families of some property, able and willing to receive and entertain the ministers who come to preach. A few weeks ago I was determined to know something of the people who have lately joined us, and I went to see six or seven families, with whom I was previously unacquainted. I found them composed chiefly of persons who for many years have been in the habit of altogether neglecting public worship. They have been disgusted with popular Theology, and popular preachers, and have therefore laid aside all religious profession, or rather have never gained any religious character. This I find to be the case with most of our converts; they are sensible and well disposed, but no religion, except Unitarianism, would ever have done them good. In consequence of a total neglect of public worship, they have not the devotional habits we should wish, and it will require some time to form them. There is a numerous body of such people in the neighbourhood of Oldham, some of whom have become Deists, by reading Paine's works; so that on one hand, we have to contend with the bigotry of orthodoxy, and on the other, with unbelief and indifference. However we gain ground; and such is my conviction of the efficacy of Scriptural Christianity, that I believe, and am confident, that we shall gain ground. The society are very urgent with me to engage myself as their minister, a request which places me in a difficult situation. The arduousness of the task would ill comport with my precarious state of health; and the smallness of the salary they would be

able to raise, ill suits the present posture of affairs. On the other hand, there are several inducements to my acceding to their request. By so doing, I should be building upon my own foundation. Their existence as a society, and mine as a Christian Minister began together. They are strongly prejudiced in my favour; and, however poor, will always be an affectionate, and many of them a pious people; two of the members can assist in preaching; and many of them, by conversing, are able to advance the cause. I know their habits, have been accustomed to their manners, and should be more likely perhaps to be useful than a stranger. My wants are very few, and will be easily satisfied. I can live very cheaply at home, and I am confident that by devoting myself to the service of the poor, I shall be laying up treasures in Heaven. Dr. Boerhaave used to say, that the poor were his most profitable patients, because God was their paymaster. These considerations incline me to accept their invitation, reserving to myself the liberty of spending the next Spring and Summer in re-establishing my health. I wish you were near enough to advise with on this subject, so important to me; give me your best advice in a letter. You will infer from what I have said, that my health is improved; and so it is, thanks to a kind Providence whose blessing has accompanied, and I trust will continue to accompany, the means made use of for my recovery. The means approved of by Dr. Thompson have been of considerable service, and I continue to practice them. Preaching is injurious to me; but I refrain from it as much as I can. I am apt to forget myself sometimes when in the pulpit, and on

Sunday last was so pleased with my subject, that I spoke too loud and too long, which brought on a pain in my breast. It has now left me, and my cough is seldom troublesome. I intend to visit Mr. F. towards the middle of next month, and as Summer advances, I may perhaps remove more southward. * * * * What beautiful and useful papers Mrs. Cappe has lately given us in the Repository; and if it did not look like flattery, I should say the same of 'the last (sad word) poor man's friend'. When I read such papers, I am tempted to wish that writers like Mrs. H. and Mrs. C. might live for ever; and were it not that such a wish would be injurious to you, I should certainly utter it; but when Christians like you 'can stand a tip toe on the mountain top of human life, look down with pleasure upon the valley they have passed, and sometimes stretch their wings in joyful hope of a happy flight into eternity,' it were cruelty to bind them down to earth. The world's loss will be your great gain. I do not say this as a believer in that comfortless sleep of ages, of which you speak so resignedly; but as convinced, that whether dead or alive, we are in the hands of our Father, in whose hands it shall be *well* for the good.

"Your reflections on the polite indifference of the —— congregation are forcible and just; they are but too applicable to our Unitarian brethren; and I fear that even where indifference has given place to zeal, it is too often a sectarian, rather than a Christian—a speculative, rather than a practical, zeal. Are not many of us too solicitous to clear the head to leave time for the improvement of the heart? I think

this is the rock on which we are in danger of splitting. The high born hopes, and glorious prospects of the Christian are seldom the topics of conversation amongst us; and we are so afraid of enthusiasm and superstition, that we scarcely dare to be pious. Is there not a danger of the Christian Reformer justifying these fears? I think it is becoming too controversial, and I wish you would give us some of your practical, I had like to have said *apostolic*, papers. Mentioning the Christian Reformer reminds me of friend C. What a spirited and interesting conversation! It breathes with real life. * * * * * I sent the editor a dialogue upwards of a month ago, but I am obliged to him for having kept it back; by the side of so much liveliness and animation, I should have been quite dull and uninteresting. What you say about my faults only convinces me that I am expert at playing the hypocrite. Trade is declining with us, and I hear sad accounts from the agricultural countries. I am glad you stay at Hanwood. If you are well enough, let me hear from you soon, it not only pleases me, but does me good."

In contemplating Mr. Goodier's situation at this period, the disinterestedness of his character is peculiarly apparent—cut off from the pursuit of his studies, and the completion of his education, by his unfortunate state of health, his thoughts might naturally have turned upon himself, and his own future circumstances; but in the midst of languor, disappointment and disease, his first cares and solicitudes, were still evidently for the improvement, the virtue, and

the moral interests of others. To gain a subscription that might afford a place of worship for the diffusion of pure and Scriptural Christianity amongst his people, he had roused himself from the indulgence of needful relaxation, and submitted to toil, solicitation, and trouble; and having at length effected this object so near to his heart, he was now contemplating still further efforts in the same cause. With few inducements but the increased power of doing good, and the benefits he might thus confer upon the poor, he was about to accept a situation which would necessarily expose him to new cares and anxieties, to many unavoidable exertions, and much responsibility and privation; he was fully aware of the high and arduous nature of the duties he was going to undertake, and particularly the toil attending the cultivation and improvement of many of the congregation, who, though affectionate, were yet ignorant, and required a watchfulness unnecessary in the higher classes of society. All these objections Mr. G. weighed as light in the balance, when compared with the opportunity of sowing the seeds of knowledge and virtue. To reform the sinner, to comfort the miserable, to instruct the careless, and thus to be the means of turning many to righteousness, was to him the most delightful of all tasks, and he welcomed with gladness the prospects thus held out to him of preaching the Gospel to the poor. In becoming *their* minister he endeavoured to become also their friend and brother; he visited them with affectionate interest—he participated in their pains and sorrows—he became their faithful adviser and comforter; these were pleasures which alleviated the interruptions of

sickness, and which brightened his lonely hours with the light of benevolence and joy. How much he also owed to the consolations of Christian friendship is apparent in all his letters. In the conclusion of the month of March, he wrote to his friend Mrs. F.

"*Hollinwood, March 24th*, 1816.

"My Dear Madam,

"I am truly happy in saying that my health is gradually and regularly improving, notwithstanding the severe winter and unwholesome weather we have had; and indeed if I had been unwell, the receipt of a letter from you, or from any friend equally valued, would have been more efficacious than any medical prescription for my recovery. I do not say this with any intention of flattering you, but with the hope that it may induce you frequently to favour me with one of your friendly and affectionate epistles. Friendship is the balm of life, and absolutely necessary for its true enjoyment. What has been said *perhaps* truly of matrimony, may be said without a *perhaps* of true friendship, 'it doubles our joys and divides our sorrows.' Give me then, from time to time, a medicine in the form of a letter, and I shall soon be out of danger from the physician or apothecary.

"I attribute my present improving state of health, under the blessing of Providence, to the constant use of the sponge, and to the careful and unceasing attention of my mother-in-law. If all second mothers were like her, step-mother would soon be a less odious term.

The weather has been very unfavourable, and my preaching has sometimes been injurious; but a few days nursing has commonly again set me to rights. We continue to go on very well at Oldham. It is true we do not work miracles. The time is not yet come, 'when a nation shall be born in a day;' at least, that nation does not consist of the rude inhabitants of Oldham. Our congregations are not quite so large as at first (this could not be expected), but they are still very good, both with regard to numbers and attention; scarcely a week passes without sittings being let, and all who have taken sittings attend very regularly, and apparently very seriously. I have not preached often at Oldham, but have exchanged with the neighbouring ministers. They can preach twice—I have ventured only *once*. Yesterday, however, I preached twice. We had two serious congregations; in the afternoon, chapel nearly filled—in the evening thinner. I am now becoming better acquainted with our new members; they are mostly persons who have never had any religious connection before, and seldom attended public worship. They are men of good plain sense; better read than poor people in general, and I think anxious for religious improvement. I talk to them very plainly, and they appear affectionate. From what they have seen of religion, as commonly professed and commonly taught, they had become indifferent to it, as only consisting of unreasonable opinions, and unaccountable feelings, and they are still jealous lest it should encroach upon their reason. You need not be told that they have not the devotional habits and feelings we wish for, but I doubt not of their improve-

ment in this respect. I am now speaking only of the *converts*, as I call them; the original members are as pious and steady as any plain Christians I ever knew. The Seatholders sent me an address last week soliciting me to become their minister. The situation is certainly uninviting in a pecuniary view, but I think I shall cast my lot with them for a year, reserving to myself at least three months in the Summer, in which I intend to go in quest of health. * * * *

"I wish you could get a suitable minister; pity that such an opportunity of advancing religious truth should be neglected. I fear it will be long before you meet with a man in all respects suitable. You want an *Aspland*, a *Grundy*, or a *Madge*. I was much pleased with your account of J.'s sermon; he is an estimable young man, and I wish him every blessing with all my heart. I have heard nothing of him since, but I have no doubt of his doing well: pray give my best respects to his family.

"I have received my Greek Testament from Hanwood, accompanied with one of Mrs. Mary's best, because her longest, letters. It contained six quarto pages closely written; and after being read three times over, was still 'pleasant to the taste.'

"I intend to visit Liverpool towards the end of next month, and shall feel an attraction too strong to be resisted, drawing me to Great George Street."

In the ensuing month, April, 1816, Mr. Goodier recommenced his private journal, which had latterly experienced some interruption, and from these papers we find the nature of his engagements, and of his

literary pursuits during his residence at home. The most interesting parts are extracted, and some days presented entire, as a specimen of the manner in which his time was generally spent at this period. He was now engaged to the Oldham congregation for one year, 1816. Diary, beginning April 16.

"Tuesday 16,—Rose at eight; after breakfast read the preface to Dr. Priestley's Forms of Prayer for Unitarian Societies; then read his Forms of Baptism for Infants and Adults, and one of his Forms for the Administration of the Lord's Supper. Then read a prayer for the morning from the Exeter Collection, and formed a resolution of reading and studying one, night and morning. Then read and studied my two first lectures on prayer. I feel the necessity of such reading as this, in order to form within me a devotional temper. Then wrote these remarks; and at a quarter before twelve, began to read Gerard's Pastoral Cure. This is a very useful book for students, or young ministers. I intend to study it with great care. I read on the 'true nature of the dignity of the pastoral office,' and 'on a proper sense of its dignity.' * * * *

"17th.—Rose at a quarter-past eight, after breakfast prayed with the family, and then conversed till ten. Got to my sister's at eleven. * * Read Gerard till half-past twelve; and again, after weaving for half an hour, till two. First, on the difficulties of the pastoral office; second, on the obligations arising from these difficulties. Then wrote diary—wrote for improvement till four; wove for Betty till five; went to see J. G. and stayed till three quarters past seven, during which

time we conversed on the difficulties of the times, on chapel affairs, and read the Leicester paper. Studied Latin till three-quarters-past nine; then read Paul's first Epistle to Timothy, and at half-past ten went to bed.

"Since I wrote my last diary, I have removed to Dukinfield, where I have undertaken the education of the young A's. This has prevented my regularity. * * On Sunday, 21st, I preached at Oldham my first sermon, as *the minister*, from 1st Sam. xii. 20—24. I felt much in the delivery of the sermon, and I trust good impressions were made. I entered into a variety of resolutions, which I hope to be able to perform. On Monday last came here, and am engaged four hours a day in instruction. Preached last Sunday on the establishment of a Sunday school, at Oldham, and was highly gratified afterwards by several persons voluntarily offering themselves as teachers; about fifteen were enrolled, and I trust the foundation was laid of a useful school. Oh! that this day's work may hereafter bring forth a joyful harvest in the instruction of youth! Yesterday was much fatigued, —did little, but hope from this time to fall into a plan—perhaps this plan will do—rise at six, till seven engage in devotional exercise and reading the Scriptures; after, till breakfast, composition, and again till ten; school till twelve; walk till half-past one, dinner; school till half-past four; reading practical divinity till half-past five; Latin and Greek till eight; sundries till half-past ten, then go to bed. I will review this plan from time to time, making such alterations as may be necessary,"

In this month Mr. Goodier commenced "A Narrative of the expulsion of a Mr. Cooke, of Rossendale," by the Methodists; the first part of which he sent to the Christian Reformer, for May, and some time afterwards wrote a continuation of it. He continued his plan, with occasional interruptions, for some time, instructing Mr. A.'s children, studying Divinity, and visiting and assisting his young friends; with one of whom he read Latin in an evening.

"May 5th.—Half-past seven, composed two prayers, and prepared for preaching; morning very wet; heard Mr. A. preach, and then went to Oldham on Mr. W.'s horse; could not think much on the way; congregation thin but very attentive; sermon on the Fatherly character of God; Matt. xii. 2; a glorious subject, which I wish to *feel* as well as express—if God be a Father, then are we safe." Mr. G. was much fatigued with this service, but he preached again in the evening. "The following morning, May 6th," he says in his diary, "much refreshed; thanked God for the blessing of sleep; went to see J. R. who is about to publish a day's work in the manner of Robinson's—was pleased with him, and hope he will prove a great ornament to our cause." In the afternoon Mr. Goodier met with a critique on Wordsworth's excursion in the Eclectic Review, with which he was exceedingly pleased, and also with the "beautiful quotations." It was impossible that any one so alive to the beauties of nature as Mr. Goodier could avoid being delighted with some of the original and finely descriptive passages of that poem. A few days after this he went to the village of Gladwick to preach to

the people, and his account of them is best described in his own words.

"9th.—Seven, finished sermon about half-past ten; school; after dinner went to Gladwick, in order to preach for the first time in that uncivilized village; about half-past seven begun the service; a large attentive audience, motley in their appearance, in their working dresses; endeavoured to convince them of the danger of religious indifference, and the weakness of the excuses for it. I felt much in the delivery of the sermon, and hope the Divine blessing will attend our exertions for the reformation of the village. May the introduction of religion in a rational Scriptural form, be abundantly successful, and may I hereafter look back to the labours of this day with great satisfaction."

A few days previous to this visit, Mr. G. wrote to his friend Mrs. F., of Liverpool, and as his letter unfolds his plans for the Summer, some extracts may be interesting.

"I felt great pleasure at the receipt of your letter of the 30th March, as it was a proof of the kind concern you take in my welfare. I was from home at the time your letter arrived; and from the place where I was visiting I wrote to my Oldham friends, engaging to become their minister for one year. This you do not think a judicious step it seems, and perhaps it is not. I am ready to confess, that if Oldham could have been supplied, I would much rather have returned to my academical studies, had it been practicable—neither of these things appeared practicable at the time. With regard to Oldham, several of the

neighbouring ministers were kind, and willing to preach occasionally; but they could not have done it regularly, and seldom oftener than once in the day. I was convinced that regular preaching was absolutely necessary for the prosperity of the congregation, and also that if I did not become their minister, no one else would, on account of the smallness of the salary. I felt, and ever shall feel, a peculiar interest in that congregation, and I could not altogether refuse their pressing solicitations.

"I was further led to this step from the little probability there was of my being able soon to resume my academical studies. When I left Hackney, I had it in my power to remain two or three years, but in the Autumn, when I found myself unable to return, I felt it my duty to resign my situation, for the benefit of some other young man whose health would enable him to improve it. I wrote to Mr. A. and to Mr. Belsham to that effect, and accordingly another student was admitted to supply the vacancy I had made. Mr. A. proposed to me, that in Autumn next I should go to Edinburgh, take charge of the Unitarian congregation there, and finish my studies. But though my health is much improved, and I hope regularly improving, I had no hope whatever of being able to discharge at once the duties of a pastor in a populous city, and of a student in the University; under these circumstances it seemed impossible for me soon to possess the advantages of a regular education for the ministry, and I was induced to accept the invitation from Oldham. I must struggle through life as well as I am able, half-educated. My happiness and usefulness will

thus perhaps be curtailed—but the Disposer of events will not expect me to improve advantages I never enjoyed, or call me to account for talents I never possessed. About the same time that I received the invitation from Oldham, Mr. Aspland had one for me from the Isle of Wight. * * I have reserved to myself the liberty of spending three months there in the Summer. I thought this would be serviceable for the re-establishment of my health. * * The prospect of my three months' absence has led me to postpone my intended journey to Liverpool; it must not now take place before Whitsuntide. I have left Hollinwood, and now live at Dukinfield, a fine airy and healthy situation. I enjoy several accommodations which I could not have at home, and am in daily expectation of having the use of a horse, so that I trust the approaching Summer will restore me to health." A few days after his visit to Gladwick, Mr. Goodier preached at Rochdale, and was pleased by the great attention with which he was heard, and the kindness of the people; at this time he attended conversation-meetings for religious discussion, and on the fourteenth of May was present at one, on the subject of predestination. He was now engaged in reading Marsh's Michaelis, and took great pleasure in the work; but his studies were for several days interrupted by illness, which compelled him to allow himself sleep and rest.

On the 13th of this month, Mr. Goodier sent a long letter to his friend Mr. C., to whom he wrote with the affectionate freedom he would have used towards a brother, and unfolded unreservedly his plans and his

opinions; on this account this part of his correspondence may by some be thought particularly interesting.

"*Dublingfold, May* 13, 1816.

"My Dear Friend and Brother,

"You will ere this have fancied that I have again determined not to write to you; the date of your letter has for many weeks reproached me, and I can withstand it no longer. I shall not fill up a page with an idle excuse for not writing; I am confident that your own unrivalled good temper, added to the conviction which I trust you have of my firm and unalterable friendship, will lead you to believe that my delay has not proceeded from any indifference to your welfare. No, my friend, my mind is often with you; it fondly recalls those happy days we have spent together, now vanished like a dream; and I scarcely ever lie down on a Saturday night, without reflecting 'C. is now meditating upon his sermon.'

"I have just been reading over your letter, and am gratified with the kind enquiries of my Kent and Sussex friends. There is no greater blessing on earth than virtuous friendship; and few pleasures so great as that of meeting friends whom we have not lately seen. I should rejoice to revisit the counties in which I experienced such kindness, especially if in company with Father W.

"I am gratified with the numbers and temper of your congregation, and trust that a further acquaintance has not diminished your good opinion of them. I should like to hear you preach now. I doubt not but

you pour the Gospel into their ears in a manner to which their congregation has not been accustomed. Tell me how you go on; whether it is not difficult to find variety for the same people; whether you compose your sermons; whether preaching and praying become easy; whether you have much time for study; whether your zeal and hopes for the spread of truth are still ardent as before; whether you can keep up or increase your classical knowledge; whether you have lodging in a comfortable family; and whether there is much chance of my being soon sent for to see you linked by the chains, rather say the silken strings, of matrimony. I could fill a sheet with questions, which would require several sheets to answer them, but to spare you and myself this trouble, I say at once, that I wish you to tell me every thing about yourself which will be interesting to me. We are all much gratified with your spirited dialogue; it is a *real* dialogue, and not like the composition of a certain nameless friend of your's, inserted in the same work. I am very glad to find you so clear and scriptural in your ideas, and so forcible and perspicuous in your language. I am confident that I am neither flattering you, nor deceiving myself, when I indulge the hope that you will one day be a burning and a shining light; the more I am convinced of my own weakness, the more anxious am I that you and the other students of the academy may be strong and successful; it depends upon us whether the institution flourishes or not. Have you heard that Dr. M. is to take the charge of boarding and lodging the students, and that they are to live at Clapton? The annual examination will soon be here, and I doubt not

that our friends S. and H. are very busy: may they acquit themselves to their own and the satisfaction of their friends. The academy reminds me of the fund; will you be at the anniversary?

"I am thankful to the Giver of good that I am now much better than when I wrote last; I am able to study almost regularly, and I have scarcely been a week this year without preaching; in the last five weeks I have preached twice a week. You no doubt read the account of our opening the new chapel at Oldham; it is a day I shall never forget. I have since yielded to the solicitations of my Oldham friends, and have engaged to become their minister for one year. Our congregation has increased considerably since the opening, though it is not yet so large as your's. We do not increase rapidly, but I think regularly. There are great difficulties in establishing a new congregation, especially in such a place as Oldham, where there is on the one hand much ignorance, infidelity, and wickedness, on the other, much bigotry and prejudice. Our society is almost wholly composed of poor, and consequently my salary is very small. Trade is so bad, and there is so much distress in the neighbourhood, that I do not expect much increase in salary, however we may increase in number. We have a ground rent of £6 per annum, and interest of money £5, which is a considerable drawback; however, we are not discouraged. My wants are very few, and as yet easily supplied. We rely on the goodness of the cause and the blessing of God, and we confidently expect success. I have some men of sterling worth in the society—two of them will

assist me in village preaching, and if my health continues to improve, this year will do much towards the firm establishment of the congregation. Last Thursday night I opened a fresh room for preaching in a neighbouring village, and was much gratified with the number and seriousness of the congregation. About two hundred or upwards were assembled; and though we do not expect a continuance of so large an audience, yet we may reckon upon this preaching proving a powerful auxiliary to that on Sundays at the chapel. We hope to supply one or two other villages with week day evening lectures. We established a Sunday school a fortnight ago, and, in short, we are adopting every plan which is likely to insure our success. I am now living with a Mr. A., a very respectable and most worthy man. I have undertaken the education of his two sons. * * * I have every accommodation I could wish; a charming little study, a fine healthy situation, and I shall soon have the use of a horse. When I engaged to supply Oldham for a year, I reserved to myself the privilege of spending three months in the Summer from home.—This I have promised to spend with a congregation at Newport, Isle of Wight.—I shall probably go about Whitsuntide, so that it is not unlikely I may be present at the Fund meeting. Shall I shake your hand there? I have great pleasure in finding that the Unitarian academy is becoming more popular in this neighbourhood. We are surrounded with Yorkists, a few of whom are still jealous. I have been twice called on at public meetings to defend my Alma Mater, and I shall have the names of, I think

five annual subscribers to transmit or take to the meeting. Do not follow my example in not writing soon. Let me hear from you before Whitsuntide. My Lancashire friends often inquire after you, and we should all be glad to hear your voice in Oldham pulpit. Adieu.—I again beg to be spared the mortification of waiting long for a letter. I am impatient to hear how you are, and am surprised that I should have neglected you so long: remember me in your prayers, as I shall you in mine." On the nineteenth of this month, Mr. Goodier was unable to preach more than once in the day at Oldham, on account of the pain in his breast. On the 25th he says, "Began to compose my sermon on popular objections to Unitarianism, which I trust will prove a useful one." On the 29th he wrote to Mrs. H. with a particular description of his new residence—Dukinfield.

"*May* 29, 1816.

"Dear Madam,

"It seems a long time since I indulged myself in writing to you, or was gratified with the receipt of a letter from you. I have just been reading your last letter, and find it dated March 28th. If I could send letters as quickly as I can transport myself in thought to Hanwood, intermissions of our correspondence like these would never occur. I think myself fortunate in having sent my last letter so opportunely, and can assure you that your's came at a time which rendered it equally acceptable. Indeed your favours

do not depend upon any contingencies of time or place for acceptableness, but the delight I always experience in the perusal of one of your letters, is sometimes heightened by the circumstances under which I receive it. I had been on a visit for five or six days, and on my return, my Father put into my hands a letter, enclosing a £5 note for my friends at Oldham. When I had expressed my joy on their account, he proceeded to indulge me with pleasure peculiarly my own, by giving me a letter from our common and dear friend Mrs. F.; and when I had feasted myself with this, in order to raise my delight to the highest pitch, he produced a letter from you. Will it not look selfish in me to say, that my gratification was greater in reading the two letters, interesting only to myself, than in receiving that which would light up a smile of gratitude on the face of every member of our congregation? Let me put the case more favorably to myself, by saying that the pleasure which each would have communicated independently of the rest, was much increased by their coming in connection. Mrs. F. has several times obliged me by writing since I visited Liverpool, and on Monday last I had the pleasure of seeing her and Mr. F. in Manchester; by her I heard of you, and was sorry to be told that you are not going to London, as I had been led to expect by a letter from Hackney. Mr. A. had given me reason to hope, that if I went to the meeting of the Unitarian fund, I should see you. I hope this disappointment is not ominous." Mr. Goodier then mentions his settlement at Oldham; the state of the congregation, and the hopes he had of diminishing the prejudices of

the town and neighbourhood. He afterwards gives an account of the school. "We have lately established a Sunday school, which promises very well; and had we a few ladies to teach the girls, we should soon have a good school. Our proportion of females is small, as many of our wives are also mothers of large *little* families, and some of them are rather more indifferent than their husbands. We have several new married couples amongst us, so that I have no doubt but the foundation of a good congregation is already laid; and should we not gain a single addition, if we can retain what we have already, and persuade them to take care of their children, our success is certain. We have lately opened a room for preaching in a neighbouring village. I had a very good congregation there, and I hope it will prove a good auxiliary to Oldham. At present however I cannot say much about it, as it is still an experiment. There is much prejudice, and ignorance, and bigotry, and infidelity, and therefore much wickedness in the place, so that we have very powerful motives for perseverance. I was a good deal shocked at the conduct of an aged woman on the evening of our opening, who stood before the room in which we preached, and just before my entering, said, or rather shouted, 'Before I would go to hear Unitarians, I would go to the Devil.' On enquiry I found that she was one of the very few in the village who make a religious profession. In addition to Oldham, I have lately undertaken the education of two sons of a Mr. A., a respectable manufacturer, and a very worthy man in this place, which is about four miles from my Father's, and an equal distance from

Oldham. Dukinfield is a fine airy situation at the foot of the Cheshire hills. 'I live in the family of Mr. A., who keeps cows that furnish a plentiful supply of milk, and who has lately purchased a horse, which will be at my service. I have a very convenient and comfortable study. As I am now sitting, I have a window at my right hand which gives me a view, which, though rather bounded, is very beautiful: in the front is our garden, well stocked with fruit trees now clothed in beauty—luxuriant foliage mingled with blossoms, and in the back ground a fine range of hills rising above each other—a good imitation of your Welsh mountains, form a spacious amphitheatre. On the left is Dukinfield lodge, the seat of our village squire, who is a good deal beloved by his tenants, and whose well laid-out grounds furnish many a pleasant walk for me. The view on this side extends to Oldham, the smoke arising from which reminds me frequently in the course of every week of my Sunday duties. So much for the back of the house.—In front we have a very extensive prospect of a populous and industrious district, including several considerable towns. This removal to Dukinfield will obviate in some measure the grand defect of Oldham, a moist soil and atmosphere; one inconvenience still remains.—I am too far from my flock, so that I cannot see them so often as I would. On the whole I have much to be thankful for in my change of situation: it is a pledge to me that I have done right in accepting of the invitation from Oldham.'' Mr. Goodier then mentions the great pleasure with which he was looking forward to a visit to his friends at Hackney, and to being pre-

sent at the Unitarian fund anniversary, and jokingly tells his friend, if she could be envious, he was sure she would envy him then. He afterwards gives an account of the very depressed state of trade, and a feeling description of the melancholy consequences it produced. "Trade seems to be leaving us—failures occur every week—manufacturers have ceased to employ more than half their weavers in most places, and in all, they have reduced wages to little more than one half; the consequent distress amongst the poor is very great, and weekly increasing. Every thing is dark and gloomy, and those who have not the support and comfort of religion must be wretched indeed! One can scarcely go out without hearing complaints in our streets, and what will be the result, *He* only knows who sees the end from the beginning, who knows the best means of accomplishing every design, and who often brings good out of apparent evil, and marvellous light from gross darkness. One good effect will I trust be produced; when the poor find their earthly comforts snatched from them, they will be led to grasp with greater eagerness the unfading crown of righteousness. Should this be the happy result, they will one day bless the dispensation which they now deplore as too grievous to be borne." The above cited passage shews the Christian and resigned temper with which Mr. Goodier regarded all the events of life, and raised his mind beyond second causes to the Great Author of all. To him the afflictions of life did not spring up from the dust; and equally, in his own and the misfortunes of others, it was his consolation to look beyond the clouds of time, to the

light and peace which they would eventually reveal. That all things were working together for good, was in him a practical conviction which comforted his heart and influenced his conduct; and it was one, which in the moment of his bitterest trial did not desert him. It was one of the first objects of his life to gain a growing conformity to the will of God; and even the wish for a prolonged life of happiness and usefulness on earth, was at last subdued into perfect trust in the wisdom and goodness of every dispensation of his Father. Considering the long and variable sickness he endured, there is no quality more striking than his constant cheerfulness, and the manner in which he bore up under his different changes and trials, making the best of every situation, and receiving with gratitude every advantage. In teaching his pupils, preparing for his Sunday duties, enjoying the society of his friends and attending on the poor, with his usual religious engagements, he past some time longer at home, and in the beginning of June visited the Isle of Wight. He left Manchester on the 3rd, and the following day arrived in London, where he had the pleasure of meeting his friends at Hackney, and conversing again with his former fellow-students. The next morning he attended the meeting of the fund, and introduced the service of the day, by prayer and reading the Scriptures. During his stay he visited Newgate, and went to see some of the convicts, and he afterwards attended in court to hear some of the trials, as the sessions were then open. From London he proceeded to Southampton, where he was hospitably received by a gentleman of his acquaintance, and past

the night. He set sail for Cowes in the Isle of Wight the next day, the 8th of June, where he arrived after a pleasant though rather boisterous voyage. He went on to Newport, where he met some friends and was introduced to others. He mentions Newport in his journal as a fine, wealthy, town, and the neighbourhood as very beautiful. On the Sunday after his arrival, he preached twice to a respectable and very attentive congregation. In the evening, he met a party, consisting of a selection of very intelligent gentlemen and ladies. He expresses himself likely to be very happy, and he hopes very useful. His Sunday past very pleasantly, and on the Monday he took "a beautiful excursion to Carisbrook castle, which is about a mile distance, and had a fine view from the rampart in front of it." In the afternoon he visited the Lancasterian school, which he found extremely well conducted, and removed in the evening to his own lodgings. Soon after his arrival, he read 'The Spiritual Quixote,' which he calls a "very fascinating book." Warner's Military History of the Isle of Wight he also perused; and after arranging his books and plans, he recommenced the composition of sermons, and his usual theological studies; he began Paley's Horæ Paulinæ, and he read the Scriptures and commentaries on them, and prayers every morning. On the 12th of June he visited a seat in the neighbourhood, called Mount Pleasant, which he describes as a most delightful mansion, commanding the most beautiful views imaginable. In the afternoon, with a small party, he visited the minister of the place, in a country house,

and expresses himself highly pleased with the fine prospects. He returned in the evening, and concluded the day, as he always began it, with meditation and prayer. He often gave two hours a-day, at this time, to his Latin, and was reading Virgil's Georgics. He composed prayers, and kept a vigilant watch over the employment of his time. As long as his health in any degree permitted active employment, he was by no means inclined to claim the indulgence due to an invalid, or at all to diminish his exertions. On the following Sunday he preached again twice in the day, and says in his diary, "Felt considerable liberty, and was heard with great attention.—I am sure I have done good this day. The Divine blessing, I trust, has attended my labours, and I will consider this day as an encouragement to future labours." Soon after his arrival he wrote to his Father, with a full account of his situation and proceedings.

"Dear Father,

"You will have expected to hear from me ere now, but I was determined not to write till I had *settled,* and knew what kind of people I am amongst, and in what sort of place I am; in these particulars I am now pretty well informed, and I hasten to communicate this information to you. First, as to the people—I am connected with a most amiable and friendly congregation, with whom I am very happy; they are not numerous, but very respectable in every sense of the word. Several of them are very rich, but

have little of that stiffness about them which many rich people have; they are affable and sociable, and seem desirous of making me quite happy. Mrs. J. C., to whose house I came at first, is quite a mother to me, and Mr. C. is equally kind; a son of their's imitates their conduct, and furnishes me with a good horse whenever I wish to ride, which I am inclined to do now almost every day. Our chapel is scarcely as large as Doblane chapel; galleries at one end, and furnished with a small organ. Newport is an ancient and very beautiful town, its streets wide and clean, and its inhabitants orderly, and well-dressed; scarcely a ragged person is to be met with, and every thing bespeaks comfort; its neighbourhood affords the most enchanting prospects and delightful walks; several of our congregation have houses in the country, a mile or a mile and a-half from town, and they are frequently forming parties to tea at these houses, which gives me an opportunity of enjoying at once the pleasures of rural scenery and of interesting conversation. You can form no idea of the richness of the foliage of the fine oak woods which hang by the sides of the hills, or of the beautiful smoothness of the Downs, which rear their heads on every side. I scarcely ever walk out without being enraptured with the fineness of the views, far exceeding almost any other I ever saw. I have not yet seen the southern part of the island, which is described as still more beautiful than this, but I expect we shall form a party soon for an excursion thitherward. It will give you some idea of the mildness of the climate, and fertility of the island, to tell you that the hay-harvest is just commencing, and

that I have this afternoon seen several strawberries almost ripe, grown in the open air; myrtles grow in abundance in the open air; so do the vines, most of the cottages in this neighbourhood being half covered with them, and privet is exceedingly common in the hedges, as well as two or three other shrubs, the names of which I do not know. I have great reason to regret my not having studied Botany more closely, I find several plants which are strangers to me, and I frequently wish you here for a few weeks. There is a fine old castle in the neighbourhood, on the walls of which maiden-hair, pelitory, and several lichens grow in abundance, and hart's-tongue is very plentiful in every ditch-back. The ophrys apifera (bee orchis) is found in the fields round about the castle of Carisbrook, of which I will bring you a specimen, together with some other plants I am not acquainted with; I intend also to collect for friend P. some geological specimens, many curious and beautiful ones being met with on the shores. The healthiness and beauty of the situation attracts many people here who are in search of pleasure or health; and in the neighbourhood are the Abbary barracks, the officers of which live in the town. * * * My health to-day is but indifferent, owing to my riding too *far* and too *fast* yesterday. I rode about twelve miles, and feel rather unwell.

* * On the whole, however, I am looking better, and as I am out two or three hours every day, I do not doubt but my visit will do me good and prepare me for the Winter's campaign, at Oldham. I am anxious to hear of my people there, and wish you to say that I

remember them in my prayers daily, and hope I am not forgotten by them. The poor people as I have before said, are in general much better off, I think, here, than in Lancashire, and many other counties. Some labourers are, however, without employ, and the times are considerably harder than usual. I feel great anxiety about you; and it would add much to my happiness to be assured that times are mending with you, and that you are dwelling in peace and comfort; this, however, is too much to expect. I frequently read in the newspapers, dismal accounts of the sufferings of the poor in different counties, particularly Stafford, Salop, and Leicester, and I am fully persuaded that we have much to suffer, before we again see 'good days.' This conviction casts a gloom over the charming scenery with which I am surrounded; and did I not firmly believe that all things are under the direction of God, and therefore working together for good, the beauties which encompass me would be lost upon me. The comfort, and even plenty, which I daily witness would only pain me by reminding me of the great contrast to be found at home, and, in the midst of enjoyment, I should be joyless. Thank God for making me religious: thank God for making me an Unitarian!"

Mr. Goodier then inquires after one of his friends—"He has told you that we went into Newgate, and saw many of the poor wretches who are there confined. Tell him that the three men we left at the Bar of the Old Bailey were last Monday condemned to be hung. Three lives destroyed in payment of one poor pocket-book!" The rest of the letter, containing an account

of his journey from London to Southampton, it is unnecessary to insert. His next letter to his friend Mrs. F. is dated the 10th of August:—"My long silence will have led you to suppose I am not the best keeper of a promise in the world, but when you know the reason of it, you will, I think, allow that I have a sufficient excuse; but the truth is, I *durst* not write, my health has been so contrary to what I expected, that I dared not give you any account of it. I have the vanity to think (for after your kindness how can I doubt it?) that you and Mr. F. are interested in my welfare, and that it would have been a disappointment to have heard that I was worse than when in Lancashire; and I have so sincere a regard for you that I should be sorry to communicate any tidings which would give you pain. You will infer from this that I am better, and you will infer rightly." Mr. Goodier then mentions the improvement he had experienced owing to the advice of a skilful Physician, notwithstanding the wetness of the weather, and his Sunday exertions. He again expatiates on the delightful country around him, with his former animation. "The finest prospects meet me at every turning, and as much of beauty is collected as can be well crowded together. The scenery at the back of the island is far beyond the power of description. I might fill my letter with the strongest epithets any vocabulary affords, such as delightful! grand! magnificent! wonderful! astonishing! sublime! and after all I should give you but a faint idea of the reality. You will not do justice to yourself or your country, if you do not persuade Mr. F. to take a tour in the Summer to this place."

"So much for the place, now for the people:—The congregation is small, consisting of not more than one hundred members, but amongst them there is scarcely a bad character, and many of them are exemplary Christians. They are mostly rich, but have nothing of hauteur or stiffness about them; just the people for Mr. F., sociable and hospitable: I am as happy with them as I can be; several of the ladies are *mothers* to me, some of the gentlemen *fathers*; and had I a few more *brothers* and *sisters*, I should have almost every thing I wished. One of the congregation was formerly an Unitarian minister, and he is as kind in assisting me as if I were his own son. Our attendance at the chapel increases, and what pleases me most is, that our gallery fills; the *commonalty* seem interested, and I think there is a good opening for an active minister, who has not laid aside the remembrance of his master, so much as to be ashamed of entering the cottages of the poor. If Oldham were not in the way, I should yield to the request of the people here, and settle with them for some time; as it is, I cannot think of it; and though I wish to spend the Autumn and Winter here, yet I am so uncertain about the supplies at Oldham, that I have told the congregation not to depend at all upon my stay, but to look out for another minister." Mr. G. then expresses his great anxiety for the settlement and prosperity of the Oldham congregation.—He again adverts to the distresses of the times:—"Trade I find is very flat, and the consequent distress very great throughout Lancashire; I tremble for the result, but as dear Mrs. H. says, 'whether the impending cloud bursts and discharges its contents upon our

heads or not, they are most safe whose treasures are laid up in a better country.' "

On August the 12th, the day after the preceding letter was written, Mr. Goodier sent a letter to one of his friends at Oldham, to explain to them the present delicate state of his health, and his fear of being unequal to his former situation. He also expresses his earnest desire to know how they are going on, and the state of their congregation. "I know not whether you will not think me indifferent to your welfare, and that of the Oldham congregation, from my not having yet written to you; but if you do, you do me great wrong; I have not ceased to think of you almost daily; and I am with you every Sunday. I am anxious to hear how you go on; whether your supplies are regular; what sort of congregations you have; whether you are proceeding in the Unity of the spirit, determined to oppose the difficulties of the times, with all perseverance and patience; or whether you are dispirited, and whether the love of any to *the cause* waxes cold. I wish to hear, yet I am almost afraid of hearing, for the prospect is so gloomy, and your present burdens so oppressive, that I tremble for the consequences. I take up the newspaper every week, and read dreadful accounts of the state of things in Lancashire, Staffordshire, and other places, and what will be the result God only knows. Would that we could view all things as mercies in disguise, intended to wean our undue attachments to the world, and remind us that here we have no continuing city.—Relieve my anxiety about you, by taking the first opportunity of giving me a faithful and particular

account of congregational affairs. I do not enquire after particular individuals, for I wish to hear of *all*. I wish it were in my power to give you a favourable account of myself—to say that my health was much improved, and that I was about to return to you quite strong and well, prepared for a Winter's campaign; but I cannot say this. I am living in a terrestrial paradise, where there is as much beauty as can well be crowded into a little spot of ground, and my congregation are able and willing to make me quite happy; but owing to a little imprudence soon after my arrival, and the general wetness of the weather, I have been as bad almost as ever I was; nearly at times unable to preach. I am now improving, and after two sermons and the Lord's supper yesterday, I scarce feel fatigued this morning. In fact, the air is so salubrious, the country so fine, the congregation so truly Christian, that could I lay aside preaching for a few weeks, my health would be materially better. I have the great pleasure of suiting the congregation here, who have urgently and repeatedly pressed me to stay; and when Mr. A. was here, I had some conversations which were almost too much for me to resist. I however conquered, and told them that I could not think of it at present, except on this ground: if my health was so bad as not to allow me to preach at Oldham, or return to the north, but sufficiently good to preach here, then would I contrive, if possible, to stay during the winter."

Mr. Goodier's physician had recommended him to continue in the Isle of Wight, and given it as his decided opinion, that a Winter in the north would be injurious to him, of which he informs his friend, and

says, "The neighbouring minister has offered to preach for me once a Sunday, if I can stay, and with such help, I have no doubt that a wintering here would be very serviceable; and I might, with the Divine blessing, return to you in the Spring, better able to serve you than I am now. Could you possibly get supplies for so long a time? Would my friend P. continue to assist you? Consult upon this matter, and let me know your determination. I am sure you will do what you can for me, for my interest is your own." Mr. Goodier then informs his friends, that in the course of three weeks his present engagement expires, and that the congregation, as he had desired them not to depend upon him, had already written to another minister. If he accepted their invitation, he says, he should not stay all the Autumn and Winter, but that at all events he would be unable to leave before some weeks' time. "At the end of it, I trust I shall be much better, for I am now daily improving, and if you cannot get supplies longer, I must venture, and you may expect to shake hands with your affectionate friend."

Mr. Goodier's health at this time, notwithstanding all the advantages that surrounded him, rather declined than improved; he continued to preach for some weeks longer in the Isle of Wight, but with increasing difficulty and fatigue, and at the end of that time he was completely incapable of further public exertion. It is a mournful task to trace the gradual progress of his disease, and the continual encroachments it made on all his happy prospects of usefulness and activity,

and there is something peculiarly distressing in recording those transient intervals of reviving health and hope which so soon deceived him, and those sudden changes, which, to a heart less established and fixed in Christianity, would have kept their victim in a state of constant indecision from hope and fear—expectation and disappointment. With all his trust and piety, it was a trying dispensation, and Mr. G. felt it as such. There were times when the languor of disease, the failure of his designs, and the cloudy aspect of the future, naturally affected his spirits; but these times were few, and indulged as little as possible. No repining word fell from his lips, and the temper of his soul was that of resignation, and entire acquiescence in his heavenly Father's will: even in his diary, his feelings of despondency are represt; and under the pressure of immediate suffering, he endeavoured to dwell only on the blessings he had received, and the comforts that were still left to him.

On the 27th of August, he wrote to his friend Mrs. H. his first letter to her from the Island, which he commences with informing her, that he had delayed writing, in the hope of being able to give a more favourable report of himself; but that in this hope he was disappointed.—"You will be surprised to learn, that notwithstanding the beauty of this lovely island, which is almost unequalled, the salubriousness of the air, the variety of scenery, and the kindness of my friends, I have relapsed into that state of debility, from which the kind attentions of yourself and family contributed so much to relieve me. At times I have been almost unable to preach, in consequence of an increase of

cough, and a return of the pain in my side. This increase of disease was owing to a little inadvertency, (if I may call it by so soft a name) of which I was guilty about a fortnight after my arrival. Mr. S., with his amiable family, came to reside for three months, within a mile of this place. I was immediately introduced to them, and have found them a great addition to my comfort. Mr. S. wishing his son to learn the art of riding, hired a pony and requested me to give him a few instructions. The first time we rode out together, I found my pupil extremely timid, scarcely daring to go faster than a foot pace; however, I encouraged and pushed him on from the trot to the canter, and to a full gallop, with which he was much delighted. He, anxious to exercise his newly acquired faculty, and I proud of the success of my first lesson, we put forward our horses, and I quite forgot that I was an invalid, till we arrived at Mr. S.'s, when I found myself in a profuse perspiration, and almost exhausted. That or the next evening, I was accidentally caught in a shower of rain, and though I was little wet, yet the dampness of the atmosphere but ill accorded with the increased irritability of my lungs, caused by my late violent exertion: a cold was the natural consequence, the effects of which I still feel; however, I have received every assistance that kindness could suggest. So much about self; were I writing to almost any other of my correspondents, I should think an apology were necessary for having on such a subject said so much; but your past kindness has convinced me that the subject is not altogether without interest to you. You en-

quire about the people, especially those who *belong to us*. You will have learnt from the preceding part of this epistle, that they are a benevolent people; and active benevolence, grafted upon fervent piety, is a plant which always abounds in Christian fruits. The congregation is small, seldom amounting to more than one hundred or one hundred and twenty people; but the majority are exemplary Christians; zealous Unitarians; desirous of plain evangelical preaching; fully convinced of the necessity of encouraging the poor to feel an interest in the great truths of Christianity; united, sociable, intelligent, humble. With such a congregation I feel a motive for exertion, knowing and seeing that my labour is not in vain. We have established a weekly conversation, a congregational library, and we are about to re-establish a Sunday-school, which, owing to the want of a minister, and the removal of a few teachers, has been suffered to sink. The attention of the town is by these means excited, and in the afternoon I am always gratified by seeing our gallery well filled, in a great part by strangers. I am convinced there is a good opening for an active minister, and were the Oldham congregation able to get a supply for the winter, I certainly would accede at once to the unanimous request of the people, and spend six or seven months with them. But I fear this scheme is impracticable, for I have this morning received a letter from Oldham, in which they say that they have been pretty well supplied, but fear that their resources are exhausted, and consequently they hope I shall be able to return to them at the end of the three months, viz. in about a fortnight. I am thus placed in an un-

pleasant situation: my friends here wish me to stay; my physician advises it; my health seems almost to require it. The mild winters and springs here, being much more favourable than the wet and cold of Lancashire. One of the congregation, formerly a minister, offers to preach for me as often as I wish, even once a Sunday, if I will determine to remain; and is it to be wondered at, that on all these accounts, my inclination leans to the Isle of Wight? Indeed, at present, my return is out of the question. I am fully persuaded that the fatigues of so long a journey would be more than I could bear, and would render me absolutely useless when at home. But on the other hand, I cannot bear the thoughts of Oldham being left in its infant state, without a supply; and my comfort would be so completely destroyed by hearing that that flower which I have been assiduously endeavouring to rear for years, was nipt in the bud, that my improvement in health would be much retarded, if not completely suspended. I will write home and try again what can be done, and in the mean time I am determined to stay here at least another month, and I trust in the Divine blessing, that at the end of that time I shall be much better. I know you will give me the best advice in this difficulty, and though I anticipate what that advice will be, yet I shall wait for it with impatience."

In the month of September, Mr. Goodier wrote again to his father, in answer to some information he had received from Oldham, of their difficulty in obtaining supplies; he expresses his sorrow at being unable to comply with their wishes for his return, and his regret that he cannot gratify their hopes; but says,

that it is absolutely impossible; that in his state of health, if it did not destroy him, it would render him completely useless for months; and that the simple exertion of walking to Oldham on a Sunday, would disable him from preaching, and even riding would be too great an effort; that he considered himself as ill, or worse, than when he wrote before; and he appeals to them, whether it would not be madness to attempt returning home in such a state of health? He gives an account of the great fatigue he had experienced from an excursion he had made a few days before, to see a fine collection of ancient paintings, and statues, at a nobleman's in the neighbourhood; the distance was only eight miles, he had ridden very gently, not faster than a person might walk; when he arrived, he had rested three or four hours on a sofa, and returned most of the way in a post chaise; and yet, the following day, he had been seized with a return of the pain in his side; he ventured to attend the usual conference in the evening, and he coughed almost all night; an increase of inflammation was the consequence, and he was still suffering from it; he had been blistered, and his physician had threatened him with a perpetual blister, if he did not improve; and he was able to take very little exercise without being overcome by the exertion; he had preached the last few weeks, but only once in the day; and he got asssistance as frequently as he could. Having given his father this account, and shewn the necessity of his remaining at least some weeks longer in his present situation, he adds, "This is the place for getting well;

the weather is improving, the air far better than that of Lancashire, and the kindness of the people unequalled; they are able, and willing, to supply every want, and to give me every possible attention that my health requires. Since my indisposition became serious, they would not suffer me to remain in lodgings, waited upon by a comparative stranger, but invited me to their own homes. I have spent a fortnight with one family, and have now been five days with another, with whom I shall remain three or four weeks. The family is a rich one, therefore well-able,—a kind one, and therefore well-willing, to make me comfortable. You need not therefore be at all uneasy about me."

Mr. G. then adds, that in a few weeks he trusted to send better accounts, and hoped that in the mean time they would be enabled to make arrangements to supply his absence; in the conclusion he adverts to the distresses of the times, and expresses great anxiety about his friends and brothers:—"I fear they are heart-broken with the times; I wish I was sure that you all keep up your spirits, bear with patience, and suffer with fortitude; what will be the result God only knows. The cloud is thick and heavy, and dark, whether it will pass over or burst upon us, cannot yet be told; but as good Mrs. H. says, in either case those will be best off, whose treasures are laid up in a better country, and who are united together by an affectionate disposition to bear each other's burthens here; let me solemnly advise my brothers and all of you, not to give way to despondency, but to trust in Him who is the confidence of all the ends of the earth. We are all

at school, and we have our several tasks to learn. Our teacher knows better than ourselves what instructions we most need, and we ought cheerfully to learn what he wishes to teach. To-morrow's lesson will be pleasanter perhaps, and at all events, the better we are instructed here, the better shall we be fitted for acquiring those happy lessons which eternity will teach." Mr. Goodier remained in the Isle of Wight during the ensuing winter; but unhappily, notwithstanding all the kind attentions of his friends, and the best advice to be procured, his health continued to decline. In his letters to his friend Mr. C., at this time, he gives an unfavourable report of it, and looks forward, anxiously and doubtfully, towards the future; though his customary feelings of devotion and religious confidence, still shed their light through the surrounding gloom. He had heard that his friend was entering into an engagement to go to the West Indies, and he remonstrates with him on the danger of the climate, and the great hazard he was going to encounter, and earnestly hopes that he will not put his intention into execution; of himself, he says, "I am still very weak and closely confined, except in very fine weather; indeed, this winter, though mild in the extreme, I have suffered more than in any preceding one. I have not ascended the pulpit since the middle of last October, and when I shall again be able, I cannot say. Under these circumstances, I sometimes feel it hard to think that all is well, and working for good, but at the same time I find the unspeakable value of Unitarian views of the Gospel." A short time after this, Mr. Goodier wrote again to his friend.

"*Newport, Isle of Wight, Feb.* 15, 1817.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"I have just received your's of yesterday, and am grieved to think that you are within so short a distance of this place, and yet I am prevented from seeing you; a pain in my breast, and a general debility, force me to suppress the language of my ardent wishes, and to say, 'I cannot, must not, come.' In my present unfortunate state of health, it would be madness to attempt it. I write this with extreme regret, for independent of my desire to see and converse with you, I perceive from your mysterious manner that you are about to take the most important step between the cradle and the grave. * * Happy should I be, could I be present, but it is not so ordained, and I will endeavour to be content; the subject draws my pen forward, and I seem to forget my own misfortunes in the contemplation of your present and approaching happiness.

"I hope to learn the lesson which Franklin recommends, viz.:—to rejoice in the good fortune of my friends, when nothing in my own lot gives cause for joy. I need not say that my prayers for yonr welfare will not be wanting, and I trust they will be heard by *Him* who answereth prayer.

"I flatter myself that my health is improving, but I am now worse than ever you saw me. I have, in compliance with the advice of two physicians, given up all thoughts of mounting the pulpit again for the next four or five years at least. But I will not interrupt your cheerfulness by any detail of my sorrows; think of me only as your sincere friend."

The next letter to Mr. C. is dated March 20th, and in congratulating his friend on his happy prospects, Mr. Goodier appears forcibly to feel the contrast of his own present suffering and uncertain future situation.

"*Newport, March 27*, 1817.

"DEAR C——

"You write like a sincere friend and a zealous Christian minister; you see no difficulties before you in your intended expedition. Prospects of usefulness and happiness are rising in quick succession before your enchanted eyes. God grant in his mercy, that your expectations may be gratified to the full. I am content to be thought ignorant 'led away by popular clamour,' or any thing else you please, provided but one half of your hoped-for happiness may be realized: nor will I suggest a single difficulty that might diminish your pleasure of anticipation. I hope soon to see you, and will then hear from yourself those powerful and convincing arguments which you seem to think will sweep before them all my objections. I sincerely congratulate you on the happy choice you have made of a partner, and trust that your union will be a divison of your cares, and a multiplication of your joys: wretched indeed is the state of that country in which it is, at any time, imprudent to form such a connexion. * * You have given me a very imperfect sketch of your plan, but you wish me to say where and when you may meet me. In reply, I had intended to have said at Rumsey, on Thursday the 27th inst., provided the weather be quite fine; but my friend Mrs. C—e gives a decided *veto*, and insists

upon my saying, 'at J. C—e's Esq., Newport, whenever you can make it agreeable;' the reason she assigns for the alteration is this; that though I am now improved and improving in health, yet, such a journey could not but be accompanied with risk; 'and besides,' says she, 'you are not trust-worthy.' I must submit. I hope then to see you here towards the middle of next week, and shall expect you to preach for us next Sunday week; your presence will be medicine to both body and mind, and any disappointment will be seriously felt by me.

"You ask if God hath forgotten to be gracious; No, my dear friend, nor ever will. In the midst of every judgment, I can sing of mercy; and in my serious reasonable moments, have ever felt the consolations of religion: but the stroke of affliction has been very heavy, and at times despondency and grief have been uppermost. The throne of grace has been surrounded with clouds and darkness. I am now improving in health and spirits, and had I a prospect of speedily resuming my pulpit labour, I should be as happy as a child of Adam ought to be on this side death; but this is forbidden by both physicians and friends, and, like my first parents, I am driven from my earthly paradise; my return is prevented by a disease which brandishes death in a shape terrible as the fiery sword, and my lot is as much worse than his, as solitude is worse than society. He had a partner, a wife; I am alone, weak and helpless. Come and correct this description; remind me that Providence is my guide, that I have many kind friends and relations, who are able and willing to assist and comfort, and that happiness is yet in the reach of your's," &c.

Mr. Goodier from this time became weaker; he was utterly incapable of performing his public duties, and the anxieties of his situation increased. It was not merely that he was deprived of active usefulness, and no longer able to raise his voice in the cause which he had most at heart. He was obliged to abandon entirely the hope of benefitting his congregation at Oldham, or resuming his situation with them. He had no other prospect before him; his family and friends were themselves struggling with the difficulties of the times; and he could not think of allowing them the additional expense of his support. In a mind like his, accustomed habitually to look through second causes to the Great Giver of all, there certainly could be no disgrace felt in dependence on the kindness of those who were both able and happy to assist him, and yet with the natural feeling inspired by a life of independent usefulness, he ardently wished to be enabled to support himself; he resolved many plans for this purpose, and such was the nobleness of his principle, that no occupation, however humble, would have been rejected, that had enabled him to attain this desired object. He explains his uneasiness and his wishes, in a letter to his affectionate friend, Mrs. F. dated April 3, 1817, in which he solicits her advice in the uncertain aspect of his affairs. "Nothing, dear madam, but continued ill-health, and its almost invariable attendant, depressed spirits, could have induced me to defer so long, an answer to your sympathizing letter of August last. Spring, which is clothing the earth in beauty and reviving all nature, is restoring me in some degree to health, and I cannot better employ my returning strength, than in dedicating

it to gratitude and friendship, by renewing a correspondence which I shall ever esteem one of the sweetest consolations of adversity, and the finest ornament of prosperity. I am sure that I need not add any thing by way of excuse for my apparent neglect, when I have informed you, that early in October of the last year, increasing illness forced me to give up preaching altogether, that during the winter, mild as it has been, I was a constant invalid, generally unable to write without pain, and that I have therefore been a bad correspondent with all my friends; under these circumstances I have often regretted that I was deprived of the correspondence of some choice friends whose letters were medicine to the soul, far more healing in their nature than the prescriptions of the most skilful physician for the body, and my regret has been the greater that this number should include Mrs. F. and Mrs. H.; on these occasions, however, a variety of advocates have pressed forward to plead your cause; something whispered that it was presumptuous even to hope for more than letter for letter; fear suggested that perhaps you also were unwell; even vanity came forward, and put an end to the pleadings by urging, that if you had not written to me, I might depend upon it, you sometimes thought of me, and felt a lively interest in my welfare. These excuses have been more than sufficient to procure for you a full pardon; in the want of fresh letters, I have read over and over again some of your old ones, and I can assure you, that the medicine they afford loses not its efficacy by repeated use. You have truly said, that 'in every trial there is some palliative, and that to have sympathizing friends

who feel tenderly for us, is one of the greatest of earthly blessings.' The experience of every week adds force to the conviction; I feel that the blessing is mine, and though my trials have been more severe than I expected, since I came here, yet I cannot but acknowledge the kindness of the congregation here, has been in proportion great. I have been a burthen to the family, with whom I now am living, the whole winter, yet they have ever been ready to cheer my spirits when drooping, and have uniformly shewn the most unexpected kindness. I came to them last September, on an invitation to spend three or four weeks; I have almost unavoidably been forced to continue, and they have readily and cheerfully procured for me every comfort within their power. I have wanted nothing that was necessary to my recovery, or that could contribute to my comfort; yet you will not think it strange, that I frequently find it difficult to say from the heart—'All things are working together for my good.' The very enjoyment of kindness has given birth to a most uneasy sensation, viz. that of feeling the burthen of obligation rapidly increase, without a prospect of being able to diminish it: besides this, my plans have been altogether deranged; Oldham has been left to struggle alone; many of my friends in Lancashire have suffered from the distress which has desolated the land; and, if the news which I hear be true, many of them are suffering now. However, I trust I shall be enabled ever to look on the bright side of things, and to remember that though clouds and darkness are round about the dealings of Providence, yet righteousness is their object, mercy their foundation. I am happy in being

able to inform you, that the cause of religious truth at Oldham, has not materially suffered by my sickness and absence. They have been supplied with preachings, I hear, very regularly and very cheaply; and if the blessings of peace should, as formerly, accompany the return of peace, the congregation have no doubt of their prosperity and success. I hope to be able in a few weeks to return to them, when perhaps we can devise some plan or other for increasing their speed towards this wished-for goal. It grieves me to think that I can no longer assist them as a preacher. On this subject I have written to my good friend Dr. T., who entered into my case with truly Christian sympathy, and, in a long letter with which he favoured me, expressed himself entirely of the same opinion, and hoped I should not think him my enemy for speaking the truth." Mr. G. then says, that all his friends were of the same opinion, and expresses his conviction from his own painful experience, that they were right, and that he ought to submit. "If I know myself, I have resolved never again to enter the pulpit, until my health is so firmly re-established that all my friends shall pronounce me out of the danger of a relapse. Indeed, I need not say I *will* not, for I am conscious that for a long time to come I *cannot* preach. At present I am unable to read aloud, and too weak to bear the fatigue of composition. For four or five years, then, I must consider myself as expelled from the pulpit; I cannot but hope that at the end of that period I may be enabled to return to it, and in the mean time I shall endeavour to prepare myself better for discharging the serious duties connected with it. Here a difficulty

arises which has cost me many an hours' sleep, and which I shall state to you frankly, in hopes that your advice and that of Mr. F. may in some measure lead to its removal. What will be the best for me to do during the next four or five years, to earn a livelihood without, on the one side, injuring my health, and on the other, being dependent upon my friends? My wants are few and easily satisfied, for I have ever carefully guarded against the acquirement of expensive habits. My wishes also are exceedingly limited, extending not to the attainment of any thing more than a plain, decent maintainance. But few as are my wants, and contracted my wishes, the present state of the cotton trade forbids my return to my former business, and I fear that the confinement of a school would, for some months at least, be more than my health would bear; indeed, for a few months to come, I shall be obliged to make the restoration of health my chief object. If in this I should happily succeed, would not America be the country most likely to enable me to acquire a situation as an agent or assistant in some warehouse connected with the cotton business? The present very gloomy state of affairs here, has revived, in some measure, a wish to emigrate thither. I cannot but think, that under present circumstances, America furnishes better openings than England; oppressed, taxed, trampled upon as she now is. You will have seen ere this that I am at a loss how to act. I can rely upon your's and Mr. F.'s friendship for the best advice, and may I be allowed to hope for it now? I wish to return home and do something ere long, for a state of dependence is exceedingly irksome."

A few days after the date of the preceding letter, Mr. G. wrote to Mrs. H., and in this letter, the quick sensibility with which he felt the extent of his trial, and the struggle it cost him, even with all his confidence and piety, to attain perfect resignation, is feelingly depicted. It is a proof of the value of those consolations which can calm even the risings of natural regret, and infuse a spirit of peace in the bosom of pain and disease. Mr. G. had none of that indifference to the future which is produced by weariness and suffering; he had a natural and ardent love of life, and while it was spared to him he rejoiced in his existence; and the value of his submission ought to be estimated by the many bright hopes, and capacities of usefulness and happiness, which he was now compelled to resign.

"*Newport, April* 11, 1817.

"I have taken up your last letter, my dear Mrs. H., again and again in the course of the last six weeks, with a determination to write to you, but have as often deferred the task, as too laborious or inconvenient for *to-day*, I have repeatedly wished to renew a correspondence which I always esteemed most useful and honourable to me, but have always found some reason or other to postpone the renewal till the morrow. The date of your letter is, however, an eye-sore to me, which I can no longer bear; for months I have been unable to look or think upon it without regret and self-reproach: regret, that I should have been deprived of your correspondence, under circumstances which rendered its consolations and encouragements highly desirable; reproach, that, perhaps, I was alone the cause

of this privation, by indulging a habit of procrastination. I have endeavoured to soften the severity of self-condemnation, by urging in excuse, that continued and painful sickness had rendered me unable to correspond, even with my best friends and nearest relations, but at the expense of an effort which always increased my pain; that therefore the friendship of Mrs. H. which laid me under an obligation to write, would itself be the first to forget and dispense with its own claims; and that in my case, even procrastination itself was pardonable, to say the least, since it arose chiefly from a desire to be able on the morrow to give a more pleasing account of my health and prospects; these and similar pleas have been urged with the perseverence and earnestness of a mind anxious to stand acquitted of all indifference to your friendship, and that would be ill at ease if suspected of ingratitude; they have been regarded, perhaps, with a little of the partiality of self-love—but though they have succeeded, in some measure, in quieting the murmurs of reproach, they are insufficient to procure for me a full pardon. This I must owe to your kindness, and my complete acquittal, written and signed with your own hand, I shall wait for, with an anxiety bordering upon impatience. Let me not remain long in a state of uncertainty, if your health do not unhappily prevent it, let me hope that you will soon, not only set me at ease upon this subject, but also satisfy the demands of a friendly curiosity, which in answer to all its inquiries concerning you and the family at Hanwood, for the last six months, has only heard of your writing to Dr. T. as a subscriber to Mr. A.'s pamphlet; under every head of intelligence

concerning you, all is therefore a complete blank; though did I not think it likely that the engagements of charity may have wholly employed you, if in comparative health, I should infer that you have been worse than usual, during the winter, because your name has not appeared in the Christian Reformer." * * Mr. G. then gives his friend an account of his own health, of his having been under the necessity of giving up preaching from the preceding October, and of his present weakness. On the following day he resumed his pen.—"I had written thus far yesterday, when Mrs. C., my hostess, returned from her morning's walk, and with a mild severity of tone, exclaimed, 'What! Mr. G., still writing'? And then, with a gentle roughness of manner, insisted upon my 'putting it away directly.' I was forced to submit, and yielded the more readily, because I was fully convinced the command was dictated by kindness, and, though it might be accompanied by apparent severity, was meant only for my good. Is not this a good illustration of the Divine dealings with his children? Could we penetrate his counsels, and see the object of his apparently severe dispensations, as clearly as I could see the intention of Mrs. C.'s conduct, should we not invariably find that this object was to train us to happiness by leading to goodness? The voice of Scripture will answer 'yes;' and the language of experience will confirm the answer. Thus have I often endeavoured to reason, and to establish the conviction firmly in my mind, so as to make it a ruling principle of my thoughts and action—*that all things are working together for my good.*—When I have been able to

abstract myself from the influence of external circumstances, and to give myself up almost entirely to the suggestions of reason and religion, I have found it comparatively easy to come to the cheering conclusion, that however mysterious the ways of Providence may appear, they must proceed from goodness and mercy, and I have been able to say (I hope with true resignation) 'thy will, O God! be done!' On the other hand, when I have thought of the complete derangement of all my plans, which my sickness has occasioned, and the death-blow it has given to my future prospects of happiness, by disabling me from preaching for years to come; when I have connected this with the distresses of the times, which have involved in ruin thousands of respectable families, I have felt that that poet had studied human nature, who makes even the resigned Christian to say, after surrendering himself entirely to God,—

'But ah! my heart within me cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else, the next cloud that veils the skies
Drives all these thoughts away.'

I need not say to you, that sickness and disappointment teach me to feel the force of language like this. If it be the character of a true Christian, that he can behold, without regret, the loss of comforts in possession or in prospect; that he can stand unmoved amidst 'the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds'; if such descriptions owe their existence to any thing but the enthusiasm of poetry, or the madness of stoic philosophy, I can as yet lay small claim to that character; and however I may admire, it will require several years

additional discipline to enable me to adopt that beautiful language of Habakkuk,—'Although the fig-tree should not blossom,' &c. In the attainment of that heavenly temper, which, in whatever situation we are, teaches us to be therewith content, I hope you will continue to assist me by your valuable letters. Our common friend, Mrs. F., is exceedingly kind to me in this respect, and her last epistle is a valuable morsel of pious and rational consolation. Since I began this letter, I have also heard from Mr. A. whose correspondence is of itself a treasure, and if you will enable me to add to these two letters another token of your kind remembrance of me, I shall be in possession of a sovereign remedy for discontent and dejection of spirits.' It will gratify you to hear that the congregation at Oldham has continued to increase, notwithstanding my absence, and the great pressure of the times; they have been generally well supplied with preachers, and seem to have no doubt of being ultimately successful; their school is flourishing, and though their finances are low at present, and their means very limited, (for not many *noble* are called) I trust they will, ere long, be provided with a constant supply of teachers. The cause of truth also, here in the south, is making gradual advances, and wants only a number of zealous preachers to become its advocates." In answer to his letter to Mrs. F. soliciting her advice on the present situation of his affairs, Mr. G. received a very kind and sympathizing letter, entering fully into his feelings, and endeavouring to alleviate his anxiety by every means of consolation in her power. In the following letter he acknowledges the receipt of it:—

"*Newport, April* 27, 1817.

"I recognised your hand-writing, and perused your letter, my dear Mrs. F., with feelings similar to those with which a weather-beaten traveller would greet an old and affectionate friend, after a long separation, in a distant land; a friend, in whom neither distance of place nor length of absence could produce an alteration. The repeated assurances you give me of your and Mr. F.'s continued and increasing sympathy—assurances rich with feeling, and evidently flowing from the heart, gave me the most exquisite delight, and dissolved me in the luxury of tears. A few days before, I received a letter from my kind friend Mr. A—e, who, in the same disinterested and generous spirit which dictated your letter, warmly invites me to return to his house, and begs me to believe, that if I do nothing but take care of his two boys, he shall himself be the obliged party. In the event of my being unable to do even this, while he assures me that I shall never want any thing necessary to my comfort, so long as Providence continues to him the means of assisting me, he hopes that I shall banish from my mind every idea of dependence. Of the same date as your's, I also received a full sheet from Mr. A.; every line of which breathes with the conseling influence of pure Christianity; and this morning I had the high gratification of reading another token of Mrs. H.'s kind remembrance, written in her characteristic style, and abounding in those placid sentiments which she so well knows how to express. I am sure you will believe me when I say, that I do not mention these things by way of boasting either of the number or value of my friends. I mention

them because I am convinced they will reflect on you some portion of that light and pleasure which they have produced in me; really these things altogether form so powerful a remedy for despondency, and so ample a cause for gratitude to *Him* who hath fixed the bounds of my habitation, that I must be a monster of insensibility, did I not look upward with filial confidence and forward with hope. The continued prevalence, and almost unusual severity, of north and east winds, prevents me from commencing my journey homewards so soon as I wished. My medical director advises me to defer my departure till the air is milder, which I cannot hope for till we have had rain; with the advice of my friends here, I have determined to accept your invitation to Shropshire. Indeed, when I recollect the happiness I felt under your hospitable roof before, I require not much advice or many arguments to induce me to accept an offer, which is likely to prove at once beneficial and pleasant." Mr. G. concludes by saying, that in the course of a fortnight, if his health permitted, he hoped to be with his friends; in the beginning of the next month, he sent an account of his plans to his father, and endeavoured to remove the anxiety which the intermissions of his correspondence might have given rise to.

"*Newport, May* 5, 1817.

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

"Did you measure the warmth of my affection by the frequency of my letters, you would do me great injustice, and I persuade myself that the case is the same with you. Writing is now become an irk-

some and often a painful task. My indisposiition has brought on a weakness of mind that almost disables me from composition, together with an indolent procrastinating temper, which leads me to think any time better, for carrying a design into execution, than the time present: let this be a sufficient reason for any long silence that may occur, and never suppose that it arises from increased sickness. My health, I trust, is on the whole improving, but by no means so rapidly as I hoped and expected. * * At present I have very little pain, but cannot say that I am at all stronger than I was a month ago. Mr. B. assures me that I shall recover fast when the wind settles in the south and brings rain, which the people here are in want of to the highest degree: in the mean time I endeavour to wait with patience; and were I assured that your minds were at comparative ease, and that the great distress of the times comparatively affects you in a trifling degree, I should find it a much less laborious task to be habitually cheerful and contented. The kindness of my friends here continues uninterrupted, and had I been one of Mr. C—'s own family I could not have been better supplied with every thing needful. I am sure you will join me in thankfulness to the merciful Disposer of events, who, in giving me such friends during my sickness, kindly mingles the cup of adversity with an ingredient that deprives it of much of its bitterness, and thus confirms the assurance, that all things are working together for good. You have in all probability heard of, or seen, my letter to Mr. A., from it you will learn that I am unwillingly compelled to give up the delightful office of a Christian minister, for a few years

at least: of course I must resign my situation at *Oldham*. Little did I once think that my services at that place would have been of so trifling a nature, and of so short a duration. However, I am determined to hope that it is all for the best; and I am convinced, that if the members of that congregation be faithful to themselves and the great cause which is entrusted to their care, my loss will be no serious injury. I feel a lively interest in their welfare, both individually and collectively, and shall not cease to supplicate the Divine blessing on their labours. Present to them my kindest remembrances, and do not fail when you write to inform me how they are, as individuals and as a congregation. If I find I cannot come home, in the course of a few weeks I intend writing to them as a Christian society. Mr. A.—'s letter to me was dictated by a most disinterested and generous spirit, and is couched in terms that do him honour as a friend and a Christian." Mr. G. here repeats the kind offer which his friend had made him of a home in his family during his sickness; and says—"Such kindness I shall never forget." He then mentions his invitation to Shropshire; and adds, "Mrs. H. also wishes me to visit them, and as my health is such as to require all my attention at present, I have been induced to comply with the invitation, and hope in about ten days to set off for Shrewsbury. We have received John A.'s pamphlet, and it is likely to do much good. I am surprised that the title-page should have been so general and indefinite. It seems to have been totally forgotten that the pamphlet might fall into the hands of Trinitarians who had never read Dr. T.'s account

of the Rossendale churches in the Repository: the very circumstance which renders the case so interesting is wholly unnoticed in the title page; viz. that the people at Rossendale became Unitarians without reading any book but the bible." * *

Before he left the island, Mr. Goodier wrote again to his friend Mr. C—, and strongly expressed his regret at his departure for the West Indies, and his conviction of the utter incompatibility of oppression with instruction, of tyranny with Christianity; a conviction which has been verified in a remarkable manner by the circumstances which have since occurred, and which became the subject of a public discussion.—That Mr. G. distinctly foresaw the result to which such an attempt must inevitably lead, appears from the following letter; which, at the same time affords a proof that correct principles, and proper feelings for the interests of human nature, will often lead to those truths, which the cold and intricate reasonings of those who conceive themselves more practically acquainted with the subject, may fail to discover.

" *Newport, May* 17, 1817.

"My Dear Friend,

" Never imagine that I shall attribute any long silence of your's to neglect, or suppose that assurances are necessary to convince me that unavoidable necessity only could have prevented you from coming to see me. I am too certain of your friendship to suppose that you did not intend it, and, too well acquainted with the disappointments to which we are

all subject, not to know that our intentions and actions seldom correspond to each other. I am very glad to hear that you are not likely to embark till October; and will you pardon me if I say, that I earnestly hope something will intervene to prevent your embarking at all? Our African brethen have my best wishes and prayers; but they must become *men*, before they can be made *Christians*, and it will be vain to teach them that Christianity is a heavenly religion, enjoining peace and good will amongst mankind, while its professors drag them from their homes and families, sell them as cattle, and retain them in the most degrading and degraded state of slavery. Slavery and the Gospel can never flourish together. Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty; and while you are considered by your hearers, and consider yourself as the servant of a slave dealer or a slave owner, you can never teach with success the Christian principles of freedom; you cannot proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, in which the captive shall be delivered, and the great jubilee commence. Besides, you are wanted at home; here the soil is in some measure prepared; but I will not go on; if your arrangements are made, and your resolution taken, it is time to drop all further persuasion.

"I am sorry that your plans and mine have so little agreement, that I fear we shall scarcely be able to see each other. I am anxiously waiting for fine warm weather, that I may direct my face to the north. I intend to set out on *Tuesday next*, 'Deo volente,' for Shrewsbury. At Shrewsbury I shall spend a few weeks with my dear friends Mrs. H. and Mr. F.,

who are now expecting me every day. Of course I shall not see London, or be at the fund meeting; indeed the fatigue of the journey will be sufficiently great according to my present plan, and my health will by no means allow me to venture the bustle of a fund meeting. I am still very weak; my medical attendant advises a voyage during the summer, and my friend Mr. F. wishes me also to undertake one. Perhaps I may. My friends in general almost overpower me with kindness. * * Now, however, I can possess my soul in patience, believing that when health is restored, a sphere of usefulness will be provided by Him, who never gives talents without taking away all excuse for burying them in the earth. I cannot expect you to visit me before I depart, and for ought I know, must for the present give up my hopes of seeing you: still I trust we shall meet before the *long adieu* of which you speak, and of which I cannot think but with regret. * * When my plans are further arranged, you may expect to hear again from your affectionate friend," &c.

Mr. Goodier was detained longer than he intended in the Isle of Wight, from the unfavourable state of his health, and he did not reach Shrewsbury till the middle of June. His spirits were also much depressed, and the separation from many affectionate friends, and some in particular, with whom he had shared the comforts and sympathies of home, could not take place without many melancholy and painful feelings. He had gone to the island almost a stranger among strangers—he had been received with kindness

and welcomed with cordial hospitality—his ministerial services had been approved and successful—he had been domesticated amongst them, and loved them; and he had received from them the warm affection and generous attentions which are in sickness so consoling, and for which they considered themselves fully repaid by the pleasure they derived from his society and friendship. He was now leaving them with no prospect of return, in a very precarious state of health, and the parting was indeed destined to be a final one. Under the impression of these feelings, soon after his arrival, he wrote a few lines to his father, which breathe the regret and suffering he so generally endeavoured to repress.

"*Wrentnall, June* 25, 1817.

"DEAR FATHER,

"I arrived here in a very feverish and debilitated state on Monday last, having been forced to defer my departure from the Isle of Wight till the 17th inst. I received last night your letters, containing such a variety of information, a great part of which is discouraging, to say the least. I dare not defer writing, because your anxiety for my welfare will lead you to augur ill from my silence; but as I have been writing in answer to various letters, I cannot now write much. I wish I could say that my health were improving; but this I cannot. My trial is not yet closed; and I hope you will assist me to bear and suffer the whole will of a wise and good God with patience and resignation. I wish I could tell you all the kindness I have experienced in the island. Sick as I have been since last October, and unable to preach,

they have kept me for nothing; and the person who supplied the pulpit actually insisted upon my receiving the salary. I am recovering the fatigue of my journey, and am experiencing the friendship of Mr. and Mrs. F. and Mrs. H. * * Give my love to all my friends. I shall soon write again, and in the mean time trust you will bear up against every difficulty, looking forward to that haven of rest which remains for the faithful followers of Christ. I must not go on, for my chest warns me that I must cease to write if I mean to prove myself indeed your affectionate son," &c.

Soon after his arrival in Shropshire, Mr. Goodier visited his friends at Hanley, and before he left Wrentnall, he sent a few farewell lines to Mrs. H. Her kindness and affection were warmly exerted for his comfort; and if care and tenderness could have checked his disease, its fatal progress would indeed have been averted.

"*Wrentnall, July 4, 1817.*

"You will have anticipated, my dear Mrs. H., what I am sitting down to inform you of; that our departure from this place has been postponed, partly on account of the bad weather. I am not sorry for this delay, as it gives me an opportunity of seeing more of the country, and recovering more perfectly from the fatigue of my journey. The weather however is unfavourable, and hinders me from going out much: if the wet continues, I do not see how I can travel at all with safety. I think myself better than when at Hanwood, notwithstanding the wet; indeed, if the

kind attentions of my amiable friends here should be completely unavailing, my case would be hopeless: so far, I mean, as this world is concerned—with regard to the next, the Christian's case is never hopeless. If I see you not again, before I leave the neighbourhood, let this assure you of the grateful remembrance I shall ever cherish of your kindness, and that of your family; and let me request you at times to think of, and occasionally to favour with your consoling letters, your affectionate friend," &c.

A few days after the date of the preceding lines, Mr. G. accompanied his kind friends to Liverpool, where he experienced every attention and indulgence which affection could suggest. But he was now becoming himself but too sensible of the certain, though slow, increase of his complaint, from the continued weakness and lassitude which he suffered. The summer had come, and had brought with it soft air and mild days, but it had not restored his exhausted frame.—The 'warm weather' he had wished for so long at last arrived, but it no longer brought renewed feelings of strength and hope to the weary sufferer. He occasionally indeed felt the delusive expectation incident to his disease, but in his hours of reflection he knew it was but delusion. Writing to his father in August, he says, "since you left I have continued much as I was; always fancying myself better than when in the Isle of Wight, and yet conscious that I am thinner and weaker than I was in the spring. Last Wednesday, Mr. F. called upon a Dr. ——, a very scientific and skilful physician of this town, and desired him to come and

see me, with a view to his advice as to the propriety of a voyage, or whether wintering abroad would be necessary or likely to prove useful: he came the next morning and was with us upwards of two hours. * * I wished him to be explicit in his opinion, and told him, that after the many advantages I had enjoyed during the last twelve months, still finding myself emaciated and weak, I had little or no expectation of my recovery. He was very candid and open."— Mr. Goodier's physician advised that he should try what medicine might effect, before he finally decided on a sea voyage, and in this opinion the patient himself very willingly acquiesed. Immediately after his arrival in Liverpool he wrote to his father, and though it is painful to record the details of his suffering, yet they exhibit in so interesting a light that patience and gentleness under severe trial, which is so conspicuous in every period of his short life, that they cannot in justice to himself be omitted.

"*Liverpool, July* 19, 1817.

"DEAR FATHER,

"My conscience has continually reproached me for some time past, for not writing to you, in order to relieve you in some measure from the anxiety of mind which my last letter would naturally occasion, and also to give you farther information of my state of health. I can defer the task no longer; especially as it is necessary that you should know of my arrival in this town. I call writing a task, because it requires such an exertion as ill agrees with my lethargy of mind, and weakness of body; however, I am better

able to write now than when I last addressed you; when for six or seven nights I had been unable to sleep much, and had unfortunately been exposed to the fatigue of travelling, and the vexatious impositions of strangers. I met with every attention from Mr. and Mrs. F., who did every thing in their power to restore me. Indeed, I am often astonished at the kindness of these excellent people, and of my friends in general. Not a day passes without abundant reason to be thankful to that bountiful Providence, which has raised me up such generous helpers in such a time of need. The weather during my stay in Shropshire was generally wet and stormy, so that I could not get out on horseback more than four or five times. We left Wrentnall on Wednesday, and came on in a post-chaise to Ellesmere, where we stayed all night; the next day we had a delightful ride to Chester, and thence we came in the steam-boat to Liverpool. The journey was charming on account of the richness of the country through which we passed, the agreeable mode, and company in which I travelled, and the kindness of Mrs. F., who treats me as a son, and in every thing shows that she is interested for my recovery. I have said this was doubtful, if not hopeless, and that I considered myself in a confirmed consumption; perhaps this was rather the account of temporary despondency, than of actual truth. Mr. B. thinks a voyage and spending the winter in a warmer climate, would be the most likely means of recovery. These means (at least the first) my friends in the Island and here, almost insist upon my trying, and have already done much towards furnishing me with the money necessary; I refer to

the generosity of the Newport congregation, in insisting on my accepting the salary for the last eight months, though during that time I have not preached a single sermon. The major part of this I shall feel it my duty to devote to the acquirement of my health, and if, after making use of the prescribed means, I still continue to grow weaker, I hope you will be prepared to assist me in resigning myself to the will of an all-wise Father, however mysterious his dispensations. The suffering I have already endured has not, I trust, been lost upon me; and if by it, the Great Former of all things is intending eventually to take down this tabernacle of flesh, I can truly say with R. A. that He is doing it gently and mercifully, and I have little doubt but another will be prepared for me through his grace, eternal in the Heavens. A prayer I have often uttered, has been heard and answered, that from the experience of the past, I might be enabled to trust with confidence in the goodness of God for the future. This I have reason to do. I am sure I shall never want any thing that is really necessary for me; and whether I exist in this world or another, still as I shall be always under the government of God, all will be well, all will work together for good, if it be not my own fault. These sentiments support and cheer me, and whatever be the result of my sickness, I trust you will be content; I am not indifferent to this result, and cannot but hope that it will be *life*:—life, though accompanied with many troubles, as you have lately but too well experienced, I fear, is still an invaluable gift, and I prize it; many things I wish to learn—many things to do; but if it be appointed otherwise, 'I

have hope towards God,' that not even death will be able to separate me for ever from his favour.

"Many things in your last letter, as well as that of my friend, J. G., gave me considerable pain and anxiety; I can hardly conceive how you earn a bare living at the present prices, and I have been loth to burthen you additionally with the expense of postage. Again, I request that you will not deny yourself of the necessary comforts of life, so long as you can command a single farthing which you may call or think mine—see that your health, and that of my mother does not suffer on that account; poor T. C. has engaged much of my thoughts, compared with his, my malady is not worth mentioning; how is he now? I fear my dear friends at Deane Lane, and Birchfield, will have thought me neglectful to old friends, in my admiration of new ones, because I have not written to them, or said much of them in any of my letters. I have frequently been uneasy with the thought that they might imagine me ungrateful, and more especially as one family has been visited with an affliction which rendered the consolations of friendship doubly necessary, and doubly valuable. I trust they will be ready to make excuses for me, and to set down any apparent inattention to the score of ill-health, and an unwillingness to trouble them with postage, at a time when every penny is so dearly earned, rather than to any want of friendship; make the same excuse for me to my Dukenfield friends. Indeed I have all along relied upon the candour of my friends, and have often left their kind letters unnoticed, when it would have been much more agreeable to my feelings to have answered them. If in any case I have

expected too much, I hope I shall be pardoned. Is J. S. at home, and has he sent home my books, &c.? If there is any thing you can make use of, it is at your service. Is it likely that any one from your neighbourhood will come to Liverpool soon? I shall stay here till next week's end, at all events, trying the effect of sailing and riding in fine weather. I shall then probably take a short voyage, but to where I do not yet know; when I do, I will inform you; write soon; let my brothers send me some message or other, and continue to tell me how you, my sisters, and friends all are; believe me to be ever," &c.

Soon after Mr. Goodier's arrival in Liverpool, his father paid him a visit, and after his return home, Mr. G. sent him a letter, which shows how fondly his absent family and friends still held their accustomed place in his affections, and how much he regretted the loss of that personal intercourse, for which the kindest correspondence can make so inadequate a compensation. "Several weeks have now finished their rapid career, since you left me, and it begins to seem a long time since I heard any thing of home and its concerns. I visit you, it is true, every day and every night in mind, but imagination's eye does not always present a true picture of the reality, nor in these mental visits am I able to tell you any news of myself or those around me." On the 14th of August, he wrote to Mrs. H., and this letter breathes a beautiful spirit of piety and heavenly mindedness, not unmingled with some feelings of painful and natural regret in the contemplation of the probable termination of his sufferings.

"*Liverpool, August 14, 1817.*

"I have been debating with myself for the last five minutes, my dear Mrs. H., whether I should send you simply an account of my health and of the plans I intend to adopt, or indulge myself in filling a sheet as usual when I correspond with you. I shall have an opportunity of sending to-morrow to Shrewsbury, and I feel as if it would be an act of injustice, did I not allow myself at least the chance of covering a sheet. Several of my friends tell me in their letters that I may satisfy their anxiety in five or six lines, but they forget that I cannot in so short a compass satisfy my own desire of conversing with them, and compensating myself in some degree by their ideal presence, for the privation I suffer in their real absence. Write a note of five or six lines to Mrs. H.! it would be as difficult almost as to be compelled to speak only half a dozen sentences to her, were I now seated in her company at Hanwood. I might, perhaps, be led to acquiesce in such a restriction, if you were to engage to fill up the time by your own conversation, and in like manner if I durst hope that I should continue to receive from you occasionally letters so delightfully full as your's have in general been, I might perhaps be persuaded to write with laconic brevity. I do not say this altogether from a selfish motive, but partly from a conviction that my letters, however completely filled, can never give you half the pleasure which I receive from your's; if they could, no circumstances, but such as disabled me from writing altogether would prevent me from addressing you at every convenient opportunity. As, however, you kindly condescend to be interested

in my welfare, and have generously favoured me with your friendship and correspondence, though I cannot hope to give you any equivalent in return, and never write to you under the impression that I communicate half the pleasure I receive, yet I feel it to be a privilege, an honour not easily to be resigned, to write as much to you as I please. With these sentiments, why (I have frequently asked myself)—why did I not better improve the opportunity which my late visit into Shropshire afforded me, of conversing with you?—why did I not disclose to you more fully the state of my mind, with respect to death and futurity?—and why did I not converse more frequently on these grand and enlivening subjects—those bright and transporting prospects which pure Christianity suggests and unfolds to the sincere followers of Jesus? I cannot answer these questions to my complete satisfaction. I am sensible that I did not improve as much as I ought to have done, the privilege of your company and conversation; and it is scarcely a sufficient excuse that my journey had brought on such a debility of body, and nervous irritability of mind, accompanied at times by a lethargic stupor, as almost unfitted me from sharing the benefit of the best company and most instructive conversation. How kind it is of you, under these circumstances, to make up, in some degree, a loss arising from weakness and perhaps inattention, by favouring me with so long a letter as your last! Believe me, my dear madam, when I consider the exertion which such a letter must have cost your delicate frame, I feel sensibly the obligations under which I am placed by the receipt of it. But while you are striving to con-

vince me that life is a scene of great and intense suffering, with the hope of thus leading me more willingly to resign a boon which you think I value too highly, are you not at the same time binding me to earth by those endearing ties—those silken cords you mention, gratitude and affection? Can it, think you, be an easy task to break those cords when they connect me to such friends as you, Mrs. F., Mr. A—d, and a host of others—to say nothing of a kind father and a long list of relations? I know that you will reply, that these same cords connect me with Heaven, the abode of that Great Being in whom is the fountain of life and goodness, and from whom I have received all those blessings of friendship which have made my life comfortable and happy, which have almost robbed adversity of its sting, and taken from disappointment half its bitterness. I feel the force of the argument, and am sensible that I have much to answer for, if your friendship for me has not made me more alive to the importance of heavenly mindedness, and more anxious to cultivate a spirit of entire devotedness to the will of God, valuing only, and only wishing for, what he approves. This spirit has breathed in every epistle with which you have favoured me, and in the tracts you have given us from the press it stands pre-eminent. I trust that some portion of it animates my breast, and though I value life highly, with all its troubles, yet I feel a cheerful confidence in believing that I do not fear death, and that when my heavenly Father calls, I shall not be unwilling to obey. I am fearful of saying too much on this subject, for I must acknowledge that were life and death equally within my power, life would

be my choice. I cannot conceive that the love of life is sinful: on the contrary, the gospel revelation of a future and everlasting existence, in which our degree of enjoyment will depend upon our good or ill conduct here, stamps the present life with a value inexpressible. At the same time I agree with you that the wise Author of our existence knows best when that existence should be suspended, or continued in some other stage of being; and the reflection, that whether living or dying we are the objects of *His* care, takes away much from the terrors of the grave. Continue your kind efforts to raise my thoughts above earthly concerns, and I trust you will meet here with some recompense in my improvement; and thus, whether or not we meet again in this world, our meeting will be joyful, and contribute to our mutual happiness. * * With my good wishes for yourself and for all your house, I remain, in health or sickness, your obliged and affectionate friend," &c.

Soon after writing the above letter, Mr. Goodier heard again from his friend, who endeavoured to convey to him by her correspondence, not only every religious consolation, but her conviction of the happiness and independence which a Christian mind like his ought to feel, even in the most trying and afflictive circumstances. His answer evinces how much comfort he received from her affection, and how sincerely he valued her advice.

"*Liverpool, September* 23, 1817.

"I read your last kind letter, my dear Mrs. H., with

feelings of almost unmingled delight; had my own conscience been able to sanction the high opinion you express of me, as a happy independant on to-morrow, and had I not received the painful intelligence that you were so unwell as to be unable at times to sit up, even in the company of Mr. A., my gratification would have been complete.—How kind was it, under such circumstances, that you should have taken the trouble of completing your letter and filling your sheet! Mr. A. told me how difficult it was for you to accomplish this; that you should even be thus unwell, is a subject of sincere regret to me, but that, when so, you should kindly persevere in writing, renders your letters doubly valuable to me. I wish it were in my power in return, to send you such information as would stamp this sheet with a value, which in your very partial and friendly estimation would make it 'worth more than all I have received from you put together'—but my good doctor (well he deserves the name) was too sanguine. I continue at present in much the same state as when Mr. A. was here, which was better than he seemed to expect to find me; had he stayed, I almost believe I should have been better still, for as you say, his conversation is exhilirating in a very high degree. I could not but regret his very short stay with us, much too short I think for the importance of the place, where he is very little known, and where he needs only to be known, to be admired and loved. After his departure I was more and more disposed to lament the shortness of his visit, and to envy you the pleasure of his company; I had hoped to have some religious conversation with him, and like another Bos-

well, had formed a plan of registering his almost every word, thinking that it might prove the last interview I should ever have with him. He talks so delightfully, and at the same time so rationally, on the character of God, the proofs of his essential and universal goodness, and on the Christians' hope in death, that his conversation on these subjects is valuable to all, but especially valuable to me, struggling very likely myself with a disease that generally proves fatal. To be deprived of so good an opportunity for improvement in heavenly-mindedness, was indeed a serious disappointment; however, I hope that my loss was a gain to him, and that his excursion in North Wales tended to establish him in that health, which is so necessary for the discharge of his important duties. I sincerely rejoiced on his account, as well as on the account of our countrymen at large, that the weather turned out so remarkably fine. What a blessing to the country at large will this fine weather prove; filling the mouths of the poor with bread, and I trust their hearts with joy and gladness! Trade also begins to flourish, wages in the manufacturing districts are beginning to advance, and hope begins to take the place of despair in the countenances of poor parents. May the Divine goodness continue, and lead mankind to repentance and gratitude!

"Our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. F., under whose hospitable roof I have so long enjoyed all that kindness aided by wealth, could impart, intend to leave home for Leamington, on Monday next. I intend to spend a few days next week in Chester, after which I shall pro-

bably return to Manchester, there to fence myself as well as I can against the inclemencies of the approaching winter; or, if my friend Dr. — advises, there to prepare for a voyage to some warmer climate. I have written to him, pressing him to give me his candid opinion as to the probability of my recovery, and the propriety or impropriety of a voyage. I have the greatest confidence in his judgment, and will be guided by his advice in my future conduct. He behaves in all respects as a friend. You see how many temptations I have, to think well of mankind, and to wish to stay amongst them—every act of human kindness I strive to view as a proof of Divine goodness, and an argument for confidence in *Him*, and resignation to his wise appointments. By this means I trust I shall be gradually preparing either for greater usefulness on earth, if it please God to spare my life, or for an admission to his more immediate presence in Heaven, if He see fit to remove me. I shall be happy to hear of your recovery as soon as it is convenient for you to write, and shall continue to hope, for the sake, not only of your immediate friends, but also for the public at large, whom you improve by your writings, that your health and life will long be preserved."

A few weeks after the preceding letter was written, Mr. Goodier paid a visit in the neighbourhood of Chester, and benefited much by his short absence, and on his return to Liverpool under the delusive feelings of reviving strength and hope, he sent his friend Mrs. F. the following account of himself.

"*Liverpool, October* 14, 1817.

"Allow me, my dear Mrs. F., to commence with what stands uppermost in my mind; my acknowledgements for the great gratification I felt in the receipt of your letter, both as it afforded me another proof of your continued kind attention to me, and informed me of the pleasure you have in your stay at Leamington, and your excursions in the neighbourhood. I cordially rejoice that the place and neighbourhood so well answer your expectation, and cannot but hope that it will be of essential service to both Mr. F. and yourself. I am not surprised that you find the company of lords, knights, and admirals, in whose estimation pedigree and rank form the only standard of worth, insipid—I should be both surprized and sorry were it otherwise. The experience of the world in all ages sanctions the opinion of Ajar, that a middle station in life is most favourable to the acquirement of the virtues and graces of the man and the Christian; 'how hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of God'!—Pleasant as your excursion has been, I doubt whether my stay at B. has not been more so; at the time of your writing I was still there, and only left on Saturday last. The kindness and hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. S. is exceeded only by your own, and each succeeding day gave me additional reason for admiring Mrs. S.'s character. The fortnight passed rapidly away, and at the close of it, I could scarcely believe I had stayed there so long; during my visit, I have been remarkably well; drunk a quart of good buttermilk every day; rode out frequently, and, would you believe it, actually gained in weight a whole pound. Would

that I had yet three or four months of fine weather before me, I should not despair of almost complete recovery. My improvement in countenance was such as to strike my Liverpool friends on my return. Mr. E. seemed really affected with gratitude to Heaven on my account, and fervently hoped that I should soon be able to help Mr. H.; this, however, is quite out of the question, though I begin to flatter myself that 'I shall yet live to praise Him who is the health of my countenance, and the strength of my days.'" There was some thought at this time of Mr. Goodier's taking a voyage, and the following passage alludes to this intention:—"Yesterday I received a letter from Mr. A., from which I learn little or nothing respecting my intended voyage. I had requested him to write to Mr. F. on the subject, who is the friend of Mr. H." This answer was an undecided, and by no means an encouraging one, and Mr. Goodier adds, "Thus you see I am left in complete uncertainty, and it is likely perhaps that I shall not go to the West Indies. I could scarcely call this a disappointment, even if I were certain that it would be the case, for I have not suffered myself to think it probable that I should go; if I could flatter myself that I should continue as well through the winter, as I have been the last fortnight, I would not wish to go any where from home." From this time Mr. Goodier's health continued very precarious, notwithstanding seasons of occasional improvement, and on the approach of winter his physician earnestly recommended him to seek a warmer climate. His friend, Mr. C., was on the eve of his departure for Jamaica, and several reasons induced

Mr. Goodier to think of accompanying him, though his own inclinations would have induced him to remain at home. His friends were pressing in their entreaties that he would not risk the trial of another winter in England, and that he would immediately take a voyage as the only probable means of restoring his health. Mr. C. had long been his friend, he had known and loved him for years, and the hope of having the loneliness of his abode in a land of strangers, soothed by his attentions, became a great inducement to the voyage. He wrote to his father requesting his advice on this occasion, and informing him that from the experience of the past year, he had little to hope from a Lancashire winter, but felt a moral certainty of its making him worse—that the climate in Jamaica was very delightful during the winter and spring, and that his physician gave him every reason to hope that, with the Divine blessing, a voyage and residence there, would much contribute to his recovery. On the other hand, Mr. G. disliked the trouble and expense of this voyage, and he regretted the idea of leaving his relations and friends so suddenly as to be unable even to bid them farewell. His kind friend, Mrs. F., was also from home, and he had very little time for preparation: he wrote to ask her opinion on the subject, and to inform her that he had written to Mr. C. and his father: he adds, "I am rather agitated now that the time is so near at hand, in the prospect of leaving my native country, my family, and friends, and am half inclined to flatter myself that I might venture to stay at home. I know my father will oppose my going, at least he will not like it, and will be very reluctant in giving his consent,

without which I shall not go. The more I think of the voyage, the more my perplexity and agitation increases; every comfort I enjoy pleads for my stay; every friend I possess (and thank God I am rich in friends) seems to bind me to old England. To go, is venturing my little all upon an experiment which may, or may not succeed, and a foreign country must inevitably expose me to many and unforeseen difficulties. On the other hand, if a voyage be desirable or necessary for my recovery, there are many circumstances attending this which make it as pleasant as any voyage can be, and I have great reason for thankfulness that I shall go out with so many advantages. Whatever be the result, I trust with the Divine aid and blessing to be able to conform myself to that situation in which a wise Providence may place me. I flatter myself with the hope of seeing you. Whether I see you or not, my best wishes and most fervent prayers will ever be offered for your welfare to Him who is the governor alike of sea and land, whose providence protects, and whose mercy blesses us, in whatever part of his dominions we are." Mr. Goodier finally did not accompany Mr. C. to the West Indies, but in the course of a few weeks afterwards, it was decided that he should make a voyage to the South of France, and continue to reside there for some months; and this plan was eventually put into execution. Before he left England, he wrote to several of his friends to bid them farewell, as the season was too far advanced to permit him to take a personal leave of them. The first that remains is to his old friend Mrs. H., and was one of the last letters he ever wrote to her. It is par-

ticularly melancholy to peruse the reviving hopes which were doomed to be so soon destroyed.

"*Liverpool, December* 19, 1817.

"My Dear Madam,

"You were perfectly right in supposing that, however hurried, I should never leave my native land without first writing to you. Before Mrs. F. received your letter, I had appropriated a part of this evening to that pleasing task—pleasing, not because its object is to present my best wishes to one of the kindest of friends, and to recommend that friend to the protection of a kind Providence, but because these wishes will be accompanied with information which I know will give you satisfaction equal to the greatness and sincerity of your friendship. I have taken a passage from this port to Bordeaux in the South of France: not as a last effort of expiring hope, which has in vain made trial of all other remedies, but in order to accelerate a restoration to health, which is already decidedly commenced. I am sure you will sympathize in the joy and gratitude I feel, at being able to say that I have been gradually improving for the last three months, that my fever is almost subdued; that I have gained three pounds in weight, and that my physician and friend, Dr. —, this morning declared that time only is necessary to restore me to health and strength. Thus you see, my dear Mrs. H., that the Divine goodness is causing the light to succeed the darkness; the horizon of my hopes is extended, and I begin to discover renewed prospects of activity and happiness; already I regard

myself as one who has attained comparatively firm and elevated ground, after struggling through a path, dark, and difficult, and dangerous. I will not say that I have passed through the slough of despondency, for, at the worst, though I could not flatter myself with recovery, yet I never was without hope, and I am persuaded, I should have hope in death. To have ceased to have trusted in the goodness of God, would have been as irrational as ungrateful, finding, as I have always done, that when my prospects were most gloomy, my friends were most kind; the experience of the last year, in which the most generous of friends have interposed between me and my impending fate, ought for ever to banish from me all thoughts of despondency. Never indeed do I recollect the time, that I have found myself in this miry slough, and if the ingenious dreamer of Bedford be correct in supposing that it is placed near the commencement of the Christian's course towards the heavenly city, I must conclude that I have never yet entered that course; a conclusion, which were honest John alive, and knew me, he would find no difficulty in forming. . . I shall sail, I expect, in two or three days for *Bordeaux*. I shall write to Mrs. F., who will give you my address, and I shall hope to hear from you during my sojourn amongst strangers. I propose staying five months, at the end of which, I trust I shall find you comparatively well. . . Mrs. F. has been better for the last month than ever I knew her. Mr. F. is also as well, as useful, and as benevolent as usual, and I trust will long continue so. . . Give my kindest wishes to every member of your family, and be assured, that wherever I live, my

mind will often be at Hanwood; and that whether in France or England, a sincere prayer for your welfare will frequently ascend from your affectionate," &c.

On the 23rd of December, Mr. Goodier wrote again to his father to inform him of the new arrangements he had made respecting the ensuing winter; and this letter, in the midst of all his anxieties and vicissitudes, breathes a devout spirit of hope and joy.

"*Washington Street, December* 23, 1817.

"DEAR FATHER,

"I was aware that the news I had to communicate would not be altogether pleasant; I have deferred the communication of it to the last moment. I hope, however, when you consider the circumstances of the case fully, you will not be sorry to learn that before you receive this letter I shall have bid adieu to my native country, and shall be on my way to the South of France, in which genial and highly favoured climate I intend to spend about five months. * * * I must believe that there can be no objection to my voyage, but what arises rather from feeling than reasoning: it is certainly more pleasant to remain at home, amongst kind and generous friends, than to be exposed to the inconveniences of a foreign country, and the impositions of strangers. But I have little doubt of being comfortable, on the whole, since I have several letters of introduction and recommendation to some of the mercantile houses in Bordeaux. In that neighbourhood I intend to stay during the first month, and as the spring advances, and I can go out with more

safety, I shall probably go further towards the South of France, perhaps to *Montpelier*. I have no doubt that the journey will be of essential service to me; and really, after the very tedious illness I have had, I would do any thing in reason, to hasten my restoration to health and activity. I have taken my passage in an excellent vessel, and the captain seems to be a very obliging man. I yesterday past the custom-house, and expect to sail to-morrow morning, after having been forced to make oath that I have no intention of *weaving* in France. Since I saw you I have received a very kind letter from Mr. C—e, in which Mr. H. strongly recommends me to go as soon as possible to the South of France, which soon restored him to health when a young minister, labouring like myself under a consumptive attack. * * Another inducement to my journey is the certainty of learning, at the fountain head, the French language, which, if the two countries continue at peace, will be no trifling accomplishment, and of no inconsiderable value in after-life. On the whole I am going in high spirits, and should be still more cheerful if I knew that you thoroughly approve of the plan. The weather is very fine, the wind favourable, the passage generally safe, and I have no doubt of a pleasant voyage. I have gone on gradually improving in health since you were here, and begin to feel much less like an invalid. * * If, therefore, I can avoid taking cold, I have little or no fear but I shall progressively improve, and I already begin to anticipate the pleasure of returning home in health and activity. If the Divine goodness grants this answer to my prayers, and continues to bless the means

made use of for my recovery, I shall think the sacrifice of expense and time which this journey requires comparatively trifling. My improvement is already beyond what I once expected, and I have much to be thankful for in what is past, much to hope for in what is to come. I am sure you will sympathize with me in the gratitude I feel, both to the Giver of all good and to those generous friends who have been the instruments of his benevolence, and who have kindly interposed to rescue me from my impending fate. The kindness of Mrs. H. is truly that of a mother, and how can I ever forget the kindness of the C—es, and my other friends in the Isle of Wight? The review of the year which is now drawing to a close fills me with devout confidence and joy: I am sure I shall never want any thing really needful, and that all my apparent calamities will eventually appear to have been for my good. My best wishes and prayers are daily offered for your welfare, and for that of my grandmother, my brothers, and sister. I wish I were able to assist you through the difficulties of the times. There is nothing for which I more regret my sickness than the inability it places me under of lightening your burdens. Another year I trust will shew that I do not live altogether useless. You will hear from me as soon as I am fairly settled in France, and in the mean time I trust that you will believe that all is well with me. God grant it may be well with you. I sometimes look on the dark side; and as I shall not return till towards next June, I think of the probability there is that some of us may never meet again in this world. My dear grandmother is now far beyond the age of three-score years and ten,

beyond which, even strength is weakness, and little remains but labour and sorrow. When I took my leave of her, she mentioned the likelihood that there was, that we should never meet again but in Heaven. Should this be the case, I am sure the messenger of death will not surprise her unprepared, and I rejoice in the thought that it will be to her a messenger of peace and of life. Whatever may be the event, I hope she will wait all the days of her appointed time on earth in patience and faith, remembering me in her prayers, and by her example, winning others to the practice and love of holiness. My brothers I hope will set a guard upon their conduct, and beware of the dangers that surround their path; I have not time to write to them more particularly, but they know what I wish. * * With every good wish, I recommend you all to the care of that good Providence, who protects and blesses us in all countries, and at all times."

Before Mr. Goodier set sail he wrote a farewell letter to his friends at Dukenfield, with whom he had formerly resided, and from whom, while in the Isle of Wight, he had received the kind offer of a home in his sickness, and at any future time.

"*Washington Street, December* 28, 1817.

"My Dear Friends,

"I feel that I should not be doing justice to the friendship which has so long subsisted between us, and which I trust will terminate only with life, if I did not employ a little of the leisure which a contrary wind has given me, in writing you a few fare-

well lines. You will probably have learnt, ere this, that I expected to sail on Thursday last, but the ship was not ready on that day, and since then the weather has not suffered us to depart. In reading yesterday's paper, I found a long and melancholy list of shipwrecks, the crews and passengers of which have, with few exceptions, been entirely lost—had I sailed a week ago, as was at first proposed, I might have shared the fate of these unhappy persons, as many of them were wrecked on the line of coast which we shall pass in going to Bordeaux; so that I have much to be thankful for, in what has appeared for some days, rather a tedious delay. So little do we know what is really good for us, and so ready are we to repine at events which only prove to be blessings in disguise. My father and your brother would hear of these shipwrecks, and supposing me gone, may perhaps be uneasy about me. I hope you will have the goodness to inform them as soon as you can, that I am still on *Terra Firma*; though before you receive this, I shall probably have sailed; to-day is fine, my clothes, &c. have been on board several days, the wind is now more favourable, so that I shall not be surprized if the captain sends for me before night. I have great confidence in the captain and crew, in the goodness of the vessel, and above all, in the powerful protection of that Providence who ruleth both sea and land, who stilleth the noise of the tempest, and saith to the stormy winds 'be still.' I shall go therefore to sea without much fear, and I hope my friends will not be alarmed on my account, whilst I am there; the dangers of the sea are in reality less than the dangers of travelling on the top of a stage-coach,

yet we venture on the latter without any alarm whatever; even were the danger much greater, I should venture on it without any dread, because I am fully convinced that it is my duty to go to the South of France, or to some similar place, in order to re-establish my health, and restore myself to some degree of usefulness; and I think you will all agree with me, that when we are in the way of duty, after having taken every necessary precaution to avoid or to overcome the dangers that may lie before us, we ought to commit ourselves, without anxiety, to Him that appointeth our lot, and in whose hands are the issues of life and death. The Apostle Paul, under the influence of Christian feeling, was persuaded that all things would work together for his good, and that neither life nor death could separate him from the love of God; and if I could realize the same feeling, the greatest misfortune that could happen to me in my voyage, shipwreck itself, would give me no undue alarm, and, as good Mr. Howe says, 'I should embrace the wave, which, when I meant Bordeaux, should land me in Heaven.' Happy would it be for us, if retaining only sufficient love of life to make us enjoy its blessings, and be interested in its duties, we could rise so far above its accidents and misfortunes, as to view them merely as so many tests of our virtue, or as so many teachers of wisdom—and learn to regard death itself as the messenger of everlasting life and happiness. But I am forgetting myself; I did not sit down to compose a sermon, but to write a letter. In renewing my correspondence with you, I feel as if I were already beginning to reap some of the blessings of health, the want of which has so long suspended our

direct intercourse. To write a letter was at one time a work of labour and difficulty, to be performed only in cases of absolute necessity; hence I wrote but seldom, and to those on whose friendship I could rely most confidently for an excuse, scarcely ever. You will not accuse me of flattery, when I say that amongst this number I reckoned you and my kind friends your cousins. When I reflect, however, that I have been absent from home a year and a half, and that in all this time, I have never written a single line to either family, I am sometimes afraid that I have perhaps reckoned too confidently upon your willingness to make excuses for this apparent neglect; if I have erred in this respect, I hope you will forgive me, and believe it to be an error of judgment, not of the heart. I should despise myself, as heartily as you can despise me, if I believed myself capable of slighting old friends, the friends of my youth, when I acquired new ones, and especially, if in enlarging my sphere of acquaintance, I could forget the obligations I owe to such friends as you and your cousins, in whose friendship my infancy found guardians, in whose example, whatever was most virtuous in me found a pattern for imitation, and in whose houses, in a word, I have ever found a welcome and a home. Believe me, my dear friends, I have, during the last year, experienced too much the worth of sincere friendship ever to slight or neglect it; without it, where, and what should I have now been?—it has blunted the edge of disease and distress, it has taken away from my mind all anxiety, it has furnished me with a peaceful and happy asylum at a time when I was helpless and almost desponding, and it has

enabled me successfully to combat with a sickness, that at one time threatened to put a period to my existence. Let us then never be faithless to friendship, it is one of those strong ties by which the Divine goodness connects man with his fellow man, and leads us to make common cause in our struggles against the difficulties of life; its sympathy divides our griefs, and multiplies our blessings. I enjoy a blessing, and my friend enjoys it with me. I flatter myself that you all anticipate with me, at this time, the pleasure I shall feel five months hence, at returning home from France, with my health re-established, and myself restored to activity. In the mean time, I shall no doubt see many new and interesting scenes, which I shall take care to record for our mutual amusement. The evening is not far distant, when, seated by your comfortable hearth, I shall enjoy the pleasure of your company, in travelling over again the South of France, which I shall teach you how to do, without first running the risk of shipwreck; with all good wishes I am," &c.

This was the last letter Mr. Goodier wrote in his native country; a day or two after it was written, he sailed, and the last scenes of his sufferings, and his life, were past in a land of strangers. Certainly few persons could be more fitted than he was to conciliate kindness and affection in such a situation, and to interest even indifferent persons for his comfort and welfare; but it is a melancholy thing in sickness and in death, to be bereft of the friends we have most loved, and the sympathy and support which are then most wanted; it is also very affecting to contemplate the contrast between the bright

hopes and anticipations which at this period he indulged, and the great closing trial which awaited him; he departed in good spirits, with the expectation of benefitting his health; he had a safe and agreeable voyage, and immediately on his arrival, he wrote to his friends in Liverpool.

"*The Maria, Bordeaux, January* 14, 1818.

"DEAR MADAM,

"I hasten to inform you, and my other friends, of my safe arrival in the desired haven, after, on the whole, a pleasant voyage. Several of the first days of it were stormy and unpleasant. The Sunday after we sailed was extremely boisterous; the wind blew directly against us, and the sea broke over us every minute. I was unwell and a little alarmed, but never lost my confidence in the skill and activity of the captain, and more especially in the protection of *Him* who stilleth the noise of the tempest and the storm. On the Monday we had fine weather, which continued with little intermission the whole week. On the Friday night we were near the entrance of Bordeaux river, but a thick fog induced the captain to stand out to sea till Sunday morning, on account of the dangerous navigation. When we got a pilot, I learnt that a large French ship had been lost on one of the sand banks the day before, by attempting to enter in the fog without a pilot, which gave me reason to bless the prudence of our captain, which had prevented a, perhaps, similar catastrophe. On my arrival within a mile of the town yesterday, the captain and I went on shore, and called on Mr. M., who informed us that the Betsey, which left Liverpool a fortnight before us, or

more, had not yet been heard of, and it is supposed she is lost with her whole crew and cargo. What a danger have I escaped! and what a striking proof that a wise and good Providence often ordains disappointments for our benefit.

"The climate is very sensibly milder, and the days longer than with you. Several of the days since we approached France have been as warm as our fine days in April. * * The surrounding country seems pleasant, though flat, and the appearance of the town and harbour is beautiful from the ship. Fogs I understand are frequent, and on that account I shall not stay here long, but go farther south. I have been on shore twice, and have heard a good deal of the French *jargon*, for so it appears to me at present. The common people and the shop-keepers speak a provincial and impure kind of French: I can understand them when they speak slowly, and find no difficulty in making myself understood. I tax every body I come near, if I remain at all in their company, and have no doubt of making a rapid progress in the acquirement of the language. *Evening*.—I have now seen Mr. *J.*, and found him every thing I could wish: he very politely asked me to dine with him, and undertook to enquire about lodgings; he recommends me to stay in town, and thinks it quite as healthy as the country. He knows a widow lady who has only one lodger, a friend of his, and thinks it likely she will accommodate me reasonably—her kindness he can answer for; I shall call to-morrow when I shall learn something more. I have been highly gratified with the appearance of the city. I have walked two or three miles, and have

found the streets wide and planted with trees, so that you walk without danger of interruption by carts and horses: this is the case only in the principal streets. I have also visited a public garden, the hyde-park of Bordeaux, except that it is reserved for foot passengers only. The day has turned out fine and clear, and warm, and crowds of ladies and gentlemen, nurse-maids and children, beaus and beggars, were collected to amuse themselves in the various avenues and walks of the place, which in summer must be charming. A few of the ladies are handsome and elegantly dressed, but the servants and hucksters, and common people, make a grotesque appearance, and by their coarse, super-masculine, yellow, countenances, made me understand perfectly the reason of the appellation 'Lancashire Witches,' so often given to the damsels of my native country. If the women of Bordeaux be a fair specimen of the females of France, certainly they have no right to the title of 'the fair sex;' most of them have their heads bound up with striped handkerchiefs of glaring colours, giving to the stranger an idea that they have got sore heads; and their feet are buried in large wooden clogs, chosen without any regard to fitting, crammed with old flannel, and strapped upon the foot with a large leather thong. Their caps are also tremendous, (for some of them wear caps) rising above the head from one foot to half-a-yard or near it, apparently of the consistency of thin buckram. On one side is exposed a large pocket, which to me seems ugly, but if utility be the test of beauty, they must be termed beautiful. The whole appearance of the women in general, indicates a want of neatness, and a disposi-

tion to sacrifice convenience to show. So much for the exterior of the people; now for their character. As far as I may judge from the very little I have seen of manners, it would be foolish and presumptuous to form sweeping conclusions. All is outwardly decent. In a street thronged almost with people, I observed a standing of trinkets, walking-sticks, &c. without any one to attend it sitting near; every article was marked, and purchasers were directed by a label to address themselves to the owner of a ship, at least thirty yards distant. * * I am happy to be able to say that I am pretty well in health. I have caught a little cold, which makes me rather feverish and inclined to cough. My rheumatic thigh has also been very painful for some days, and makes me very lame: for the rest I am much as usual."

Immediately after his arrival, Mr. Goodier commenced a journal, which, with some intervals, he continued until very near the period of his death. As it contains an interesting account of the first impressions he received of a foreign country, and a faithful record of his time and pursuits in his sickness and solitude, and more especially as it may be considered as an additional evidence of the piety and trust which never forsook him, some extracts are presented from it.

"January 17th—Saturday night. I am now, through the providence of Almighty God, safely arrived at Bordeaux—the desired haven. Almost every object I see is novel, and most of what I hear is unintelligible, although I understand pretty well the theory of the

French language. I wish to regard every thing with the eye of a careful and impartial observer; to catch the manners living as they rise; to study *man* as he *is*, or appears to be, in the picture of real life, and to record each day, what may gratify the curiosity of my dear friends in England, or contribute to my own improvement. I am especially desirous of forming, as far as my own observation, or the information of respectable friends, will permit, an impartial opinion of the moral and religious character of the natives of France; a subject so interesting to the friends of religion, and on which it is so difficult to procure exact information. It is difficult for a stranger accustomed to the manners of one country only, and esteeming it a *duty* almost to regard those manners as superior to all others, to divest himself of national prejudices in judging of the manners of foreigners; and he is often in danger of ascribing *that* to a want of moral and religious principles, which ought rather to be attributed to the influence of national customs. Thus, if a serious Englishman were to judge of the religious character of the French, from their manner of spending the Lord's day, he would be inclined at first to condemn them as devoid of religious feeling; his conclusion might be a just one, for any thing I know yet to the contrary, but derived from such premises only, it would be just merely by accident. True religion consists not in the observance of days, but in piety, and in righteousness; if the French are just and honest in their dealings with each other, benevolent and kind in their social intercourse, and devout in their addresses to heaven, they must not be condemned because one half of the

Sunday is generally devoted to sport and gaiety, and its evening to theatrical and other public amusements. It may be presumed that the regular attendants upon public worship do not frequent the theatre, and it is to be lamented, that in all countries there is a large majority who neglect the public ordinances of religion, and who, if not hindered by the magistrate, would be glad to visit the play-house even on Sunday night. With regard to sports, dancing, &c., let it be remembered, that religion is no enemy to cheerfulness, nor even to innocent gaiety, and that gaiety may be innocent even on the Lord's day, else never would the pious Calvin have reserved a part of that day for games at cricket, of which he was remarkably fond. Let it not be supposed that I am a friend to this mode of spending the Sunday, I am merely pointing out the rashness and injustice of concluding that our Gallic neighbours have no religion, merely on this account.

"A surer method of forming a correct opinion on this subject, will be to consider all those manners and customs which are connected with religious principles as a whole. To regard attentively the behaviour and conversation of the different classes of society; to lay hold especially of that part of a man's character, which is most likely to have been formed by public opinion; for as the character of a multitude of individuals forms that of the public, so the character of the public moulds in some measure that of individuals; to examine the nature of public institutions; to read the most popular books; to see what description of authors fill the shelves of the most respectable libraries, or form the collections of booksellers, stall-keepers, and itine-

rants; to peruse the records of public justice, and learn the number and nature of the crimes which engage its attention; and lastly to visit the house of God, and mark the number and behaviour of its attendants; for we may lay it down as an incontrovertible maxim, that a reverence for religion will produce a correspondent regard to public worship, at least in Christian countries. Is religion the object of open ridicule for one part of society, and supposed by the other, to consist chiefly in ceremonies? Is the sacred and venerable name of the Creator generally profaned in common conversation? Does the national gaiety of Frenchmen degenerate into frivolity and licentiousness? Has the spirit of war, and love of glory unhappily engendered by the terrible yet wonderful *Bonaparte*, extinguished the love of justice and peace? Are the French honest in their dealings, and does their proverbial politeness arise from sincere benevolence of heart? These, and similar to these, are the inquiries which I shall endeavour to keep continually in view. If their behaviour be kind, I shall not quarrel with them about their costume, or their gestures; if gaiety be innocent, I shall not be angry that it appears even on the Lord's day, in rags and wooden shoes; if their piety be sincere, I shall not respect it the less, because it adopts a form and a language different from my own. I am inclined to think well of the French, and of all mankind, because I admire and love human nature, and long to see it universally connected with virtue and holiness; sincerely shall I regret to find that the opinion of French character so prevalent on our side the channel is a correct one. I have always hoped, that

it was an opinion, dictated rather by political animosity than impartial justice. If I find myself mistaken, I shall be disposed to recollect the influence of a twenty-eight years' almost uninterrupted war, and especially of a corrupt system of religion, which almost abolishes Christianity, to make room for tradition; which robs the Christian of his noblest privilege—the right of private judgment; and which metamorphoses piety into a blind and abject servility to human authority. Considering this, I shall be as much inclined to pity as to blame.

"But I do not intend to confine this diary merely to facts and reflections connected with public character. I shall also make it a personal history of my stay in France. I shall record in it any thing that occurs to me of sufficient interest, to merit insertion; and what is not interesting that concerns our dear selves? I shall insert my daily occupations; descriptions of the various places I visit; characters of the principal persons I meet with, and any thing else which may answer my leading objects; amusement for my friends, and instruction for myself, particularly extracts from the books I may peruse, which will in general be French. I trust that by a careful attention to these things, my journey to France will be useful to my head and heart, as well as to my health; and if through the Divine blessing I again recover my strength, I hope that from having perused a new page in the book of human life, I shall be the better able to instruct my fellow-man in his duties and expectations; better prepared to 'point to heaven, and lead the way.'

"'To forget our dangers, is to forget our mercies,'

says the eloquent Robert Hall; to which I shall add, to forget our mercies is to forget our duties. On this account I shall go back to the commencement of my voyage, which has been mercifully brought to a safe termination. After having been once obliged to return to Liverpool by bad weather, I came on board a second time, about one o'clock on Thursday night, the 1st instant, and immediately went to bed, where I remained till near eleven next morning. The weather cold and unsettled; the wind favourable but rather too strong. I anticipated an unpleasant voyage; but as I was satisfied that I had done right in determining to come hither, I endeavoured to refer myself and all my concerns to the Great Disposer of events. The following night we doubled Holyhead, and a little before sunset had a fine view of the Isle of Anglesey and the Welsh mountains, which were covered with snow. The horizon was black and cloudy, except when the sun shone through. The sea was running very high, and there was a prospect of a stormy night, but as the wind was favourable we were the less alarmed. The weather turned out as we expected, and while rocking in my *birth*, and hearing the roaring of the winds and waves, a varied mixture of reflections, on the great power of Him who 'rideth on the whirlwind and directeth the storm,' on the ingenuity of man who could construct ships that would bear him safely even in weather like this, on the hardships of a sailor's life, who in the longest and most tempestuous night of winter, must brave the united fury of the elements at the hazard of his existence, on the insecurity of human life in such situations, and on the safety and

happiness of my friends on shore who were snug in their beds, occupied my mind the whole night, and entirely drove away sleep. The same weather continued the following day, and on Sunday was rendered still worse by the wind shifting round and coming directly against us. The night was to me almost dreadful, and would have been so altogether, had it not been for my religion, which in the midst of confusion whispered peace. The poor captain and crew were hard at work all night, without a dry thread upon them, and with the additional mortification of reflecting that every moment carried us farther from our intended destination. Early, however, on the Monday morning, the wind abated, and gave us time to breathe. I was very unwell, as I had eaten but little, and slept scarcely any. My sleep was distinguished only from my waking hours, by my dreams, which were generally of an unpleasant nature. In the course of the day, the improvement in weather improved the state of my feelings, and as I was not disposed to read, and writing was impracticable from the rolling of the ship, I amused myself with the captain's violin. This continued to be a scource of amusement the succeeding days, during which, the weather continued to improve, and as I could spend some time each day on deck, and in reading, I did not find the hours irksome, and began to think there might be pleasure at sea, though confined in a floating prison, where, to the usual horrors of confinement, is added the danger of being drowned, as Dr. Johnson somewhere defines a ship. The captain was attentive and kind, and the steward was obliging and obedient.—From the former I learnt a little navigation, and with

the latter conversed about his family, so that the time past swiftly on till Friday morning, when we fell in with a fine Swedish brig, bound like ourselves to Bordeaux, the master of which requested our company. In the evening we discovered the celebrated light-house of Cordouan, which stands on a dangerous ledge of rocks, at the entrance of the river Garonne. The mouth of this river is peculiarly dangerous on account of rocks and banks of sand, and as it was too late to get a Pilot the captain stood out again to sea, for fear of running ashore in the night. The next morning a thick fog came on, which prevented us from seeing the land, though according to reckoning, we could not be more than twenty miles distance. This again induced our captain to keep out to sea, as the best security till the weather should clear up, which happily it did on the Sunday morning. We fired a small cannon as a signal for a Pilot, and about nine o'clock, had the pleasure of perceiving several of their boats come out to meet us. About half-past nine I went on deck, and had a first view of the coast of that country, which for so long a time has engaged the attention and excited the astonishment of the civilized world, and been the theatre of events which will fill some of the most interesting and instructive pages in the history of man. The country on the right was low, and flat, and sandy; on the left a little varied by small hills, and woods, and villages, which, with their white houses and church spires, had rather a cheerful appearance. Our Pilot was an elderly, rough, healthy-looking Frenchman, who knew a few words only of English. I accosted him as well as I could in French, and was pleased to

find that I had no difficuly in making him understand me, though I was sorry that almost all he said to me was unintelligible, on account of the rapidity of his speaking. This I still find to be the case generally with those I hear. I however contrived to learn that he was a good Catholic, who went to church every Sunday, as did also the majority of his neighbours. I found, moreover, that on the most trivial occasions he did not scruple to swear both in English and French. The poor people in general, he said, could read; he, however, was an exception, as I discovered on shewing him a French book.

"Sunday evening—January 20th. As soon as we had entered the river we were boarded by the lieutenant of a vessel belonging to the customs, an agreeable looking young man, who spoke English much better than the Pilot, and who behaved in the politest manner. I conversed with him chiefly in French, and he was kind enough to speak very slowly—to read for me and hear me read, and to assist me in all his power, which I repaid by similar assistance in English. He had been a prisoner of war two years at Bridgnorth in Shropshire, and seemed very happy that he could now accost us as friends. He pointed out two small rising grounds, one on each side of the river, which he said in time of war had been fortified with cannon 'for to fire at your ships,' but now, he added, we are at peace—all friends; and to shew his friendship, he gave us some fine apples from his own garden. 'J'espere que nous le soyens longtems,' said I. 'Il est fort à esperer,' was his reply. The spirit of the warrior seemed to have given place to the suavity of the gentle-

man, and I heartily regretted his departure, which took place in about an hour after his arrival. Had our governments been at war, thought I, all this politeness, dictated as it seems by nature, would have been transformed, and this same man would have felt it his duty to sink our ship and cut our throats, if possible. 'Il est fort á esperer;' It is much to be hoped truly that we shall long remain at peace. This officer informed us, that on the night before, a large French ship of three hundred tons, laden with a rich cargo of West Indian produce, had been wrecked at the entrance of the river on a sand bank, upon which she had run during the fog. How thankful did I feel that through the prudence of our captain, we had probably escaped a similar fate. We proceeded slowly up the river till near nine at night, when we anchored, and soon after went to bed. At five on Monday morning, the ship was again under weigh, and at eight we anchored opposite Pouillac, a small town above half way up the river. Pouillac seemed from the ship to be a neat, cheerful, well-built village; houses generally white, which I found was the natural colour of the material with which they are built; a soft kind of chalk stone, which hardens by exposure to the weather. Here for the first time I landed on French ground, and had a glimpse of French dress and manners; neither were prepossessing; both men and women seemed slovenly, and a great many of them were idling about the streets. The men, with coverings for the head, varying in every form from the grenadier's cap to a woollen nightcap of every colour, were smoking and laughing and gaping. The women, some with frightful invented

pyramids of thin buckram on their heads, called (I suppose) caps, and others with party-coloured handkerchiefs, tied in the form of a turban, were nursing their children in the open air, or sewing at their doors; and with their swarthy complexion and wooden shoes, made a grotesque appearance. I asked our Pilot if it were a holiday; 'No,' said he, 'but yesterday was Sunday.' 'Ce fut le fête de Dimanche le jour passé.' The next morning we arrived within a mile of the city of Bordeaux, and the captain and I went ashore to view a little of the place.

"January 15th. In returning, I amused myself by walking in the public garden of the city, which is a fine promenade for the inhabitants, of which many of them were enjoying the advantage. It was quite as warm as was pleasant for walking, and every thing had an air of cheerfulness. The garden is separated into broad avenues by rows of fine trees, which, with their foliage and shade, must render it beautiful in summer, though it is inferior to Kensington. In the evening I visited the exchange, which was crowded by merchants of all nations and religions; here the Jew, Mahometan, and Christian, were united, and the East Indian, the Turk, the Persian, and American, were met for the purposes of commerce; it was an interesting sight, and I could not but regard the murmur of various languages, confused as the jargon of Babylon, yet having the same object, as an expressive tribute to the Genius of peace and commerce. In returning I examined several book-stalls, and found them chiefly covered with light reading; novels, plays, jest books, abridgements, and pamphlets occasioned by passing events. I asked for

a prayer-book, but could not get one, and I have since learnt that it is difficult to meet with a bible at the common stationers! Unhappily I staid out too long, and was forced to wait some time before I could get a boat to return on board, in consequence of which, I increased a trifling cold I had before caught, and more than doubled my cough.

"January 16th. I breakfasted with Mr. M., who after breakfast introduced me to a commercial reading-room, at the Hotelle d'Angleterre, belonging to the English and American gentlemen resident in the town, and to which each subscriber may introduce a friend gratis for a month. The daily papers of France are here taken in, and the *Courier* from England. The Mayor and Prefêt of the city, forbid the introduction of the Morning Chronicle, and of any of the American papers! So much for the liberty of reading! However, these precautions are as useless as they are foolish; several of the other papers extract the most interesting parts of the Chronicle, and American merchants lend their most important papers. I was presented with an admission ticket, and have several times been gratified by reading the papers of my country, and shocked by hearing the blasphemous language of my countrymen, several of whom swear most dreadfully in their common conversation. Certainly, whatever the French may think of religion, they do not trifle with the sacred name of its great object, half so much as the English who reside amongst them.

"Saturday was half spent in walking, and a vain search after lodgings, and half in reading and writing.

"Sunday was rainy and cold, which prevented me

from going to the Protestant church as I had intended; this was a great disappointment to me, as the minister of one of the churches is said to be a very pious man, and eloquent preacher; he was educated at Geneva, and when I can speak French a little better I hope to be introduced to him. There are two Protestant churches in town, and at *Montauban* is a large and flourishing establishment, for the education of Protestant clergy, at which are from sixty to eighty students. They are described as Calvinists, but I am yet very imperfectly acquainted with them. The English have no separate place of worship; so that many English and Irish families of the establishment, who do not understand French, are entirely deprived of the advantages of public worship; an evil which ought to be remedied, and which deserves the interference of our government.

"Monday—January 19th, was again fine, and in the morning I called upon Mr. J. to inquire about lodgings; he told me that he had a relation in the country, to whom he had written, and who had promised to take me into their family upon his recommendation, if upon seeing the place, I should like it. He offered to take me out in his barouche the following day, and pledged himself for the kindness and general character of the people.

"Tuesday morning. I rose at nine, after passing an almost sleepless night in consequence of my cough; at twelve I called on Mr. J., and was introduced to his lady and family; she accompanied us, and we set off to the westward; we passed through a large square of the city, called La Place Dauphine, which was the

scene of upwards of four hundred bloody executions during the revolution. There are many still living in Bordeaux who were witnesses of these outrages. The guillotine is still used in public executions. * * Further on the way, when we got into the country, I was amused by seeing the French mode of washing their clothes; eight or ten washerwomen were collected by the side of a stream of water, each furnished with a large tub and a small bench or stool; instead of putting her clothes into the tub, each woman, after fixing it in the stream, got into it herself, and with her stool attached to the side of it by two legs, she was first sousing her clothes into the stream, and then beating and rubbing them upon the stool with an instrument in her hand something like a small bat. This mode I understand soon wears out the clothes, but makes the linen and cotton shirts very white, as the water is continually renewed and is therefore continually clean.

"The country was very flat, and therefore, as to scenery, tame and uninteresting. The soil is generally sandy, very favourable for the vine, which is planted in every direction, but totally unfit for every sort of corn, except perhaps a little rye. To an Englishman every thing looks strange; the vines, with their supporting rods, may remind him of the hops of his own country, but the resemblance here ceases. The houses of the labourers are only one story, and in but few instances are they surrounded by a garden of flowers. The gentlemen's houses are heavy in appearance, and are generally fronted by a very lofty court gate, like some of our oldest farm houses. The country is pretty well wooded, but there are few full-grown trees, as they are

generally cut down each ten years for fuel. I arrived at our place of destination, and was pleased with almost every thing I saw. I determined therefore to come and take up my abode with them for a few weeks; at all events I have a fair prospect of comfort. The family speak both French and English, and will be happy to assist me in the acquirement of the former. In returning, I enquired into Mr. and Mrs. J.'s opinion of the French; They have lived here many years, and are likely to know them better than strangers, who pay only a flying visit. They said that the long wars and great political commotions of France have had a bad effect upon the morals of the people; but that naturally there was amongst them a great deal of sobriety and temperance, of honesty and humanity. Drunkards and cheats are seldom found amongst the poor; and as for their humanity, nothing could have exceeded it when Lord Wellington took possession of the city of Bordeaux, and brought in the train of his victorious army, crowds of wounded and half-starved Spaniards, Portugueze, and English soldiers. Many of their victims of war must have perished, had not the voluntary kindness of the common peasants rescued them from their fate. Poor as these peasants were, they gave up their food and their clothing to these their more unfortunate fellow-creatures. They cut up their own shirts to make bandages and plasters for their wounds; they fed them and dressed them with their own hands; and this without any command, except that of charity, or any prospect of reward, except that promised to every Christian, by him who has said, that 'Inasmuch ye have done it unto these my brethren, ye have done it

unto me.' There is also a class of young women at Bordeaux, and I believe at other towns, which, though it is perhaps in part to be attributed to the erroneous opinions of Popery, may serve to illustrate the humanity of the French. This class, whose name I forget,* devote themselves for a certain number of years, and many of them for life, to attend the public hospitals, as nurses for the sick. The most malignant fevers do not deter them from their labours of love, and their benevolence is even stronger than death, for though some of them fall a sacrifice to it, others still arise to fill up their places. Their dress is peculiar, and they seem in every respect like a religious order. I record these traits of humanity with lively pleasure, for while they illustrate and save the character of a nation, they also adorn and beautify our common nature. At dinner and in the evening we were highly gratified with the company of a young and intelligent Frenchman, a half-pay officer who had been a lieutenant in the army of Bonaparte, and was member of the legion of honour. He was an enthusiast in the cause of Bonaparte, though not blind to his faults. He had fought his way from the ranks—had been in the battle of Marengo, in the battles of Spain, and lastly in the battle of Waterloo. When Bonaparte was his theme, he was inexhaustible in eloquence, in animation and gesture; he was all spirit, all fire; and in the style of a complete Frenchman, whose whole soul was wrapt up in the present moment, he related the most interesting anecdotes of the Commander in chief and the other Generals of France. His contempt for the present

* The "Sœurs Gris."

officers of the army was without bounds; three-fourths of them he declared knew no more about commanding an army, than he knew about planting cabbages; and were they to be called out to active service, their men would not follow them. He allowed that Louis XVIII. was a well-meaning man, but we do not want (said he) merely a *good* man, he must be also a *brave* one. He was an admirer of the English—the only enemy of the French, worthy of them, and disposed to do them justice. He paid some high compliments to the Scotch, 'who wear short petticoats,' and whom he described as the best troops in the English service. He insisted that Bonaparte had been betrayed, at Waterloo, as well as by Marmont at Paris. The messenger (he said) who had been sent to Marshal Grouchy, with orders to join the main army in time for the battle, had gone directly to Blucher's head quarters, and given up his dispatches; by which treason, Grouchy, who was expected every moment by the French, never arrived; and the Prussians were enabled to come upon them at the critical moment when, after having performed prodigies of valour, they were exhausted with fatigue and compelled to give way. He related an anecdote of the Imperial Guards, who distinguished themselves so much on that eventful day, which, as it is well authenticated, will hereafter be recorded in history as a striking proof of heroism. They were surrounded on every side by their enemies, who were ready to devour them like beasts of prey. Many of them were already weltering in their blood, and there was no hope of escaping death but by surrendering themselves prisoners. Their General, who saw their danger and

was grieved that such noble troops should perish, sent orders to their commanding officer to save the lives of his men by yielding themselves to the enemy. His answer, which was applauded by all the guard was, 'The Imperial Guard of France know how to die, but not to yield,' and with this sentiment, they disputed every inch of ground against an overwhelming force, and were almost entirely cut off. Such indeed, said our officer, was the devotion of the French army to Bonaparte, that they would have risked their lives for him sooner than for father or mother; and were he now to return, seven-eights of them would again enrol themselves under his standard, and follow him to death or glory.

"Saturday evening—January 31. Wednesday was kept up as a day of public mourning, on account of the death of Louis XVI. *His* memory is honoured as that of a *Martyr*, and in a religious office appointed for the day, he is, like our Charles, distinguished by that title. There was public worship in all the churches, and in the two Protestant temples (as they are here called). By a prudent *ordonnance*, which is creditable to its author, the present Monarch had forbidden all preaching or eulogizing on the occasion, and confined the ministers to a simple reading of the testament of the unhappy Louis. Almost all the inhabitants were in mourning, and white flags fringed with black were hung from almost every house. The theatres, open on Sunday evenings, were closed on this, and every external mark of sorrow was manifested. I employed the day in removing to my lodgings in the country, and I have remained here ever since, secluded from the

world, busily engaged in studying French, and in the acquirement of health, almost without variety, except what my very limited walks in a country, flat, but well wooded, will allow, yet as comfortable as very rainy weather will permit. I foresee that the place will afford few observations or events for my diary; in the course of the ten days I have been here, I have, however, marked some traits of honesty in the surrounding peasantry which I shall record. These traits do not consist in individual acts so much as in customs; the former would only prove the honesty of individuals, the latter indicates that of the community at large. I shall first mention a custom which prevails in towns; I mean that of leaving the keys in the doors of inner rooms day and night. I speak of lodging houses in particular. Mrs. M. had several French servants, yet I found that all her lodgers left their doors unlocked day and night with the key outside. 'All the people here,' said Mrs. M., 'are honest;' meaning by here, Bordeaux.

"In walking through the Allée de Journy, which is quite a public street, I perceived a stall of walking-sticks, trinkets, &c. without any one to guard it, and apparently exposed to the depredations of every dishonest passenger; a label affixed directed purchasers to address themselves to the owner of a shop opposite. I one day stopped a considerable time at this stall, took up a variety of canes, and particularly observed that there was no one in the shop to watch my operations, or to come out and serve me. Does not this indicate the honesty of the population at large? In the surrounding country I frequently see hedges of a

quarter of a mile in length, at a considerable distance from any house, and where of course pilfering would be easy, covered with clothes to dry. In our daily walks we have several times called at the neighbouring houses, which we have found open, but deserted by their inhabitants who were gone out to labour. One of these houses is an elegant country seat, built *à la Françoise*, belonging to a rich Jew. In the front room is an elegant collection of pictures, and a pretty well-furnished green-house, where for the first time in my life, I saw oranges growing on the trees. This house we one day examined carefully, passing at our leisure through the front rooms, without any of the family making their appearance, and without Mr. A.'s appearing to expect it. Public confidence implies general honesty. In hopes of hearing a French sermon, I went to the Catholic church of the village, but was disappointed in finding that the sermon was destined for the evening service. I found a numerous and apparently devout congregation assembled to *hear* mass; not comfortably seated in family pews as with us, but almost all the men standing near the entrance of the church, and the women seated on small moveable chairs, for which they pay something each Sunday. Many, who were unable or unwilling to hire chairs, were kneeling upon the cold tiled floor. This was the first time I had ever attended the celebration of mass, and I was surprised and grieved to see the round of useless and even ridiculous ceremonies, and to hear the unintelligible chantings, of which the whole service was composed. Could I have abstracted myself from every thing which had occurred previous to my entrance

into the church, I could easily have imagined myself in an idolator's temple, so numerous were the prostrations to the images of Christ, the altar, and the host. To compare what I saw with the instructions in the New Testament, shews in a striking manner the corruption of Christian doctrine which still prevails, and which blinds the understanding of a vast majority of the Christian world. I felt myself almost over-powered with the reflection whilst witnessing the devotion of these poor people, most of whom, like myself, did not understand a word of the service, which was chaunted, partly by the priest and partly by four or five singing boys and men. I could not help praying earnestly for the overthrow of anti-christ and the establishment of Divine truth. How happy should I be to become a humble instrument in the hands of God, of introducing the simplicity of Christian doctrine amongst the vast population of France; but I fear the time is not yet come. Happy am I in having been born a native of England.

"Sunday evening—February 15. Since writing the above, I have seen and heard little or nothing; each day is the copy of the preceding, and my life is absolutely without variety. The weather has been on the whole very bad, often not permitting me to take a walk; and though I have been here twenty days, my health I fear is but little improved. I am assiduous in my study of French, and make some progress—Mr. A. says an astonishing progress. I feel much the want of public worship, and cannot but deplore the manner in which many of the peasants spend the Lord's day. Hard at work on all the other days of

the week, on this they are devoted to idleness and amusement. Amusement, if innocent, I should not blame, but they take their guns and their dogs and scour the fields and woods after the harmless birds, and spread misery amongst the poor animals, whilst they demoralize themselves. The least mischievous part of this day is the evening, which is spent in dancing. But poor things! what can they do?—Religion as it appears here can have no charms for them; the beauties of literature and the pleasures of taste, are alike equally strangers to them; and it is no wonder that the mind, active and impatient of indolence, leads them to the sports of the field and dance. Happy is it for them that they do not, like too many of my countrymen, degrade themselves on this day below the level of the beasts, by intoxication.

"Through the providence of God, I have many resources in myself and in my books, but still I find the want of public worship to give energy and liveliness to devotion. * * I long already for the day when with renewed health I can return to my dear friends, and join with them in the pure worship of *One God the Father.*

"Monday evening—March 23. The long chasm in my diary is only a proof of the unvaried nature of my occupations and my enjoyments, with two or three exceptions, the history of a day will be the history of the last month. The exceptions have been occasioned by two visits I have paid. * I went for the purpose of going to the Protestant church—I had heard much of one of the ministers, M. Chessière, and I was happy to find that all my expectations were exceeded

by the pleasure I had in hearing him. He spoke in general very distinctly, so that I understood him with comparative ease—his sermon was animated, eloquent, pathetic—his elocution, forcible, and manly—his action in general graceful, though to an English taste, rather too theatrical—he had felt the force of Horace's maxim, *si vis me flere flendum est tibi*, and in one of the most powerful and pathetic appeals to the consciences of his hearers I ever heard, his tears bore witness to the sincerity of his heart, and melted the hearts of a large proportion of his auditors. I had the pleasure of being introduced to him the day after, and hope to enjoy his company again. The church, which was formerly a Catholic one, and which was granted to the Protestants by the government, will hold about one thousand people, and like most of the Catholic churches, is furnished with chairs for seats. It was filled by an attentive and respectable congregation, amongst whom, the rich and poor were mingled without distinction. The psalmody was very inferior to our own. * * * I was so highly gratified with the service of the 15th, that I was determined to go again on the 22nd, Easter day, which is observed here with much more solemnity than with us. The church was crowded almost to excess—the sermon on the last scenes of Christ's life, though unequal to that of last Sunday, was still truly excellent, and in its conclusion grand. The Lord's supper was celebrated afterwards, and I was delighted to see so many communicants of all ages and of both sexes, as well as with the solemnity which prevailed throughout the whole service. When the service had been read which is appointed for the occasion, the

minister placed himself before the table; at his side was another minister or friend to assist him; after remaining about five minutes in mental prayer, about three hundred communicants, beginning with the elders and deacons of the church, presented themselves in pairs before the table, and the minister, repeating some text of Scripture, presented them the bread and wine, and after having received, it they made way for others, who were served in the same manner, and returned to their chairs. I was happy in having an opportunity of thus profitably celebrating the dying love of the Redeemer; and the Church, knowing that the table is the Lord's and not their own, presented no barriers, required no confession of faith, but received me as a brother. The service concluded with a suitable exhortation. It is customary on this day to receive the new communicants who have been previously instructed by the pastors, and who are particularly addressed by the preacher on the solemn nature of the engagement they are about to make, to live as Disciples of Jesus; their names publicly pronounced before the church, of which they are afterwards regarded as members. Boys and girls from fifteen to twenty years of age generally form this interesting group. At the other Church, *Chartreux*, there were this day thirty new communicants, fifteen boys and fifteen girls, and I was told that the address was very affecting. All that I have seen and heard has given me an idea of the prosperity, temporal and spiritual, of the Protestants at Bordeaux. I am doing all in my power to gain information on the actual situation of the churches, both here, at Nismes, and throughout the Kingdom;

and hope to be the means of increasing the knowledge of my fellow Christians in England on this subject.

"For the first time in my life I have spent *Lent, le Pâs que,* in a Catholic country where it is strictly observed as a fast; on which no meat is allowed to gratify the appetites of the faithful.. In Protestant families, Catholic servants would not eat the remains of their masters' feasts; and while they had it in their power to use rich soups, and juicy nourishing beef and mutton, they have scrupulously contented themselves with *soupe maigre* and vegetables. The Archbishop has sent to the *Curés* of this diocese a statement of the kinds of grease which might be made use of, and the proper way of using them, and what will seem mysterious to the unbelieving Protestant. He has permitted the use of kitchen fat to servants in making soup, but has forbidden them to use it to render their vegetables more palatable.

"Throughout the whole of the time since the last date, the weather has in general been bad, and my health has been but variable. At present I am suffering severely from boils, which render me weak and dispirited, and for a time, no doubt, retard my recovery. I begin to be weary of the sameness of my situation, and sigh after more variety, and a dryer atmosphere.

"I am pleased and surprised to find that, notwithstanding the apparent poverty of the peasants in the neighbourhood, most of them have an acre or two of vines, a pig, or a cow. At the same time it must be allowed that their cottages are often uncomfortable, with clay floors, a smoky chimney, a few old chairs and table, which shew no signs whatever of the

weekly industry of the wife or the daughter, possessing in a word nothing equal to the furniture of an English cottage, except the beds, in which the French certainly excel us by far. Did not the established religion so often give reason to fear that superstition holds the place of piety, it would be pleasing to see by the sides or hung at the head of the beds, crucifixes and images of Christ, which are evidently considered by the poorest peasant as essential parts of household furniture. In addition to the uncomfortable cottages, it must be also allowed that the people are very coarsely clad and coarsely fed."

This journal of Mr. Goodier's here breaks off, and it was not permitted to him to resume it. His desire of gaining a further knowledge of the French character and manners, his interest in the scenes that he was entering into, and his wish to exert his powers of usefulness in the situation in which he was placed, were early and suddenly frustrated; and instead of farther exertions and sufferings here, he was called to his great reward in a better state of being. In his conduct during his residence abroad, the patience and sweetness with which he bore his affliction, and the kindness and friendship he excited in those around him, we find that no difference of opinion, or religious profession, can prevent genuine piety and goodness from their natural influence over the minds of others. It is delightful to behold how, from circumstances apparently the most unpromising, he derived real benefit and unexpected pleasure. Even on his first entrance into a land of strangers, sick, solitary, and, with the excep-

tion of a few introductions, unfriended, he received every hospitable attention; he sought for sympathy, and it was not refused to him; and those who first knew him only in his hours of pain and suffering, did not desert him in the still darker scenes that awaited him. On the contrary, the pleasure they took in his society, and the benefit they derived from his example, amply repaid them for the melancholy duty of sharing in his distress and alleviating his pain. His thoughts still fondly turned to his friends at home, and in a few weeks, by the first opportunity that occurred, he wrote to his father, with an account of the family with whom he was settled, with his opinion of the religious state of the society around him, and the prospects of usefulness he was himself likely to find.

"*Bordeaux, February 17, 1818.*

"DEAR FATHER,

"A few days hence, Captain A., with whom I came to Bordeaux, will set sail for Liverpool, and has promised to take me any letters I may wish. You will be anxious to know how I am, and what I think of the climate and people, and I cannot permit so good an opportunity of sending to you to pass by unimproved. You will have heard before this, of my comparatively good voyage, and safe arrival at the desired haven. I had several excellent letters of introduction to some of the most respectable mercantile English houses, which I have found of great use. They received and treated me with the greatest politeness, and were willing to assist me with information and advice, and to look out for comfortable lodgings for me. I

wished to lodge in the country if possible, and a Mr. J., to whom I had a good introduction, procured me a lodging about six miles from town, which is almost every thing I could wish. The family with whom I live are relations of Mrs. J., and having been unfortunate in trade, have retired into the country to cultivate a small estate, of between thirty and forty acres. They keep eight or ten cows, and live in a neat and economical manner. The surrounding country is flat, but well-wooded, and will soon begin to be beautiful. The family are of Irish extraction, and speak both French and English. They are very attentive to me, and I have nothing to wish for but a horse. They have procured for me an ass; and the servant brings me, every morning before I get up, a bowl of asses' milk, and at night I take another, besides a basin or two of cows' milk every day. The weather is much milder than with you, but for a week past has been very wet. In one and the same day we have had thunder and hail, and snow and rain: the country was almost inundated; but two days of fine weather have caused much of the water to disappear, and has restored cheerfulness to the surrounding scenery. Two days ago it was as warm as it commonly is in May with us, and in general the season is at least six weeks in advance compared with our's. Pease and beans are already up; the peasants are planting potatoes, and dressing their vineyards, and their gardens begin to shew an appearance of spring. I wish I could add that I find myself rapidly recovering, but owing to the wet weather, which confined me a whole week to the house, and also to a severe cold which I caught a day

or two after my arrival at Bordeaux, I do not feel so much improved as I had expected. I walk out a good deal, but find a couple of miles a fatiguing journey. Fine warm weather is, however, now coming on, and in a month or six weeks you may expect to hear a good account from me. I intend to proceed further to the south at the end of that time, and shall probably stay some time at Toulouse. I shall improve the present opportunity, as much as possible, of seeing men and manners. I am very desirous of knowing the French character thoroughly from personal observation, and also of learning the state of public opinion and of religion. At present, I am shut out from the world completely, and cannot observe much; but I am busily employed in learning to speak French, and in six weeks I hope to be able to converse in it with tolerable ease and correctness. Short as my stay has been, I have seen enough to make me rejoice that I am a native of England. We rail at the government, and with reason, perhaps: we call ourselves slaves who have been robbed of liberty by an arbitrary suspension of the habeas corpus act, but after all, we enjoy far more liberty than the people of France: we have liberty of conscience, which is here unknown, liberty of speech, which is here forbidden, and liberty of reading, which is here proscribed. There are two Protestant churches in Bordeaux, and though the members think the present a peaceable and favourable time for them, yet I find the ministers dare not defend their sentiments publicly, and none of the people would venture on any account to attempt the conversion of an ignorant Catholic; and as to the poor Catholics, the

great majority of the people, they are the slaves of superstition, and priestcraft, and ceremony. It would grieve you to attend one of their public services—to witness their crossings and bowings to images of Christ, or to the altar, and hear them attempt to join in chanting Latin prayers, not a word of which they understand. Ignorance and bigotry go hand in hand, and I suppose if, after having learnt French, I should attempt to preach Unitarianism, the guillotine would be my reward. The English at Bordeaux are numerous, but have no church of their own, nor any service in English: many of them understand French very well, and attend at the Protestant temples, as they are called. In these temples, *doctrines* are seldom insisted upon I believe, and as far as I have yet learnt, they seem in this respect to be much in the same state as our congregations were twenty years ago; a mixture of Trinitarians, Arians, and a few Socinians, as we are here called. Here, however, the grand distinction is between Protestants and Catholics. In this, minor differences are sunk, and were I strong enough for the undertaking, I should not despair of raising a church at Bordeaux amongst those English, who do not understand French sufficiently to profit by the services of the Protestants. You will perceive that I am deprived of the advantages of public worship: I feel the loss to be considerable, and am afraid I shall suffer by it. To attend the Catholics is impossible, I should be seized with melancholy. Protestants, there are none near, except the family I am with and their fathers, who are of the Church of England. We have worship in the family every Sunday, and

though there are some parts of the service to which I am forced to object, yet as I am not the minister, I content myself with objecting, and cannot persuade myself to be absent, so much do I think the company of our fellow-beings enlivens and assists devotion. Give my love to my sister and to all my friends. Write soon, if you have not written already, and tell me how you all are. Remember that I am an exile, in a foreign land, and that the most indifferent things which regard my *home*, my *friends*, and my *country*, are doubly dear to me."

On the same day on which he wrote the preceding letter, Mr. Goodier also addressed one to his friend Mr. F.

"My Dear Sir,

"I am happy in having so soon an opportunity of writing to you again. Captain A. returns to Liverpool, and kindly offers to convey you as many letters as I wish; your past unparallelled kindness leaves me no room to doubt that you will be glad to hear of me, and for my own part, exiled as I am from my home and my country, each of my friends seems doubly dear to me; and in longing again to enjoy their company, I find thinking of them, recollecting their kindness, and in imagination enjoying it over again, and above all, writing to them, the best means of supporting my impatience. You will not, I am sure, be surprised, that even in the midst of novelty and variety, I should feel at times that something is wanting to my accustomed happiness, when you con-

sider how completely all my wants were anticipated, and every necessary comfort supplied under your hospitable roof. Happy, indeed, was it for me to find such a refuge in time of need; and happy, perhaps, is it for me that circumstances have arisen which have removed me from it, as soon as my health was decidedly improved; too much repose would have blunted my faculties; too much happiness would have corrupted me. You must, I fear, at times have thought me ungrateful, in having never expressed my obligations to you, during the long time you were doing so much for me. The truth is, that I have always thought, as I still think, that any common language would do injustice both to your generosity and my own feelings, and when I have attempted to speak, my words have been stifled in their birth. Your peace of mind depends not upon words, which of themselves would prove nothing. If it please the Great Disposer of events, who killeth and maketh alive again, to continue and perfect that restoration to health, which *He* has begun chiefly by your means, I trust that you will long live to see that your kindness has not been in vain, or your goodness abused, and that my conduct will best speak the reality of my thankfulness. In the mean time, I rejoice in the assurance, that a day will certainly arrive, in which the benevolent *Jesus*, the judge of quick and dead, will say to all who resemble him, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these *my brethren*, ye have done it unto me.' The benevolence of Jesus is an illustration of the goodness of God, and both are too great and extensive to suffer the least good action to pass unrewarded. Even a cup

of cold water given to a Disciple of Christ, from a Christian motive, we are assured shall by no means lose its reward. Here then, is a strong foundation for comfort, and for thankfulness to all the followers of Jesus, who, like myself, are conscious of their inability ever to discharge the obligations which the generosity of their fellow Christians has laid them under. Jesus, our master, is in this sense our surety, and will make full and complete atonement for all our deficiencies. Excuse me for having dwelt so long on this topic, and assuming so sermonic a strain. The subject was fruitful, and my feelings have insensibly led me on; but I must recollect I am writing a letter, not composing a sermon." [Mr. Goodier here repeats the account of his lodging, and the comforts of his situation, and continues] "Mrs. A. is in part an invalid herself, and tells me to regard her as a mother, while I stay with them; the daughters are obliging, and an old French woman-servant, who would have been burnt as a witch in the days of our fathers, seems to regard me as one of her children, and takes all the care of me possible.

* * My nurse, as I call her, brings me a warm bowl of asses' milk about seven o'clock each morning, whilst I am yet in bed, and by her kind inquiries after my health, and the manner in which I have passed the night, fully proves that sympathy is not confined to one language, or one nation. I stayed for some days after my arrival with the captain, who has uniformly behaved with kindness to me. I unfortunately caught a severe cold while remaining with him, which, added to nine days of incessant rain, has retarded my recovery, and I am not much better than when I left you. Several

of the days have however been delightful; as warm quite as the finest days of our finest April. Such weather is now setting in, I think. I spend a great deal of time in the open air, rambling in the woods, of which there are several in the neighbourhood."

A few weeks after the above letter was written, Mr. Goodier took the opportunity, afforded by a vessel sailing for Liverpool, to write again to his father; his account of the state of his health is a very unsatisfactory one.

"*Marignan, March* 18, 1818.

"I am sorry to be still unable to send you an account as favourable as I had wished, and hoped, however, I am somewhat improved, and if the season had not been almost incessantly wet, should have been much more so. The natives are themselves surprised at the weather, which they say is almost unexampled; at least three-fourths of the time since my arrival has been so rainy, as to prevent my going out, and were it not that Mr. J. has furnished me with a variety of interesting books, I should have past my time uncomfortably. Whenever the weather is fine, I am much in the open air, and walked as much as forty-five miles the first week in this month, chiefly in a neighbouring pine wood, in which is a half-mile walk, furnished with a seat for resting. This will convince you that I must be improved; however, I have gained only about two pounds in weight, and in consequence of a little cold, which I caught in returning from the city, where I had spent three days with the J. family, who are very kind

to me, my cough is more troublesome, and I am not quite so well this week." Mr. Goodier then mentions the severe suffering he was at this time experiencing from several large boils; and he adds, "I bear my pain patiently, considering it as an effort of my constitution to throw off the remains of disease; judge what I must have suffered. I have been lame ever since my arrival in France, and for three weeks past have been forced to wear my arm in a sling. * * I have at times great difficulty in keeping up my spirits, and in the absence of all information from you, my mind is sometimes apt to feed its gloom with melancholy views of things. To consider myself as an almost confirmed invalid, who has been struggling for years with a dangerous and obstinate disease, which is ever ready to seize each advantage possible, and dispute every inch of ground; an exile from my home and my friends, from whom I am separated by a chasm of upwards of eight hundred miles; amongst strangers, whose language, and manners, and religion are different from my own; gives me but too just a cause for melancholy when I am a little worse, and the time of my recovery seems more distant. However, reason and religion both come to my aid, and assure me that all is right, under the administration of wisdom which cannot err, and of goodness which can never do wrong. I have much to be thankful for, and though I have struggled long with disease, I have not struggled in vain. Though I am among strangers, they are strangers who are kind. I am peculiarly fortunate in having been introduced to Mr. J., who is very rich, and very hospitable; whenever I go to town, I have a bed and a

plate at my service there, and they do every thing, and more than I could expect, to show their sympathy and render my situation comfortable. At their house I have been introduced to one of the pastors of the Protestant church at Bordeaux, whom I heard preach on Sunday last. He is one of the finest speakers I have ever heard, and gave a sermon which I could not help thinking wonderful, on account of its powerful eloquence and touching pathos. I understood him perfectly, though preaching in French, which added greatly to my pleasure. I am still at the place where I was, but think it likely that I may go on to Montauban or Toulouse in the course of next week. You may expect a good account of me in six weeks hence, and in the mean time I shall doubtless hear from you. I am very anxious to hear how you all are, and how my friends are; I mention no names, for I could fill a sheet with the names of those of whom I frequently think, and for whose welfare I am anxious. My daily prayers are offered for your happiness, and that of the whole family, whom I love the more in consequence of being farther distant, and if you were in possession of all the good I wish, both you and my mother would be convinced that I am indeed your affectionate son."

In a passage in the very interesting memoir of Mr. Goodier, published in the Monthly Repository, is the following extract from a letter, written prior to his departure from Bordeaux, which apparently refers to the minister just mentioned.

"On Sunday I went to the Protestant church, and

was highly gratified by seeing a crowded and most respectable congregation, and by hearing an admirable French sermon, delivered in a masterly manner. The minister is one of the best speakers I have yet heard, his sermon abounded in eloquent and pathetic passages, pronounced with such force and feeling, as evidently came from the heart, and easily found their way to the hearts of the audience, some hundreds of whom were dissolved in tears. I have been happy enough to be introduced to this excellent preacher and good man."

Thus, in the midst of severe and protracted pain, did Mr. Goodier find consolation and even happiness in witnessing the exertions and Christian labours of others, and his heart was still open to every source of moral and religious joy, with even increased sensibility and gratitude. The same warm interest in the welfare and virtue of his fellow-creatures, the same benevolent desire to contribute to it, the amiable temper and lively observation which had distinguished and blest his days of youth and activity, still shed their soothing and consolatory influences over the departing scenes of his life. His sufferings produced only increased patience, and a more entire resignation—he still cherished the hope and expectation of being useful to others—he seized with pleasure and thankfulness every opportunity of increasing his information on religious subjects—and, with his usual ardour of mind, he formed a plan of translating English Unitarian tracts into the French tongue, and thus assisting, though incapacitated from public duty, in diffusing the interests of pure and Scriptural Christianity: this hope was

not doomed to be realized. His proposal was, however, presented to the general meeting of the Unitarian fund in 1818, and met with universal approbation from the members. It was, however, understood by the book society, some members of whom were present, that the support of such an undertaking belonged rather to them, than to the Unitarian Fund, and at the first meeting of that society, which took place afterwards, it was resolved, that the sum fixed for the purpose, should be forwarded to Mr. Goodier, accompanied with suitable tracts. This plan was unhappily frustrated, by the speedy and fatal termination of all his benevolent projects. "Almost with his dying breath, Mr. Goodier bore his testimony to the necessity and practicability of diffusing religious knowledge in France." As soon as he arrived at Montauban, Mr. Goodier wrote to England, and this letter breathes a beautiful spirit of rejoicing in the opening charms of nature, and the rich variety of the scenery around him; few have felt so vividly the admiration and joy inspired by the changes of the seasons, and the freshness and animation of spring; and connected, as all things were in his mind, with the benevolence and goodness of their Author, they became a source of peculiar and elevated enjoyment which only hearts like his are privileged to feel.

"*Montauban, May* 29, 1818.

"My Dear Mrs. F.

"I am happy to be able through the blessing of a good Providence, to write a less melancholy letter than my last. I am in every respect

much better than in March, and am gradually though slowly improving. You will see by the date of this, that I have left the neighbourhood of Bordeaux, and I am sorry that my lameness prevented me from leaving sooner. The neighbourhood of Bordeaux is flat, low, and subject to very frequent rains, which charge the atmosphere with humidity, however, on the 7th, I left it for this city, which is delightfully situated on the banks of the Tarne, in the midst of a rich and extensive plain, commanding a delightful prospect, which is bounded on the south west by the Pyrenees, which even at this distance (one hundred miles) excite a most vivid idea of the venerableness and grandeur of nature, when throned on mountains capped with clouds. I can give you but a faint idea of the richness, and magnificence, and loveliness of the scenery which surrounds me. The weather is in general delightful, though in the middle of the day too hot; the harvest is rich in promise, and as far as regards hay and clover is already commenced partially. The groves are filled with nightingales, the fields with larks and cuckoos, the grass with chirping insects, all of which vie with each other in singing the pleasures of life and of spring; a song, which however varied in form, in the ear of a religious man, who delights to regard in nature the mirror of the Creator's goodness, is a chorus of gratitude and praise. Nor is man silent in this chorus; it is no rare thing to hear the labourers singing in the fields, and the country girls as they pass along the lanes with the knitting needle and the distaff, frequently express their gaiety by joining in the song. But the mildness of the climate, and beauty of the country,

are not all the charms which my present situation possesses. Montauban is the seat of Protestant instruction in France; their only college for the education of young ministers is here; it is a large convenient building, formerly a convent; there are upwards of thirty students, and six professors of the various branches of learning. I had a letter of introduction to the principal professor, as a young minister of the Reformed church of England. He received me with an hospitality truly English, introduced me to the other professors, and I am on terms of familiarity with all the students, as well as with two of the pastors of the Protestant church here; one of whom, an eloquent preacher, I may venture to call my friend. I have permission to attend the college lectures free of expense; and though the professors and students know that I am a heretic, for I have made no secret of my principles, yet the most orthodox of them treat me as a Christian brother. To complete my good fortune, I am lodged in a boarding-house delightfully situated in the suburbs, where all besides myself are students at the college. I have a large well-furnished chamber. Our hostess is truly a mother to me, and she seems only to fear that I should not express my wants freely. In a word, my dear Madam, I am in a situation which wants nothing but you and my other dear friends in England to make it as perfectly happy as earth will permit." Mr. Goodier here mentions his health, and gives a detail of his sufferings, which still continued uncommonly severe: he continues, "They do not hinder me, however, from walking out in the country a great deal. I rise soon after, and sometimes with the sun, generally

about five o'clock; the morning air is delicious, and I am very little within doors till about half-past eight. The middle of the day is in general too hot for walking, but after six I keep again moving till near eight: this, however, fatigues me. I sleep well, eat well, cough at present very little, and I trust Dr. —'s prescription will be of service to me. I have every prospect of becoming a healthy man in the course of another year, if it were not for these boils, and I hope fervently that the next will be the last. I scarcely need add that I intend prolonging my stay in this charming country, I hope for another year, and in that time I trust to be enabled, by the Divine blessing, to earn as much by English teaching as will pay my expenses. On the whole, my dear Mrs. F., I think you will agree with me, in saying that I have every reason to rejoice in my visit to France. It has not only given me an opportunity of learning the language, which at present I speak and write daily, and of seeing a country which has long engaged the attention of the world at large, but it has enabled me to collect a variety of particulars respecting the state of the French Protestants, a subject equally interesting and unknown in England. What I have learnt respecting them, has led me to form a plan, which I hope will have your and Mr. F.'s approbation, and which, if it succeeds, will lead me to regard my visit, and the sickness which occasioned it, as truly providential. I am convinced the Protestant ministers and students are, with few exceptions, very far from orthodox. They do not hesitate to preach directly against some of the doctrines of Calvinism, and on almost all the others, they guard

an absolute silence. Mr. H. is at present here endeavouring to lead the students back to Calvinism. He meets with little success, and I am persuaded there wants nothing but a fair statement and a good defence of Unitarianism to gain converts. I have, therefore, proposed to translate and circulate, at their expense, some of the best Unitarian tracts. I expect an answer daily, and as I have no doubt of an affirmative one, I have to request that H. T. will send me by the first ship a good selection of these tracts."

The favourable situation of Montauban, as the seat of Protestant study, for the diffusion of religious information, having thus occured to Mr. Goodier, in another letter to his friends in England, he thus continues the subject:— "I am collecting all the information in my power on the state of the French Protestants, who, in general, are very far from being Calvinists. I have never yet heard a doctrinal sermon, and in general I do not even hear an orthodox expression in the public services, if I except some vague language on the merits of Christ. At Bordeaux there are several demi-Unitarians, and their most popular minister would be condemned at once by our English Calvinists as a Socinian. Liké the pastors of Geneva, he maintains an absolute silence: he has favoured me with a very friendly notice—in a letter which he did me the honour of writing, some weeks ago, he says,— "Pour moi, je ne jure ni par Luther, ni par Calvin. Je ne suis ni d'Appollos ni de Cephas. Je suis de Jesus Christ. Tout ce qui est clairement revélé dans l'Ecriture Sainte est l'objet de ma foi. J'admets

tout ce qu'elle dit, sans vouloir sur ce qui est obscur, expliquer témérairement le pour quoi, et le comment. Les choses cachees sont pour L'Eternel." So far as I have yet learnt, this language is applicable to the majority of Protestant ministers in France. Believing that secret things belong unto God, they seldom preach upon the mysteries of the Gospel, as they are termed. Election, predestination, justification, and the operation of Divine grace, are subjects almost exploded: if there remain any orthodox doctrine in the pulpit, it is that of satisfaction.

"This is the seat of Protestant instruction in France; their college contains, at present, about forty students and six professors, who are salaried by the government. I board at the same house with one of the pastors and nine of the students. You will readily believe that my heresy is no secret. We have daily discussions on the Divinity of Christ, which most of the students believe. My opinions have been reported to one of the professors, who, though orthodox, as I believe all of them are, still receives me kindly, and seems anxious to be acquainted with some of the Unitarian books of England. He understands English, and has just translated 'Wilberforce's View,' which he is about to publish. Mr. Robert H., of Scotland, is also here, busily engaged, as he has been at Geneva, in translating and publishing orthodox pamphlets: he is a strict Calvinist, and in his writings, as well as conversation, refuses us the Christian name. Notwithstanding this, he is very benevolent and mild; he heard of my arrival and expressed a wish to see me; I was in-

troduced by a common friend, and we had a conversation of five hours on the leading doctrines of the Gospel: he is extremely friendly, and kindly hopes that God will convert me. I have a pressing invitation to his house; he gives me his printed works and lends me any of his books. Under these circumstances, is it not highly desirable to translate and circulate a few of our best tracts? In two months to come I shall be able to translate them correctly, with the assistance of one of the students; and though I dare not publish, I can easily and cheaply print and circulate some of them. In the public mind there is much indifference, but the opinions of Geneva excite attention amongst the students and pastors, and some of the people. Would the Unitarian fund be willing to expend eight or ten pounds in this good work? I need not say that I should proceed economically and prudently, and that my personal exertions would be willingly given. How I should rejoice and adore the wisdom of Providence, if my sickness should thus be rendered instrumental to the introduction of Divine truth into this extensive and enlightened empire."

A few weeks after the above letter was written, Mr. Goodier's sufferings continued to increase, and his strength rapidly declined, though the enduring sweetness of his temper, and his firm resignation to his severe trial, remained the same; and in the midst of violent pain, and the near prospect of parting, and death, the still small voice yet whispered peace. From a life of ripening usefulness he was called in the midst

of his days. His plans of increased knowledge and benevolence were cut off prematurely; but he trusted that they were interrupted, not destroyed, and that they would still continue to expand in another and a holier state of being. The energies of his mind continued warm and unimpaired to the last; and the letters he dictated from his dying bed, are filled with expressions of Christian hope and joy, and the tenderest affection and concern for his friends. It is truly affecting, amidst his own sufferings, to behold the gentleness with which he endeavoured to soothe the blow to his family, and by words of comfort and trust, to inspire them with the consolation which he himself possesed. The Christian patience, the fortitude, the heavenly-mindedness, which he had for years been labouring to attain, which, through many trials and sorrows he had endeavoured to cultivate, and whose lesson he had learnt in disappointment and sickness, now sustained him at the last; and with a heart already diciplined to receive his heavenly Father's will, he did not shrink from the great closing trial. He was, indeed, fitted for a future state of happiness, if the most extensive benevolence of disposition, goodness, and singleness of heart, talents consecrated through life to the service of religion and virtue, and an exalted love of God and human-kind, can be supposed a fit preparation for Heaven. In every line of his writings the spirit of devotion is visible.

Besides his English diary, he left a short diary in French, which was commenced a few weeks previous to his death, and which the circumstances under which it was written, render peculiarly interesting; it is

a continuation of a former one, written during his residence abroad, which is unfortunately lost.

" June 1st, 1818.—Ce que j'ai écrit journellement, c'est bien peu de chose; cependant jai toûjours tronvé qu'un bon journal est un ami fidèle, et un censeur instructif. Les defautes et les omissions d'aujourd hui, sont, au peuvent être, les conseillers de demain; et l'ecriture des pensées legéres qui glissent dans l'ame, conserve souvent des choses utiles à l'avenir, qui seroient autrement perdués. De plus, comme je me propose d'écrire toûjours en langue Francaise, ce journal me servira d'un livre d'exercises Françaises, et contribuera ainsi de me faire apprendre une langue que j'aime mieux en la connaissant mieux. * * * Au commencement de ce mois, je me trouve dans un état de faiblesse et de paresse—un mal au pied droit, une douleur à la cuisse gauche, voilà pourquoi je suis en cet état; les douleurs m'empêchent de marcher, et de prendre le bon air en assez grande quantité—je reste chez moi beaucoup, et je ne piux, par consequence ressentir la vivacité et la vigueur— le reméde dont ja'i fait un essai, n'á pas eu de suites, et je crois qn'il faut attendre les effets du beau temps.

" June 2d.—Il y a deux ans aujourd-hui depuis que je ne sois chez mon pére ou chez mes parens. Quand je fis mes adieux je croyois partir pour un quart d'année et pensois á rien moins qu'á venir en France—mais Personne ne peut voir l'avenir, ou savoir les choses qui vont venir. Je me flattois de l'espérance de rétablir ma sante par un voyage à l'Isle Blanche—au contraire je l'ai affaiblie et fait nâitre la necessité de voyager en

France. Il me tarde de revenir à ma chére Patrie et à mes chers amis, mais la santé ne me permet pas cette gratification et il me faut rester chez des etrangers au moins un autre an. Eh bien ! il faut se soumettre á la volunté de Dieu—que son nom Sacrè soit benit que je ne suis pas sans agrèmens ; et si je languis quelque fois, je suis d'ordinaire assez content de mon sort et de ma situation. J'ai de bons amis, qui me font bien du plaisir par leurs amitiés. Je me confie donc à Dieu, et je me determine à faire incessamment des efforts à être toujours content, heureux et reconnaissant."

These were the last lines he ever wrote in his journal, and the resolution was not made in vain. He was grateful, and he was happy, even on the bed of death; a happiness not to be exchanged for the best joys of a world like this. The separation from his friends was indeed a stroke he could not but deeply feel ; but even this was alleviated by that perfect confidence with which he committed himself and all whom he loved, to that power which cannot err, and will not willingly afflict. In the beginning of July, he grew rapidly worse, and his state of weakness became alarming ; he therefore felt it necessary to inform his family of the painful change which had taken place. The following letter is addressed to them all.

"*July* 12, 1818.

"I find myself at length forced to the performance of a painful duty which by deferring I had hoped to escape, viz: that of making you fully acquainted with my present painful and feeble situation.

I wish you to be prepared for all events; and when I tell you that I write this letter from a sick chamber, to which I have been confined for almost a week, chiefly in bed, in a state of such helplessness, as to be absolutely dependent on the kind offices of the family with whom I lodge, who have been forced for several nights past to watch with me; that for a month past I have been forced to employ the skill of an eminent physician of the town, who visits me twice a day, you will agree with me, that it is very possible you have seen me for the last time on this side the tomb. I wrote to you by a friend last week, a general account of the reverses which have led to this state. I wish not to expatiate; my sufferings have been, and continue to be, very great, and it is quite sufficient that I have to bear them myself without making you suffer.

"Under these painful circumstances, the mercy of God has provided me every possible consolation, and in general my mind is tranquil and happy; oftener, indeed, disturbed on your account than on my own; and I earnestly pray, and confidently hope, that these consolations will soften your portion of this mysterious dispensation as they do mine. The grand truths of the Gospel, especially that of the universal love and fatherly character of Him in whose hands our breath is, confirmed as this doctrine is by reason and by past experience, fill me with humble confidence; and though death is awful, it has ceased to be terrible. When I look back on the merciful dealings of His providence during my long sickness, and reflect on the numerous and unexpected softenings I have constantly received from his paternal goodness, how can I doubt that all is

working together for my good? that in the hands of a Father I shall always be safe? and that if his wisdom sees good to remove me from this earthly scene, it is only to remove to another, where my enjoyments will be increased, and where my perceptions of his everlasting mercy will be more lively, my views of his glorious designs for the children of men more extensive and enchanting? If I had had a doubt on this subject the wonderful interposition of His providence, in leading me, almost in spite of myself, to this house, would have removed it. There is not a single person in the family who does not strive to aid me, and the mistress is beyond all praise; all the day long she is in my chamber, with the exception of a few moments devoted to family affairs; she exhibits all the tenderness of a mother, performs the most menial offices with pleasure, and after all, she assures me that the pleasure of my acquaintance and friendship is an ample reward. I trust, however, my friends will enable me to reward her more substantially in case of my death, and if I live, I shall not fail to shew her my gratitude. * * * My doctor finds me better, and assures me there is hope: at all events, be tranquil: we *shall* meet again, if not here, at least in that world where there will be no more sorrow, no more tears. What can I say to my numerous friends? Give them my blessing—you will hear again shortly—be comforted."

A few days after writing to his family, Mr. Goodier dictated a letter to those friends in Liverpool, whose friendship and tenderness had followed him through all the various scenes of his illness, and to whose kindness

and liberality he was principally indebted, for the opportunity of the effort he had made for the restoration of his health, and for the many attentions and comforts which he received. His affection for them, and his sense of their goodness were warmly retained to the last.

"*Montauban, July 15th*, 1818.

"DEAR MR. AND MRS. F.

"Contrary to my usual custom, I address you both, because I wish to include both, in a mark of my remembrance, and an expression of my gratitude, which my present circumstances lead me to believe will probably be the last. After the encouraging letter of the 1st of June, I did not expect so soon to be under the necessity of wounding your feelings by so painful a recital as the present: but to prevent a still more painful shock, I feel it my duty to give you a faithful account of the actual state of my health, in order to prepare you for an event, which though not absolutely certain, I cannot but shortly expect. I dictate this letter from a bed which has been my refuge for upwards of a week, and in which I am in such a state of weakness as to be unable, almost, to move myself, without the assistance of those around me. During this week, my pain has been so great as almost entirely to deprive me of sleep; the last six nights having not slept as many hours." [Mr. Goodier here gives a detail of his sufferings, which arose from a complication of disorders, and towards the last were so uncommonly severe, as to excite the deepest commiseration and sympathy in all around him, as well as astonishment at the firmness with which he supported them. He after-

wards continues]—"Under these melancholy circumstances, it will please you to hear that I have every consolation, both spiritual and temporal. My hostess, formerly a young lady of some property, but who has suffered much since her marriage from sickness and adversity, treats me with the tenderness of the most affectionate mother: twelve hours a day, at least, she spends by my side; her tears flow more frequently than my own. * * During the night she confides me to the most trusty attendants, but before five in the morning is frequently again in my chamber. For all this, she frequently assures me that my friendship is all that she wishes, and that she regards herself happy in my acquaintance. To say nothing of an affectionate servant, or a most friendly physician, the minister of the Protestant church visits me with affectionate kindness, and wishes me to assure my friends in England, that in the event of my death in a strange land, the interest which he and his friends take in my situation, will lead them to discharge every Christian and friendly duty, so that on this head you may be perfectly tranquil. In addition to this, the consolations of religion have increased with the increase of my trials, enabling me to preserve an almost uniform serenity of spirit, and I am confident that they will never forsake me." * *

The above letter was dictated to a young gentleman who visited Mr. Goodier in his sickness, and at the end of it are a few lines in his own hand-writing, dated the following day, and probably the last he ever traced.

"16th. I have dictated this letter to the friendly hand of a young Scotch clergyman, resident in the city, who takes a brotherly sympathy in my condition. This morning I am better, and the physician's hopes evidently increase. Nothing is impossible to God. Accept my prayers for your welfare—give my blessing to my friends, and let us remember we are in the hands of God."

To his old and faithful friend Mrs. H., whose correspondence had been a source of pleasure and religious consolation for years, Mr. Goodier also dictated a few lines on the day before he expired.

"*Montauban, July 22nd,* 1818.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"After the very long interruption I have caused in our correspondence, it would be melancholy, if any thing could be melancholy to Christians like you, to renew our correspondence by a recital of sufferings already suffered and to suffer, yet I could not consider my earthly duties finished till I had given you what will probably be a last account of my condition. Yet, having written an account of this condition to Mrs. F., at full length, I feel it partly unnecessary to repeat it here, as without doubt she will communicate it to you. All that will be necessary to add to that account is that my pains are lessened, though my weakness I think is increased, being unable to turn myself in bed without assistance. The hopes of my physician seem to increase, but for my own part, I have little or no hope as to this life. I wish this in-

formation to be sent to my father as tenderly as possible, and I know no person so well adapted to do it as yourself—who can accompany it with those consolations of the Gospel with which you are so intimately acquainted, and which have so long formed the support of your own life. I need not add that these consolations support me in my afflictions, and enable me also apply at present the comfortable words of Scripture—"My grace shall be sufficient for thee, and all things shall work together for good to them that love God." May I request you to perform the same favour in your next letter to Mr. A., with regard to him, as with regard to my father. I am tired with dictating, and I cannot better conclude than by reminding the whole family, whom I dearly love, that our holy religion teaches us, that though parting in death we shall be united in life, where parting, sorrow and death are known no more. I am, my dear madam, your's," &c.

The following day Mr. Goodier expired; he retained his composure and resignation to the last, and his own former conviction was realized, that "he believed he should have hope even in death." His hostess, whose kindness soothed his departing hours, communicated to his friends in England the particular circumstances of his death, in the following terms.

"You desire to be made acquainted with the minutest details of the life, and death of this excellent young man. I will endeavour to give you all possible satisfaction; but you will suffer me to omit the recital of those agonizing pains which for the last three months I saw him endure. Soon after his arrival here his dis-

order took an alarming appearance; and though he then became convinced that his malady was incurable, that conviction had no power to shake the firmness of his soul, his cheerfulness was unabated, and the benevolent sweetness of his manners continued till he drew his last breath. When on his death-bed, he used to request the students, on their visiting him, to unite with him in the prayers addressed to the Almighty, by the minister whose pious offices he had desired, and on these occasions he edified all around him by his patience and resignation. The sufferings he endured in his throat, the last two days, prevented the usual distinctness of his speech; but all that I could gather from his lips throughout those trying moments, were words of true submission to the decrees of Providence, and of consolation for us; consolation which he entreated us likewise to impart to his father, and his other good friends in England. With undiminished fortitude, he expressed his last wishes respecting the rewards to be given in his name to his attendants; then informed us in what way he desired to have his funeral conducted; dictated an inscription for his tomb, and then expired."

Mr. Goodier died on the 23rd July, 1818, and on the 25th his funeral took place, which was attended by all the professors of the college, the Protestant ministers and students, and the English who dwelt there. M. Moline, the minister who had daily attended him to administer the consolations of the Gospel, delivered an appropriate address at the grave. Thus at the age of twenty-five, in the spring of life and youth, was he taken away, in

the midst of increasing usefulness and virtue, in the very opening of all his benevolent plans and superior pursuits, and while existence still wore to him the charm of early freshness and hope; it had indeed been embittered with disease and clouded with disappointment, but his mind had risen superior to all his afflictions, his spirit had retained all its cheerfulness and vigour, and to the last moment his love of life, his love of usefulness remained undiminished. How much was such a heart called upon to resign, and how firm must have been the principles which bore him up under such a trial! To us indeed it appears an untimely call, which took him from a world he was labouring to benefit, and from many increasing sources of improvement and happiness, but though a dark, it was, no doubt, a merciful dispensation. "To him, to live was Christ, and to die was gain." From pain and disease, from trial and bereavement, he passed to the abodes of peace and joy, and exchanged the frail and vanishing pursuits of time, for the happiness and glory of immortality. Death set the everlasting seal on his virtues, and short as his life was, it was yet long enough to hold forth a bright example of Christian piety and excellence. The successful exertions he made for the moral improvement of others, are also a convincing proof that no situation of life is devoid of great and extensive opportunities of good, where the benevolent disposition prevails, and that no disinterested and Christian effort, however small or humble, is eventually lost. He is also a striking instance of the great importance of the example of virtuous and intelligent parents; the habits of industry, self government, and desire of mental improvement,

the foundation of which was laid in his infancy, no doubt contributed greatly to the formation of his future character. His mother's resignation during a long and severe sickness, and her continued exertions for her family must also have had a very beneficial effect upon him. He possessed a warm and affectionate heart, a lively disposition, and a clear and cultivated judgment; he had an excellent memory, and great mental activity and perseverance. Indeed the ardour of his mind carried him on in his pursuits with a rapidity that surprised those around him. He had a quick perception of character, and was remarkable for the exactness and minuteness of his observation; moral and mental philosophy were his favourite studies, but he was also an enthusiastic admirer of the charms of nature; beautiful scenery never failed to excite him to animated feelings of joy, and gratitude, and his descriptions of the scenes he past through are very pleasingly and faithfully detailed. To his powers of penetration, he united a simplicity and singleness of heart which were truly delightful; his temper was peculiarly amiable and cheerful, his spirits generally lively, and his manners at once gentle and dignified; he united to sincere Christian humility, that "self-respect which is the surest means of obtaining the respect of others, and which marks that boundary which familiarity or presumption may not pass;" but he was at the same time perfectly open and easy of access, and possessed that deep interest in even the humblest of his fellow beings, that expansive kindness, which Christianity alone can give. In a short account of his life in the Christian Reformer, October, 1818, it is said "He felt warmly for the

common people, whom he held in a degree of respect, which is perhaps rare in those that in their early days have seen much of them, and have been afterwards raised somewhat higher in the scale of society." His attachment to his immediate friends, many of whom adorned their humble station with virtues and piety which would have done honor to any rank, was constant and unremitting, and only increased by time and absence; and his devotion to the friendships he afterwards formed, ended only with his life. Mr. Goodier was an Unitarian in principle, a firm believer in the evidences of natural and revealed religion, from mature investigation, and his zeal and activity in the cause of what he believed to be Christian truth, was only exceeded by his charity. He endeavoured to open to the poor those simple and consoling truths, that pure and practical Christianity, which guides the life and improves the conduct, and to teach them the fatherly character of God, and the wisdom and goodness of all his dispensations. He was an earnest advocate for free inquiry, and in the meetings for religious discussion, which took place in his early youth, he distinguished himself by the great interest he took in them. His own discourses from the pulpit were clear, impressive and plain, and possessed that natural eloquence, which coming from the heart, is sure to affect the feelings of the hearers; he was attentive to instruct and convince, as well as to interest them, and to enlighten their understandings while he engaged their feelings, and his efforts were not unsuccessful. Had he been longer spared, he would no doubt have realized the fondest expectations; by his early removal he has left an

example which will long be revered and cherished in the hearts of those who knew and loved him, and which is a striking evidence of the power of Christian principle to increase the value and happiness of life, and afford peace and consolation in death. He was, indeed, tenderly beloved and deeply lamented; but the best tribute which his friends can pay to his memory, the one most acceptable to his own pure spirit, will be to cultivate the same dispositions which blest his life, and enabled him to resign himself into the hands of his Creator with gratitude and with joy.

LINES.

If modest virtue, and a heart and mind,
Which glow'd with love of God, and human kind;
Whose pure ambition was all fixt above;
Whose deeds were those of mercy and of love;
Whose only aim, while he remained below,
Was to abate the sum of human woe,
And scatter blessings. If the purest faith
That ever smil'd on suffering, and on death;
And the most calm submission, e'en in pain,
Which might have thrill'd with fear the firmest vein;
A Heaven-enduring gentleness—a joy,
Which sickness could not quell, or death destroy;
If these can wake one spark of Christian flame,
Our souls shall kindle, GOODIER! at thy name!

J. E. R.

AN INTRODUCTORY PRAYER.

O THOU, the ever-present and all-powerful GOD! who alone hearest and answerest the prayers of the children of men! unto thee should all flesh come, and with humble reverence, with sacred gratitude, with Christian fervency should adore thy perfections, acknowledge thy goodness, and supplicate thy mercy; it is a good thing for us, thine imperfect creatures and unworthy servants, to appear in thy presence, and engage in thy worship; it is comely for us to prostrate ourselves at the feet of our Benefactor, our Father, and our God; and it is pleasant to consider the dealings of thy providence, and to look forward to the heavenly rest which thou hast provided for the faithful pilgrims of mortality. We therefore hail with pious joy the return of this holy day, which calls us from the distracting cares and the ensnaring pleasures of the world, which bids us to forget even its troubles, and opens to us the sanctuary of thine house. We are thankful in this renewed opportunity of holy communion with thee, the Father of our spirits, and of hearing that Word which is able to speak peace to the afflicted, pardon to the penitent, and salvation to the faithfully obedient. O! Lord, we would love the beauty of thine house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth. We rejoice in the return of a day, which reminds us of the great victory over death and the grave, which our ascended

Saviour has gained, by which our immortal birth-right is made known and ensured, and our heavenly citizenship confirmed. O God! appearing as we do before thee, in the character of Christians, animated as we are by Christian hopes, may our devotion be at once reverent and cheerful. While the reflection that we stand in the glorious presence of the Infinite Majesty of Heaven and Earth, casts down within us every imagination that exalteth itself against thee, and gives us the spirit of humility, may we be preserved from debasing fears, by considering that thou art willing to be addressed as our Father in Heaven, in whose service there is no slavery. Give the blessing, gracious God! to the means of grace attended on this day; sanctify them to our good. As the rain cometh down from Heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it fruitful, so let the word which shall be delivered accomplish thy good pleasure, and prosper in those to whom it is sent; like good seed may it bring forth fruit unto holiness, that our end may be everlasting life in Jesus Christ.—Amen.

GENERAL PRAYER.

O Lord our God! thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty; thou art the blessed and only Potentate, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords; thou coverest thyself with light as with a garment; thou dwellest in light inaccessible and full of glory, so that no mortal eye hath seen thee, or can

see! Thy perfections are infinite, thy glory incomprehensible, thy greatness inconceivable; with confined capacities and faculties exceedingly limited, the greatest efforts of our mind, and the highest conceptions we can form, only serve to convince us that none by searching can find out thee, the Almighty, unto perfection. We are lost in thine immensity! before thee we shrink into nothing, and less than nothing and vanity. O! may this reflection fill us with reverence and humility. May it check every light and careless thought; may it destroy every proud and haughty feeling; and may it teach us, that here all are equal, because all are as nothing! O God! the Creator of all worlds, and Benefactor of all beings, thine hands have made and fashioned us; in thee we live and move, and in thy keeping is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind; we praise thee for existence, we thank thee for thy providential goodness and fatherly care, and we rejoice in the powers of our bodies, and the faculties of our souls. Though the most exalted creature cannot fully comprehend thee, the infinite Creator, yet by thine inspiration thou hast given us understanding, and we are capable of discovering from the things that do appear, proofs of thy being, marks of thine eternal power, and evidences of thy glorious and gracious character. O Lord! how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all! the earth is full of the riches of thy goodness, and on every side we behold innumerable tribes of living things for whose happy existence thou hast provided, rejoicing together! These all wait upon thee, that thou mayst give them their meat in due season; thou waterest the

hills from thy chambers; thou satisfiest the earth with fruitful showers; thou causest the grass to grow for cattle, and herb for the service of man; thou openest thine hand, and all are filled with good. Yet not to this earth alone is thy goodness confined; it is universal as creation, and in the regions of space we behold worlds upon worlds, and system upon system, moving on in grandeur and harmony; each visited by thy glory, and each showing forth the praise of thee, the Creator and Lord of all. The boundless contemplation shall fill us with holy rapture, and we will resolve to sing unto thee as long as we live, to sing praise to our God, while we have any being; our meditation of thee shall be sweet, and we will be glad in the Lord.

O Thou, the Author of Mercies, and the God of our Salvation! As the heaven is high above the earth, so high is thy mercy above our deserts, and even our hopes. To the blessings of Creation and Providence thou hast added the riches of thy grace, in bestowing the Gospel of thy Son. Thou hast so loved the world as to send Jesus Christ, our elder brother, to enlighten our minds with heavenly truth. Thou hast revealed thyself to us, as our Father in Heaven; merciful and gracious, indulgent and kind, and to crown all, thou hast dispersed the darkness that hung upon the grave, and hast assured us that though we shall sleep in the dust, and the night of death shall seal our eyes, yet we shall again awake and behold the dawning of an eternal day. If we be faithful and obedient thou hast opened a prospect of glory, and honour, and immortality; of a state in which we shall advance, from high to still higher degrees of happiness, and

enjoy clearer and still clearer displays of thee, *the only great, the only good.* Lord! what shall we render unto thee for this thine unspeakable gift to us, the unworthy children of men! Thy love is above our praise; our powers fail when we attempt to rise to those heights of gratitude which it justly demands. We will therefore revere thee in the stillness of the soul; we will adore thee in silence; and through thy grace we will dedicate to thee our hearts and lives, living to thy praise, and promoting thy will. To thee, the only wise God, be glory for ever and ever.—Amen.

A CONCLUDING PRAYER.

O, THOU God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ! the Father of all Mercies, and the God of all Comfort and Consolation! At the close of our public waitings upon thee, we would address ourselves unto thee in the language of devout thanksgiving, for all the spiritual mercies we enjoy through the revelation of thy Son. Above all would we thank thee, that by him the veil has been drawn which hid from our eyes the world to come, and life and immortality have been fully and clearly brought to light. O grant, we beseech thee, that this knowledge may possess our minds with all its practical influence, and cause us in all things to think and to act as those who have here no abiding habitation, but are seeking a home whose foundations are eternal! May we never forget that death, which may now be at the door, will be succeeded by *judg-*

ber thy benefits, and call upon all that is within us to bless thy holy name. O, thou universal and indulgent Parent! who desirest the happiness of every member of thy vast family, and to secure their well being, hast knit them together by the bonds of relationship, and the ties of affection, we would offer our acknowledgments unto thee for all the blessings arising from mutual friendship and social intercourse, which we, as an individual family, have received from thee, the Father of all the families of the earth. How often have peace, and harmony, and love dwelt within our walls? how often have joy and gladness filled our hearts? We praise thee also for the plentiful supply thou hast bestowed upon us of our continually returning wants; day by day thou hast given us our daily bread. We thank thee for the frequent opportunities we enjoy of improving our minds and bettering our hearts by meditation, conversation, and reading. And O, thou gracious Being! above all do we bless thee for the many seasons we enjoy of assembling ourselves together, viewing ourselves as thy children, through the Gospel heirs of immortal life and happiness, prostrating ourselves at thy footstool, and presenting our united tribute of thanksgiving and praise. O, that a spirit of ardent gratitude and filial love may fill our breasts and influence all our actions, and that for these instances of thy great goodness, we may consider it as our reasonable service to present unto thee the offering of devoted hearts and obedient lives. We lament! O thou Sovereign, Ruler, and Judge of all! we lament that we should ever have proved ourselves unworthy the relation in which we stand (unto

thee) as thy creatures, who are continually receiving so many proofs of thy unfailing goodness and fatherly care. On a review of our past conduct many instances arise to convict us of ingratitude, and show that we have sinned in thy sight, and are unworthy to be called thy children. But O, thou merciful Being! feeling a deep sense of our guilt, and an earnest desire to reform every evil habit, we venture to supplicate thy forgiveness. Help us in our resolutions to live for the future more devoted to thy glory, and more regular in the discharge of every religious and social duty; distinguished as we are by the multitude of thy loving kindnesses and tender mercies, may we distinguish ourselves by the purity of our conversation, and the usefulness of our lives. Under the conviction that thou art our constant benefactor, our Father and Friend, may we daily surround the family altar, and in the spirit of devotion pour out before thee our grateful acknowledgments. And grant that by the regular discharge of the external duties of religion, our minds may be filled with its spirit, a spirit of affection and love. May it be our highest ambition to imitate thee; our constant aim to excel in virtue and holiness; and our ardent wish to provoke each other to nothing but love and good works! Thus breathing the same spirit, and speaking the same thing, may we (and our house) serve thee, the Lord. And showing by our example how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity, may we lead others to love each other, and to glorify thee, their Father in Heaven.

The blessings we ask for ourselves, we beseech thee,

O thou common Parent! to bestow upon all our fellow creatures. Calm we entreat thee all the angry passions of mankind, and lead them to promote on earth peace and good-will, that all may at length unite in ascribing glory in the highest, to thee, the Father of their spirits, and the God of their lives. To thee, O God! do we address these imperfect prayers, hoping in thy mercy, entreating thine acceptance. To thy guidance would we commit ourselves for what remains of life, and to thee would we ascribe, as the disciples of Jesus Christ, all honour and glory, now and for ever.—Amen.

FAMILY PRAYER.

No. 2.

O Thou supremely great and all-glorious Creator! thou hast made us capable of meditating on thy being, and of adoring thy perfect attributes, and of loving thy most amiable character; and thou art daily calling on us, by the blessings of thy providence and the invitations of thy word, with thanksgiving to pour out our acknowledgments, and by prayer and supplications to make known our requests unto thee. We desire to hear thy invitations with ready obedience; we would call off our attention from the things of time and sense, and would engage all the powers of our minds and all the affections of our hearts in the serious exercise of thy worship. Graciously condescend, we beseech

thee, to our infirmities, hear our prayers, and accept our thanksgivings. We adore and worship thee as the only Governor and all-wise Disposer of events. Thou art possessed of infinite wisdom to devise, and unlimited power to carry thy designs into execution. Thou doest whatsoever thou pleasest in the armies of heaven above, and amongst the inhabitants of the earth beneath. None can stay thy hand or say unto thee, What doest thou? Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, and the majesty, and thou art worthy to be worshipped as head over all. Under a conviction of our own weakness, and of our inability to provide for our own happiness, we rejoice, O God! that we, in common with all thy creatures, entirely depend on thee; and that in thee we live, and move, and have our being. In the review of our past lives, we see many proofs, not only that thou art perfect in power and infinite in understanding, but that thou art good and delightest to do good, and that thy tender mercies are over all thy works. Our lives, which we at first received from thee, have been marked with innumerable instances of thy loving kindness: each succeeding day has borne witness to the richness of that grace which is from everlasting and to everlasting, and which extendeth to all thy creatures. Praised be thy name that the lines have fallen unto us in such pleasant places, and that we have had so goodly a heritage. In an especial manner would we bless thee, O thou God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort and consolation! that in the Gospel of thy Son, thou art revealing thyself under the endearing character of our

Father in Heaven; that thou art inviting us to repentance and amendment of life, by the assurance that thou art ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy towards all that call upon thee; that thou art leading us to put our trust in thee, and to engage in thy service, by promising thy favour and blessing in this world, and in the world to come, glory, honour, and immortality.

O, thou all-perfect Being! from whom all holy desires do proceed, grant, we pray thee, that we may always be disposed to hear thy invitations, and to rejoice in thy promises. May the glad tidings of the Gospel make a proper impression upon us, and by obeying thy most holy will, may we eagerly lay hold of eternal life! O God, whose eyes behold the nations, who art a great king over all the earth, and by thy providence over-rulest the designs of men, putting down one and setting up another, hear, we beseech thee, the prayers of thy people, for the universal and permanent establishment of peace and righteousness. May the angry passions of the children of men be calmed—may the tyrannical and destructive schemes of ambition be confounded—may the wickedness of the wicked, in all its various forms, come to an end—and may there be abundance of peace so long as the sun and moon endure! Visit, with thy blessing, the land of our nativity. May righteousness inhabit our borders, and prosperity visit our dwellings! Let all ranks and degrees of men, from the chief magistrate to the lowest subject, be distinguished by the careful performance of their respective duties. Counsel and guide all in authority; all judges, all governors, all

public instructors, all parents and masters of families; comfort the distressed, relieve the poor, guard the young from evil, protect the defenceless, be the friend of the widow, and the father of the orphan. O God! unto thee we look, in thee we trust; lead us by the means of thy gracious Providence to thine everlasting kingdom and glory, through Christ Jesus the beloved. —Amen.

FINIS.

SONNET.

ON THE

DEATH OF THE REV. B. GOODIER.

(From the Monthly Repository, 1818.)

As tempest-tost upon the stormy main,
We view a little skiff before us ride,
And boldly wrestling with the adverse tide;
The wished for haven all securely gain.
How eagerly we urge our bark along,
Nor heed the swellings of the boisterous gale,
That scatters in the wind our slender sail,
As the wild mountain-billows round us throng;
So when the virtuous yield their mortal trust,
Though youth or beauty perish in the tomb;
Yet hope shines brighter 'mid the funeral gloom,
To guide us to the mansions of the just;
And we will haste to gain that land of rest,
Where hope is certainty, and virtue blest.